



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



2 vols. in one.

274. d. 19.



Vet. Span. III. B. 16

274. d. 38.



2 vols. in one

274. d. 19.



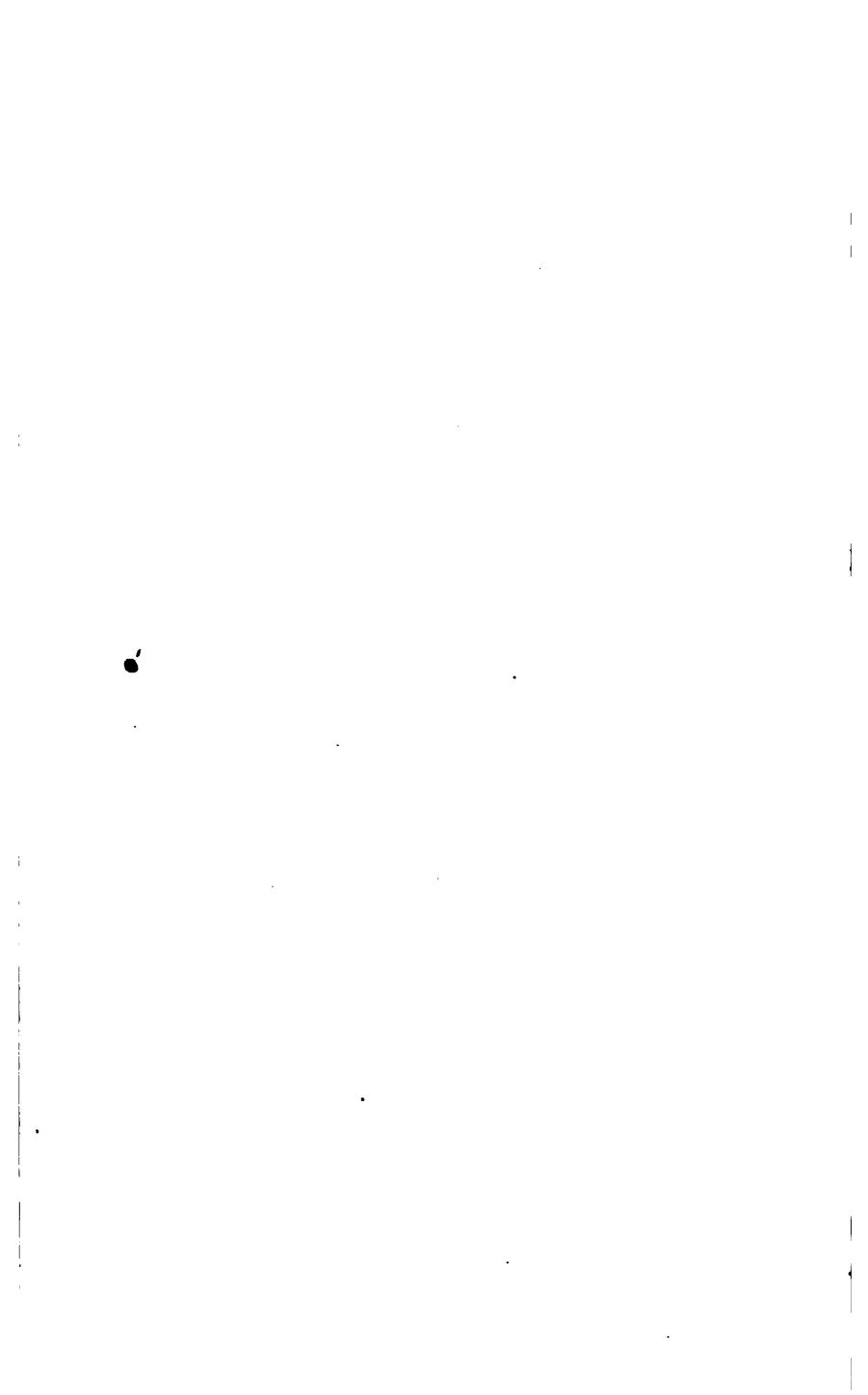
Vet. Span. III. B. 16

274. d. 38.





Williamina W. Martin



Ancient Spanish Ballads,
RELATING TO THE
TWELVE PEERS OF FRANCE,
MENTIONED IN
DON QUIXOTE,
WITH
ENGLISH METRICAL VERSIONS,
By **THOMAS RODD.**

PRECEDED BY A
HISTORY OF CHARLES THE GREAT AND ORLANDO,
TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF SPANHEIM.
IN TWO VOLUMES.



VOL. I.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY BOOSEY AND SONS, 4, BROAD STREET, EXCHANGE;
AND RODWELL AND MARTIN, NEW BOND STREET.
1821.



PREFACE.

AS I can give the reader no better account of Turpin's History than Mr. Ellis has favored us with in his Specimens of Ancient Metrical Romances, I shall merely transcribe what he says upon the subject, and reserve further considerations for the Preface to the Spanish Ballads.

"This Chronicle was composed before 1122, with the title of 'Joannes Turpini Historia de vita Caroli magni & Rolandi;' and it may be presumed that the MSS. of such a history were formerly very numerous, though it appears to have principally derived its popularity from its French metrical paraphrases and imitations, some of which were probably of almost equal antiquity with the original, and are alluded to by the subsequent prose translators.

"The earliest of these, according to Fauchet, was written by a certain Jehans, who, at the instance of Regnault, Comte de Boulogne & de Daumartin (then detained as a prisoner by Philip Auguste), turned into French prose a Latin copy of Turpin, which he found in the archives of St. Denis. A copy of this work is still preserved in MS. in Bibl. Reg., 4, c. xi.

"The next translation was made by Gaguin :

it is dedicated to Francis I, and was printed at Paris in 1527, quarto,

"There is a Latin paraphrase of the original in hexameters, many of which rhyme to each other, entitled 'Karolettas,' and preserved in Bibl. Reg., 13 A. xviii.

"The original work was first printed in a collection entitled 'Germanicarum rerum quatuor Chronographi,' Frankfort, 1566, folio.

"Another pretended French translation was afterwards published at Lyons in 1583, octavo, with the title of 'La Chronique de Turpin, Archevesque et Duc de Rheims, et Premier Pair de France.' This however, which Mr. Ritson supposes to be the work ascribed by Mr. Warton to Michel le Harnes, who lived in the time of Philippe Auguste, contains, as he tells us, the Romance of Renaud de Montauban, and not that of Roland. Perhaps it may be a conversion into prose of the metrical Romance on the same subject, written, as Fauchet informs us, by Huon de Villeneuve, about the commencement of the fourteenth century.

"Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that numberless fables concerning Charlemagne were grafted on the narrative of the supposed Turpin; and, indeed, his translator Gaguin appears to be almost ashamed of the imperfect narrative contained in his original, and is very solicitous to excuse himself for suppressing many particulars concerning his hero, which,

PREFACE TO TURPIN'S HISTORY.

though very necessary to be known, the Archbishop had not thought fit to notice. Thus, after mentioning (chapter 26) Olivier, Gondebault Roy de Frigie, Ogier Roy de Dannemaro, Arestaigne Roy de Bretagne, Guarin Duc de Lorraine, and others, he refers us to 'leurs histoires plus au long descriptes, lesquelles je laisse pour le present à ceux qui lisent les Romans, livres, et autres escriptures.' And, in his concluding chapter, he gives us a sketch of some important events, which, if he had thought fit, he could have communicated more at large.

“ That such absurdities as these should be accepted in lieu of authentic history in a credulous age, and where better materials could not be had, would excite no astonishment; but it is very surprising that for a length of time they should have usurped the place of the numerous historical documents which record the glory of a Charlemagne, whose character, when left to the sober voice of truth, is far more amiable and respectable than that of his ideal and romantic substitute. In fact, there is good reason to believe that the name of Charlemagne was first introduced by mistake into a series of fictions, of which the real hero was of a still earlier date; and it is the opinion of Mr. Leyden, an author of much research and information, that the origin of these fictions is to be sought in Britany. I shall give his sentiments in his own words.

“ ‘That class of Romances which relates to Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, ought probably to be referred to the same source, since they ascribe to that French Monarch the feats which were performed by an Armorican Chief. The grand source from which the fabulous history of Charlemagne is thought to be derived, is the supposititious history ascribed to his contemporary Turpin, which, in 1122, was declared to be genuine by papal authority. The history of this work is extremely obscure; but as it contains an account of the pilgrimage of Charlemagne to Jerusalem, its composition must have been posterior to the Crusades. The Abbé Vellet has shewn, that the principal events which figure in the romantic history of that Monarch have no relation to him whatever, though they are historically true of the Armorican Chieftain, Charles Martel. It was this hero, whose father was named Pepin, and who had four sons, who performed various exploits in the forest of Ardenne against the four sons of Aymon; who warred against the Saxons; who conquered the Saracens at Poitiers; it was he who instituted an order of Knighthood; who deposed the Duke of Aquitaine; and who conferred the donation of the sacred territory on the See of Rome. Is it not, therefore, more probable that the history and exploits of this hero should be celebrated by the minstrels of his native country, than that they should be,

for the first time, narrated by a dull, prosing Monk some centuries after his death? Is it not more probable that, when the fame of Charles Martel had been eclipsed by the renown of Charlemagne, the Monkish abridger of the songs of the Minstrels should transfer the deeds of the one to the other, by an error of stupidity, than that he should have deliberately falsified history when he had no purpose to serve? The ingenious author to whom I have referred seems to have pointed out the sense of this error*. In the Armoric language *meur* signifies great, *mayne*; and *marra* is a mattock, *martel*; so that, instead of Charlemagne and Charles Martel, we have Charlemeur and Charlemarra; names, which, from the similarity of sound, might easily be confounded. A similar blunder has been committed by the Norman trouvreur, who transferred the characteristic epithet of Caradoc from the Welsh or Armorican to the Romance language.'

"Mr. Leyden afterwards mentions, in confirmation of his conjecture, the allusion in Turpin's History to a song or poem concerning Oell, or. Howel, the Breton Earl, '*de hoc canitur in cantilena usque ad hodiernum diem*;' and it may not, perhaps, be impertinent to add that Roland, the principal actor in these Romances, is taken from the immediate vici-

* Enquirer, No. xix, App. Monthly Mag., Feb. 1800.

JOHN TURPIN'S
HISTORY

OF

Charles the Great and Orlando.

CHAP. I.

Archbishop Turpin's Epistle to Leopander.

TURPIN, by the grace of God, Archbishop of Rheims, the faithful companion of the Emperor Charles the Great in Spain, to Leopander, Dean of Aix la Chapelle, greeting.

Forasmuch as you requested me to write to you from Vienne (my wounds being now cicatrized) in what manner the Emperor Charles delivered Spain and Gallicia from the yoke of the Saracens, you shall attain the knowledge of many memorable events, and likewise of his praise-worthy trophies over the Spanish Saracens, whereof I myself was eye-witness, traversing France and Spain in his company for the space of forty years: and I hesitate the less to trust these matters to your friendship, as I write a true history of his warfare. For indeed all your

researches could never have enabled you fully to discover those great events in the Chronicles of St. Denis, as you sent me word : neither could you for certain know whether the author had given a true relation of those matters, either by reason of his prolixity, or that he was not himself present when they happened. Nevertheless this book will agree with his history. Health and happiness.

CHAP. II.

How Charles the Great delivered Spain and Gallicia from the Saracens.

The most glorious Christian Apostle St. James, when the other Apostles and Disciples of our Lord were dispersed abroad throughout the whole world, is believed to have first preached the gospel in Gallicia. After his martyrdom, his servants, rescuing his body from King Herod, brought it by sea to Gallicia, where they likewise preached the gospel. But soon after, the Gallicians, relapsing into great sins, returned to their former idolatry, and persisted in it till the time of Charles the Great, Emperor of the Romans, French, Germans, and other nations. Charles therefore, after prodigious toils in Saxony, France, Germany, Lorraine, Burgundy, Italy, Brittany, and other countries ; after taking innumerable cities from sea to sea, which he won by his invincible arm from the Saracens, through divine favor ; and after subjugating them with great fatigue

of mind and body to the Christian yoke, resolved to rest from his wars in peace.

But observing the starry way in the heavens, beginning at the Friezeland sea, and passing over the German territory and Italy, between Gaul and Aquitaine, and from thence in a strait line over Gascony, Bearne, and Navarre, and through Spain to Gallicia, wherein till his time lay undiscovered the body of St. James; when night after night he was wont to contemplate it, meditating upon what it might signify, a certain beautiful resplendent vision appeared to him in his sleep, and, calling him son, inquired what he was attempting to discover; at which Charles replied, "Who art thou, Lord?" "I am," answered the vision, "St. James the Apostle, Christ's disciple, the son of Zebedee, and brother of John the Evangelist, whom the Lord was pleased to think worthy, in his ineffable goodness, to elect on the sea of Galilee to preach the gospel to his people, but whom Herod the King slew. My body now lies concealed in Gallicia, long so grievously oppressed by the Saracens, from whose yoke I am astonished that you, who have conquered so many lands and cities, have not yet delivered it. Wherefore I come to warn you, as God has given you power above every other earthly prince, to prepare my way, and rescue my dominions from the Moabites, that so you may receive a brighter crown of glory for your reward. The starry way in the heavens signifies that you, with a great army, will

enter Gallicia to fight the Pagans, and, recovering it from them, will visit my church and shrine; and that all the people from the borders of the sea, treading in your steps, will ask pardon of God for their sins, and return in safety, celebrating his praise; that you likewise will acknowledge the wonders he hath done for you in prolonging your life to its present period. Proceed then as soon as you are ready: I am your friend and auxiliary: your name shall become famous to all eternity, and a crown of glory be your reward in heaven."

Thus did the blessed Apostle appear thrice to the Emperor, who, confiding in his word, assembled a great army, and entered Spain to fight the infidels.



CHAP. III.

Of the Walls of Pampeluna, that fell of themselves.

The first city Charles besieged was Pampeluna; he invested it three months, but was not able to take it, through the invincible strength of the walls. He then made this prayer to God: "O Lord Jesus Christ, for whose faith I am come hither to fight the Pagans; for thy glory's sake deliver this city into my hands; and O blessed St. James, if thou didst indeed appear to me, assist me in taking it." And now God and St. James, hearkening to his petition, the walls utterly fell to the ground of themselves: but Charles spared the lives of the Saracens that consented to be baptized; the rest he put to the

edge of the sword. The report of this miracle induced all their countrymen to surrender their cities, and consent to pay tribute to the Emperor. Thus was the whole land shortly subjugated.

The Saracens were amazed to see the French well clothed, accomplished in their manners and persons, and strictly faithful to their treaties; they gave them therefore a peaceful and honorable reception, dismissing all thoughts of war. The Emperor, after frequently visiting the shrine of St. James, came to Ferrol, and, fixing his lance in the sea, returned thanks to God and the Apostle for having brought him to this place, though he could then proceed no farther.

The Pagan nations, after the first preaching of St. James and his disciples, were converted by Archbishop Turpin, and by the grace of God baptized: but those who refused to embrace the faith were either slain or made slaves by the Christians. Turpin then traversed all Spain from sea to sea.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Idol Mahomet.

The Emperor utterly destroyed the idols and images in Spain, except the idol in Andalusia, called Salamcadis. Cadis properly signifies the place of an island, but in Arabic it means God. The Saracens had a tradition that the idol Mahomet, which they worshipped, was made by himself in his

life-time ; and that by the help of a legion of devils it was by magic art endued with such irresistible strength, that it could not be broken. If any Christian approached it, he was exposed to great danger ; but when the Saracens came to appease Mahomet, and make their supplications to him, they returned in safety. The birds that chanced to light upon it were immediately struck dead.

There is, moreover, on the margin of the sea an ancient stone excellently sculptured after the Saracenic fashion ; broad and square at the bottom, but tapering upward to the height that a crow generally flies, having on the top an image of gold, admirably cast in the shape of a man, standing erect, with a certain great key in his hand, which the Saracens say was to fall to the ground immediately after the birth of a King of Gaul, who would overrun all Spain with a Christian army, and totally subdue it. Wherefore it was enjoined them, whenever that happened, to fly the country, and bury their jewels in the earth.

CHAP. V.

Of the Churches the King built.

Charles remained three years in these parts, and with the gold given him by the kings and princes greatly enlarged the church of the blessed St. James, appointing an Abbot and Canons of the order of St. Ildore, martyr and confessor, to attend it : he en-

riched it likewise with bells, books, robes, and other gifts. With the residue of the immense quantity of gold and silver, he built many churches on his return from Spain; namely, of the blessed Virgin in Aix la Chapelle, of St. James in Thoulouse, and another in Gascony, between the city commonly called Aix, after the model of St. John's at Cordova, in the Jacobine road; the church likewise of St. James at Paris, between the river Seine and Montmartre, besides founding innumerable abbies in all parts of the world.

CHAP. VI.

Of the King's Return to France, and of Argolander King of the Africans.

After the King's return from Spain, a certain Pagan King, called Argolander, recovered the whole country with his army, driving the Emperor's soldiers from the towns and garrisons, which led him to march back his troops, under their General, Milo de Angleris.

CHAP. VII.

Of the false Executor.

But the judgment inflicted on a false executor deserves to be recorded as a warning to those who unjustly pervert the alms of the deceased. When the King's army lay at Bayonne, a certain soldier, called Romaricus, was taken grievously ill, and, being at

the point of death, received the eucharist and absolution from a priest, bequeathing his horse to a certain kinsman in trust, to dispose of for the benefit of the priest and the poor. But when he was dead his kinsman sold it for a hundred pence, and spent the money in debauchery. But how soon does punishment follow guilt ! Thirty days had scarcely elapsed when the apparition of the deceased appeared to him in his sleep, uttering these words : " How is it you have so unjustly misapplied the alms entrusted to you for the redemption of my soul ? Do you not know they would have procured the pardon of my sins from God ? I have been punished for your neglect thirty days in fire ; to-morrow you shall be plunged in the same place of torment, but I shall be received into Paradise." The apparition then vanished, and his kinsman awoke in extreme terror.

On the morrow, as he was relating the story to his companions, and the whole army was conversing about it, on a sudden a strange uncommon clamour, like the roaring of lions, wolves, and calves, was heard in the air, and immediately a troop of demons seized him in their talons, and bore him away alive. What further ? Horse and foot sought him four days together in the adjacent mountains and vallies to no purpose ; but the twelfth day after, as the army was marching through a desert part of Navarre, his body was found lifeless, and dashed to pieces, on the summit of some rocks, a league above the sea, about four days journey from the city. There the demons

left the body, bearing the soul away to hell. Let this be a warning, then, to all that follow his example to their eternal perdition.



CHAP. VIII.

Of the War of the Holy Facundus, where the Spears grew.

Charles and Milo, his General, now marched after Argolander into Spain, and found him in the fields of the river, where a castle stands in the meadows, in the best part of the whole plain, where afterwards a church was built in honor of the blessed martyrs Facundus and Primitivus; where likewise their bodies rest, an abbey was founded, and a city built. When the King's army advanced, Argolander wished to decide the contest by set combat between twenties, forties, hundreds, thousands, or even by two champions only. Charles willingly consented, and marched a hundred of his soldiers against a hundred Saracens, when all of them were slain. Argolander then sent two hundred, who shared the same fate. Two thousand were then led against two thousand, part of whom were slain, and the rest fled. But on the third day Argolander cast lots, and, knowing that evil fortune threatened the Emperor, sent him word he would draw out his whole army on the open plain, on the morrow, which challenge was accepted.

Then did this miracle happen. Certain of the

Christians, who carefully had been furbishing their arms against the day of battle, fixed their spears in the evening erect in the ground before the castle in the meadow, near the river, and found them early in the morning covered with bark and branches. Those, therefore, that were about to receive the palm of martyrdom were greatly astonished at this event, ascribing it to divine power : then cutting off their spears close to the ground, the roots that remained shot out afresh, and became lofty trees, which may be still seen flourishing there, chiefly ash. All this denoted joy to the soul, but loss to the body ; for now the battle commenced, and forty thousand Christians were slain, together with Milo, their General, the father of Orlando. The King's horse was likewise slain under him ; but Charles resolutely continued the fight on foot, and with two thousand Christians gallantly hewed his way through the Saracens, cleaving many of them asunder from the shoulders to the waist.

The following day both Christians and Saracens remained quietly in their camps, but the day after four Marquisses brought four thousand fresh troops from Italy to the King's assistance ; whereupon Argolander retreated with his army to Leon, and Charles led back his forces to France.

And here it is proper to observe we should strive for Christ's blessing ; for as the soldiers prepared their arms against the day of battle, so we in like manner should prepare ours, namely our virtues to

resist our passions. For he that would oppose faith to infidelity, brotherly love to hatred, charity to avarice, humility to pride, chastity to lust, prayer to temptation, perseverance to instability, peace to strife, obedience to a carnal disposition, must fortify his soul with grace, and prepare his spear to flourish against the day of judgment. Triumphant indeed will he be in heaven who conquers on earth! As the King's soldiers died for their faith, so should we die to sin, and live in holiness in this world, that we may receive the palm of glory in the next, which shall be the reward of those who fight manfully against their three grand adversaries, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.



CHAP. IX.

Of King Argolander's Army.

Argolander now assembled together innumerable nations of Saracens, Moors, Moabites, Parthians, Africans, and Persians: Texephin, King of Arabia; Urabell, King of Alexandria; Avitus, King of Bugia; Ospin, King of Algarve; Facin, King of Barbary; Ailis, King of Malclos; Manuo, King of Mecca; Ibrahim, King of Seville; and Almanzor, King of Cordova. Then, marching to the city of Agen, he took it, and sent word to Charles he would give him sixty horse-load of gold, silver, and jewels, if he would acknowledge his right to the sceptre. But Charles returned this answer, "that he would ac-

knowledge him no otherwise than by slaying him whenever it should be his chance to meet him in battle."

The Emperor had by this time approached within four miles of Agen, when, secretly dismissing his army, he proceeded with only sixty soldiers to the mountain near the city. There he left them, and, changing his dress, came with his shield reversed, after the custom of messengers in time of war, accompanied by one soldier only to the city: and when the people inquired his business, he informed them he had brought a message from King Charles to Argolander, whereupon he was admitted into his presence, and addressed him in these words: "My King bids me say, you may expect to see him, provided you will come out with sixty only of your people to meet him." Now Argolander little thought it was Charles himself to whom he was speaking, who all the while took especial note of his person, and of the weakest parts of the walls of the city, as well as of the auxiliary kings that were then within it. Argolander then armed himself, and Charles rejoined his sixty soldiers, and soon after the two thousand that at first accompanied him. But Argolander came out with seven thousand men, thinking to slay the Emperor, but was himself compelled to fly.

The King then recruited his army, and besieged the city for six months. On the seventh his battering rams, wooden castles, and other engines, were ready to storm it; but Argolander and the rest of the

Kings made their escape in the night through the common sewers, and, passing up the Garonne, got clear off. Charles entered the city in triumph the next day, and slew ten thousand of the remaining Saracens.

CHAP. X.

Of the City of Xantonge, where the Spears grew.

Argolander now came to Xantonge, at that time under the dominion of the Saracens; but Charles, pursuing him, summoned him to restore the city, which Argolander refused, resolving first to fight, and that it should be the conqueror's reward. But on the eve of battle, when the battering rams were ready to attack the castle in the meadows, called Taleburg, and that part of the city near the river Carenton, certain of the Christians fixed their spears in the ground before the castle, and on the morrow found them covered with bark and branches. Those therefore that were to receive the crown of martyrdom perished in the fight, after slaying a multitude of the Saracens, namely about four thousand men. The King's horse was likewise slain under him, but, valiantly placing himself at the head of his infantry, he slew so many of his enemies, that they were forced back into the city, which Charles invested on every side but the river, through which Argolander made his escape, with the loss of the Kings of Algarve and Bugia, and about four thousand of his army.

CHAP. XI.

Of Argolander's Flight, and of the King's Warriors.

Argolander fled beyond the passes of the Pytenees, and came to Pampeluna, where he sent Charles word he would stay for him. Charles then returned to France, and with the utmost diligence summoned his troops from all parts to his assistance, proclaiming free pardon to all banished persons, on condition they would join him against the Pagans. What further? He liberated all the prisoners; made the poor rich; cloathed the naked; reconciled the disaffected; bestowed honors on the disinherited; preferred the most experienced to the best commands; making friends of enemies, and associating both the civilized and the barbarian in the war of Spain, uniting them through the favor of God in the bond of love. Then did I, Turpin, absolve them from their sins, and give them my benediction.

These are the names of the warriors that attended the King:—Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, who by the precepts of Christ, and for his faith's sake, brought the people to fight valiantly, fighting likewise himself hand to hand with the Saracens. Orlando, General of the whole army, Count of Mans and Lord of Guienne, the King's nephew, son of Milo de Angleris and Bertha, the King's sister. His soldiers were four thousand. Another Orlando likewise, of whom we are silent. Oliver, a General also, and a valiant soldier, renowned for strength and skill in war, led three thousand troops. Ariatagnus,

King of Brittany, seven thousand. Another King of Brittany, of whom little mention is made. Angelerus, Duke of Aquitaine, brought four thousand valiant bowmen. At this time likewise there was in the city of Poitiers another Duke of Aquitaine, but Angelerus was the son of Gascon, Duke of the city of Aquitaine, lying between Limorge, Bourges, and Poitiers, which city Augustus Cæsar founded ; and the rest of the cities, as well as Xantonge and Angoulême, with their provinces, were subject to it ; the whole country was also called Aquitaine. But after the death of its lord, who perished with all his people in the fatal battle of Ronceval, it was never fresh colonized, and fell utterly to ruin.

Gayfere, King of Bordeaux, led three thousand warriors. Galerus, Galinus Solomon, Estolfo's friend and companion ; Baldwin, Orlando's brother, Galdebode, King of Friezeland, led seven thousand heroes ; Ocellus, Count of Nantes, two thousand, who achieved many memorable actions, celebrated in songs to this day. Lambert, Count of Berry, led two thousand men. Rinaldo of the White Thorn, Vulterinus Garinus, Duke of Lorraine, four thousand. Hago, Albert of Burgundy, Berard de Miblis, Gumard Esturinite, Theodoric, Juonius, Beringaire, Hato, and Ganelon, who afterwards proved the traitor, attended the King into Spain. The army of the King's own territory was forty thousand horse, and foot innumerable.

These were all famous heroes and warriors, mighty

in battle, illustrious in worldly honor, zealous soldiers of Christ, that spread his name far and near, wherever they came. For even as our Lord and his twelve Apostles subdued the world by their doctrine, so did Charles, King of the French and Emperor of the Romans, recover Spain to the glory of God. And now the troops, assembling in Bordeaux, overspread the country for the space of two days' journey, and the noise they made was heard at twelve miles distance. Arnold of Berlanda first traversed the pass of the Pyrenees, and came to Pampeluna. Then came Astolfo, followed by Aristagnus; Angelerus, Galdebode, Ogier the King, and Constantine, with their several divisions. Charles and his troops brought up the rear, covering the whole land from the river of Rume to the mountains, that lie three leagues beyond them on the Compostella road. They now halted for eight days. In the interval Charles sent Argolander word, if he would restore the city he had built, he would return home, or otherwise wage cruel war against him: but Argolander, finding he could not keep possession of the city, resolved to march out, rather than tamely perish in it. Charles then granted him a truce to draw out his army and prepare for battle; expressing moreover his willingness to see him face to face, agreeable to Argolander's wishes.



CHAP. XII.

*Of the Truce, and of the Discourse between the King
and Argolander.*

A truce thus being granted, Argolander drew out his people from the city, and attended by sixty guards came into the King's presence, who was at this time encamped about a mile from Pampeluna. The two armies occupied a spacious plain six miles square, separated by the main road to Compostella. When Charles perceived Argolander, he addressed him in these words:

"You are, then, he that have fraudently taken possession of my territories in Spain and Gascony, which I conquered by the favor of God, and reduced to the faith of Christ. You have perverted the princes from my allegiance, and slain the Christians with the edge of the sword. Availing yourself of my return to Gaul, you have destroyed my towns and castles, and laid waste the territory with fire and sword. At present, therefore, you have the advantage of me."

Now when Argolander heard the King speak in the Arabic tongue, he was greatly pleased and astonished, for Charles had learnt it in his youth in the city of Thoulouse, where he had spent some time. Argolander then answered in these terms: "I wonder you should reason thus, for the territory did not belong to you; neither was it your father's, grandfather's, or great grandfather's. Why then

did you take possession of it?" "Because," replied Charles, "our Lord Jesus Christ, the creator of heaven and earth, elected us in preference to others, and gave us dominion over all the earth: therefore I endeavoured to convert the Saracens to the Christian faith."—"It would be unworthy of us to submit to you," rejoined Argolander, "when our own faith is best. We have Mahomet, a prophet of God, whose precepts we obey. Therefore we have a powerful God, who through his prophet has declared his will, and by him we live and reign." "O Argolander," said the King, "how widely do you err! You follow the vain precepts of a man; we believe and worship Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: you worship mortal man. After death our souls are received into Paradise, and enjoy everlasting life, but yours descend to the abyss of hell. Wherefore our faith is evidently best. Accept then baptism, or fight and perish."

"Far be it from me," said Argolander, "to accept baptism, and deny Mahomet and my God! But I will fight you on these terms: if your faith is best, you shall gain the victory, otherwise heaven shall give it to me; and let shame be the portion of the conquered, but eternal glory reward the conqueror. Furthermore, if my people are subdued, and I survive the contest, I will receive baptism."

These terms being mutually agreed, twenty Christians were sent against twenty Saracens, and the battle commenced. What further? Nearly all the

Saracens fell. Forty were then sent against forty, and they were defeated also. A hundred then fought together; but the Saracens turned their backs from the face of the Christians, and were all slain. Are not these Christians then types for us? Does it not argue that we likewise should fight manfully against our sins; should face our spiritual enemies, and never ignobly yield to them, since they will infallibly lead us into perdition? He only, says the Apostle, shall receive the crown that fights the good fight, and overcomes.

Two hundred Saracens were then sent out, and were all slain; lastly a thousand, who shared the same fate. A truce being then granted, Argolander promised to be baptized on the morrow with all his people, and, calling his Kings and Captains together, told them his intention, to which they likewise assented, a few only refusing to follow his example.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the King's Banquet, and of the Poor, at whom Argolander took so great Offence that he refused to be baptized.

On the third day Argolander attended the King, as he promised, and found him at dinner. Many tables were spread at which the guests were sitting; some in military uniform; some in black; some in Priests' habits; which Argolander perceiving, inquired what they were? "Those you see in robes of one colour," replied the King, "are priests

and bishops of our holy religion, who expound the gospel to us, absolve us from our offences, and bestow heavenly benediction. Those in black are monks and abbots; all of them holy men, who implore incessantly the divine favor in our behalf." But in the mean time Argolander espying thirty poor men in mean habiliments, without either table or tablecloth, sitting and eating their scanty meals upon the ground, he inquired what they were? "These," replied the King, "are people of God, the messengers of our Lord Jesus, whom in his and his Apostles names we feed daily." Argolander then made this reply: "The guests at your table are happy; they have plenty of the best food set before them; but those you call the messengers of God, whom you feed in his name, are ill fed, and worse cloathed, as if they were of no estimation. Certainly he must serve God but indifferently who treats his messengers in this manner, and thus do you prove your religion false." Argolander then refused to be baptized, and, returning to his army, prepared for battle on the morrow.

Charles, seeing the mischief his neglect of these poor men had occasioned, ordered them to be decently cloathed and better fed. Here then we may note the Christian incurs great blame who neglects the poor. If Charles, from inattention to their comfort, thereby lost the opportunity of converting the Saracens, what will be the lot of those who treat them still worse? They will hear this sentence

pronounced—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire : for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat ; naked, and ye cloathed me not."

We must consider likewise that our faith in Christ is of little value without good works. As the body, says the Apostle, without the soul is dead, so is faith dead if it produce not good fruit. And as the Pagan King refused baptism because he found something wrong after it, so our Lord, I fear, will refuse our baptism at the day of judgment if superfluity of faults be found in us.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the Battle of Pampeluna, and of Argolander's Death.

Both armies now prepared for battle in the morning, contending for their different faiths. The King mustered one hundred and thirty thousand men, but Argolander only one hundred thousand. The Christians formed themselves into four squadrons ; the Saracens into five ; whose first corps being speedily discomfited, they all joined in one phalanx, with Argolander in the midst. The Christians then surrounded them on all sides. First Arnaldo de Berlanda and his troops ; then Astolfo ; next Aristagnus, Galdebode, Ogier, and Constantine ; lastly the King himself, and his innumerable warriors. Arnaldo was the first that broke in upon the enemy, overthrowing them to right and left till he reached Argolander himself in the centre, and slew him with his own hand. Then ensued a great shout, and the Christians,

rushing in upon the Saracens, slew them on all sides, making so great a slaughter that none escaped but the Kings of Seville and Cordova, and a few of their troops. So great, indeed, was the effusion of blood, that the Christians waded in it to their very knees. They slew likewise all the Saracens left in the city. Charles fought for the faith, and therefore triumphed over Argolander. Note then, O Christian, that whatsoever thou undertakest thou likewise shalt accomplish, if thou hast faith, for all things are possible to them that believe. Greatly rejoiced at this victory, the King marched forward, and came to the bridge of Arge in the Compostella road.



CHAP. XV.

Of the Christians that returned unlawfully to spoil the Dead.

Certain of the Christians however, coveting the spoils of the dead, returned that same night to the field of battle, and loaded themselves with heaps of gold and silver. But as they were returning to the camp, Almanzor, King of Cordova, who had fled for refuge to the mountains with the Saracens that made their escape, came pouring down, and slew them all to the number of a thousand men. These, then, are types of such as strive against sin, but afterwards relapse; who, when they have overcome, continue not stedfast, but seek unlawful pleasures, suffering themselves to be mastered in turn by

their grand adversary. So likewise the religious, that forsake their vocation to re-engage in worldly concerns and profits, lose the reward of eternal life, and entail upon themselves everlasting perdition.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the War of Furra.

The day after the King was informed that a certain King of Navarre, called Furra, designed to fight him at Mount Garzim. Charles therefore prepared for battle; but desiring to know who should perish in it, he entreated the Lord to shew him; whereupon in the morning a red cross appeared on their shoulders behind. In order therefore to preserve them, he confined them in his Oratory. Then joining battle, Furra and three thousand of his troops were slain. These were all Saracens of Navarre. The King now returned to his Oratory, but found them all dead that he had left in it, to the number of one hundred and fifty men.

“O holy band of Christian warriors, though the sword slew you not, yet did you not lose the palm of victory, or the prize of martyrdom!” Charles then made himself master of the mountain and castle of Garzim, and subdued the whole country of Navarre.

CHAP. XVII.

*Of the War with Ferracute, and of Orlando's admirable
Dispute with him.*

Charles now received news that a certain Giant, called Ferracute, of the race of Goliath, was come to Nager, sent thither by Admiraldus, with twenty thousand Turks of Babylon to fight him. This Giant neither feared spear nor dart, and was stronger than forty men. Charles therefore marched to Nager, and Ferracute, hearing of his arrival, sallied out from the city to challenge any warrior to single combat.

Charles then sent Ogier the Dacian, whom the Giant no sooner perceived, than, leisurely approaching, he caught him up under his right arm, as easily as he would a lamb, and bore him off in sight of all his friends to the city: for the Giant's stature was twelve cubits; his face a cubit long; his nose a palm; his arms and thighs four cubits; and his fingers three palms in length.

Rinaldo of the White Thorn was next sent against him, but he seized him in like manner, and imprisoned him with Ogier. The King then sent Constantine and Ocellus, but, seizing one under each arm, he bore them off likewise. He then sent twenty warriors by pairs against him, but they shared the same fate. Charles dared not then venture to send more warriors: but Orlando with the King's permission approached the Giant, who seized him

instantly by the right arm, and seated him upon his steed before him.

But as he was bearing him to the city, Orlando recovering his strength, and trusting in the Almighty, seized the Giant by the beard, and tumbled him from his horse, so that both came to the ground together. Orlando, then, thinking to slay the Giant, drew his sword, and struck at him, but the blow fell upon his steed, and pierced him through. The Giant being thus on foot, drew his enormous sword, which Orlando perceiving, who had remounted his own charger, struck him on the sword arm, and, though he did not wound him, struck the sword out of his hand; which greatly enraging Ferracute, he aimed a blow at Orlando with his fist, but, missing him, hit his horse on the forehead, and laid him dead upon the spot. And now the fight lasted till noon with fists and stones. The Giant then demanded a truce till next day, agreeing to meet Orlando without horse or spear. Each warrior then retired to his post.

Next morning they accordingly met once more. The Giant brought a sword, but Orlando a long staff to ward off the Giant's blows, who wearied himself to no purpose. They now began to batter each other with stones, that lay scattered about the field, till at last the Giant begged a second truce, which being granted, he presently fell fast asleep upon the ground. Orlando, taking a stone for a pillow, quietly laid himself down also. For such was the law of

honour between the Christians and Saracens at that time, that no one on any pretence dared to take advantage of his adversary before the truce was expired, as in that case his own party would have slain him.

When Ferracute awoke, he found Orlando awake also, who thereupon rose, and seated himself by the Giant's side, inquiring how it came to pass he was so very strong? "Because," replied the Giant, "I am only vulnerable in the navel." Ferracute spoke in the Spanish language, which Orlando understanding tolerably well, a conversation now followed between them, which Ferracute recommenced by inquiring his name, which Orlando told him. "And what race are you of?" said the Giant. "Of the race of the Franks."—"What law do you follow?" "The law of Christ, so far as his grace permits me."—"Who is this Christ in whom you profess to believe?" "The Son of God, born of a Virgin, who took upon him our nature, was crucified for us, rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven, where he sitteth on the right hand of his Father."

"We believe," said Ferracute, "that the Creator of heaven and earth is one God, and that, as he was not made himself, so cannot another God spring from him. There is therefore only one God, not three, as I understand you Christians profess." "You say well," said Orlando; "there is but one God, but your faith is imperfect; for as the Father is God, so likewise is the Son, and so is the Holy Ghost. Three persons, but one God."—"Nay," said

Ferracute: "if each of these three persons be God, there must be three Gods."

"By no means," replied Orlando; "he is both three and one. The three persons are co-eternal and co-equal. There is indeed distinction of person, but unity of essence, and equality of majesty. Abraham saw three, but worshipped one. Let us recur to natural things. When the harp sounds, there is the art, the strings, and the hand, yet but one harp. In the almond there is the shell, the coat, and the kernel. In the sun, the body, the beams, and the heat. In the wheel, the centre, the spokes, and the nave. In you likewise, there is the body, the members, and the soul. In like manner may Trinity in Unity be ascribed to God."

"I now comprehend," replied Ferracute, "how God may be three in one, but I know not how he begot the Son." "Do you," answered Orlando, "believe that God made Adam?"—"I do." "Adam himself was not, then, born of any, and yet he begot sons. So God the Father is born of none, yet of his own ineffable grace begot the Son from all eternity."—"Your arguments," said the Giant, "please me exceedingly, but still I am at a loss to know how he that was God became man." "The Creator of heaven and earth, who made all things out of nothing, could certainly," said Orlando, "engender his Son of a pure Virgin, by divine afflation."—"There lies the difficulty," returned Ferracute, "how without human aid, as you affirm, he could spring from

the womb." "Surely," said Orlando, "God, who formed Adam from no seed, could form his Son in like manner; and as from God the Father he was without Mother, so from his Mother did he spring without an earthly Father."—"It makes me blush," said the Giant, "to think that a virgin should conceive without a man." "He," answered Orlando, "that causes the worm in the bean, and many species of birds, beasts, and serpents, to engender without the help of the male, could produce God and Man of a pure Virgin without the help of Man. For as his power enabled him to produce the first man from the ground, so could he produce the second from a virgin."—"I grant it," replied the Giant; "he might be born of a virgin; but if he was the Son of God, how could he die, for God never dies?" "That indeed is true," said Orlando: "as God, he could not die; but when he took our nature upon him, and was made man, he became subject unto death, for every man dies. As we believe his nativity, so may we likewise believe his passion and resurrection."

"And what is it we are to believe of his resurrection?" inquired Ferracute. "That he died, and rose again the third day."—The Giant, hearing this, was greatly astonished, and exclaimed to Orlando, "Why do you talk so idly? It is impossible that a man, after he is once dead, can return to life again." "Not only did the Son of God rise from the dead," replied Orlando, "but all the men that

have died since the creation of the world shall rise again, and appear before his tribunal, where they shall be rewarded every one according to his deeds, whether they be good or evil. That God, who makes the tree spring from the soil, and the grain of wheat to rot in the ground, that it may revive with fresh increase, can at the last day clothe the souls of men with their own bodies, and restore them to life. Take the mystic example of the lion, which on the third day revives his dead cubs with his breath by licking them. What wonder, then, that God should after three days revive his Son? Nor ought it to seem strange, that, as the Son of God rose from the dead, many others of the dead should rise even before his own resurrection. If Elijah and Elisha by the power of God could perform this miracle, how much more easily could the Father restore the Son, whom it was indeed impossible that Death could retain in his fetters. Death fled at his sight, as he shall fly likewise at the sound of his voice, when the whole phalanx of the dead shall rise again."—"Enough," said Ferracute, "I clearly perceive all this; but how could he ascend into heaven?" "He that descended," answered Orlando, "could easily ascend. He that rose of himself could enter the skies in triumph. Does not the wheel of the mill descend low, and return to its height again? Does not the bird in the air ascend and descend? Can you not yourself come down from a mountain, and return thither? Did not the

sun yesterday rise in the east and set in the west, and yet rise again in the east to-day ? To that place from whence the Son of God descended, did he likewise ascend."

"Well," said Ferracute, "to end our arguments, I will fight you on these terms: If the faith you profess be the true faith, you shall conquer; otherwise the victory shall be mine; and let the issue be eternal honor to the conqueror, but dishonor to the vanquished." "Be it so!" said Orlando: whereupon they immediately fell to blows. But the very first which the Giant aimed at him would have certainly been fatal, if Orlando had not nimbly leaped aside, and caught it on his staff, which was however cut in twain. The Giant, seeing his advantage, then rushed in upon him, and both came to the ground together. Orlando then, finding it impossible to escape, instantly implored the divine assistance, and, feeling himself re-invigorated, sprung upon his feet, when, seizing the Giant's sword, he thrust it into his neck, and made his escape. Ferracute, finding himself mortally wounded, called aloud upon Mahomet; which the Saracens hearing, sallied from the city, and bore him off in their arms. Orlando returned safe to the camp; the Christians then boldly attacked the city, and carried it by storm. The Giant and his people were slain, his castle taken; and all the Christian warriors liberated.

CHAP. XVIII.

The War of the Musks.

Soon after the Emperor heard that Ibraim, King of Seville, and Almanzor, who escaped from the battle of Pampeluna, had gathered together at Cordova a body of troops from seven* of the neighbouring cities of Seville. Thither then did the King pursue his march with six thousand men, and found the Saracens, ten thousand strong, about three miles from the city. The King formed his army into three divisions. The first composed of his best troops, all cavalry; the two last, foot. The Saracens formed theirs in a similar manner. But when the King in person advanced against the first squadron of Pagans, he found them all disguised in bearded masks, with horns upon their heads, like demons, making so strange a din with their hands upon their drums and other instruments, that the horses were terrified, and galloped back in spite of all their riders could do to prevent them. Whereupon the foot retreated likewise to an adjacent mountain, where, uniting in one squadron, they stopped for the Saracens, who would then advance no further, but gave our people time to pitch their tents, and encamp that night.

Charles then called a council of his captains, and agreed to tie bandages over their horses' eyes, and to stuff their ears, in order to disconcert this stratagem on the morrow. Admirable experiment! For

* The names of four of these cities were—Ubeda, Abela, Baeza, and Granada.

now we fought the enemy from morning till night, and slew a great number, though it was by no means a general slaughter; for the Saracens, again joining in martial array, brought forward a castle, drawn by eight oxen, with a certain red banner waving upon it, which so long as they saw present, it was their rule never to fly. The King, knowing this, armed himself with a strong breast-plate, a mighty spear, and invincible sword, and, aided by divine assistance, hewed his way through his enemies, overturning them to right and left, till he reached the car, when, cutting the flag-pole with his sword, the Saracens instantly fled in all directions. Prodigious shouts were made by both armies. We then slew eight thousand Moors, together with Ibraim, King of Seville. Almanzor made good his retreat into the city, but submitted to Charles the day after, consenting to be baptized, and to do homage for his dominions.

The King now divided the conquered countries of Spain amongst his soldiers. Navarre and Bearn he gave to the inhabitants of Brittany; Castile to the Franks; Nades and Saragossa to the Apulians; Arragon to the Ponthieuse; Andalusia, on the sea coast, to the Germans; and Portugal to the Dacians and Flemings. But the French would not settle in the mountainous parts of Galicia. Thus apparently there remained no more enemies in Spain to molest the Emperor.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the Council the Emperor summoned ; and of his Journey to Compostella.

Charles then dismissed the greatest part of his troops, and came to Gallicia, where he behaved very liberally to the Christians he found there, but either put to death or banished those that had revolted to the Moorish faith. He then appointed bishops and prelates in every city, and, assembling a council of the chief dignitaries in Compostella, decreed that the church of St. James should be henceforth considered as the Metropolitan, instead of Iria, as it was no city, subjecting Iria likewise to Compostella. In the same council I, Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, together with forty other Bishops and Prelates, dedicated, by the King's command, the church and altar of St. James, with extraordinary splendor and magnificence. All Spain and Gallicia were made subject to this holy place : it was moreover endowed with four pieces of money from every house throughout the kingdom, and at the same time totally freed from the royal jurisdiction ; being from that hour styled the Apostolic See, as the body of the holy Apostle laid entombed within it. Here likewise the general councils of Spain are held ; the Bishops ordained, and the Kings crowned by the hand of the Metropolitan Bishop, to the Apostle's honor. Here too, when any crying sin is committed, or innovations made in the faith and precepts of our Lord, through

the meritoriousness of this venerable edifice the grievance is discovered, and atonement made. As the Eastern Apostolic See was established by St. John, the brother of St. James, at Ephesus, so was the Western established in Gallicia by St. James.*

And those Sees are undoubtedly the true Sees. Ephesus on the right hand of Christ's earthly kingdom, and Compostella on the left, both which fell to the share of the sons of Zebedee, according to their request. There are, then, three Sees which are deservedly held pre-eminent, even as our Lord gave the pre-eminence to the three Apostles, Peter, James, and John, who first established them. And certainly these three places should be deemed more sacred than others, where they preached, and their bodies lie enshrined. Rome claims the superiority from Peter, Prince of the Apostles. Compostella holds the second place from St. James, the elder brother of St. John, and first inheritor of the crown of martyrdom. He dignified it with his preaching, consecrated it with his sepulchre, and ceases not to exalt it by miracles and dispensations of mercy. The third See justly is Ephesus; for there St. John wrote his gospel, "In the beginning was the Word," assembling there likewise the bishops of the neighbouring cities, whom he calls Angels in the Apocalypse. He established that church by his doctrine and miracles, and there his body was entombed. If, therefore, any difficulty should occur that cannot elsewhere be resolved, let it be brought before these Sees, and it

shall, by divine grace, be decided. As Galicia was freed in these early ages from the Saracen yoke, by the favor of God and St. James, and by the King's valour, so may it continue firm in the Orthodox faith till the consummation of ages !

CHAP. XX.

Of the Emperor's Person and Courage.

The Emperor was of a ruddy complexion, with brown hair ; of a well-made handsome form, but a stern visage. His height was about eight of his own feet, which were very long. He was of a strong robust make ; his legs and thighs very stout, and his sinews firm. His face was thirteen inches long ; his beard a palm ; his nose half a palm ; his forehead a foot over. His lion-like eyes flashed fire like carbuncles ; his eye-brows were half a palm over. When he was angry, it was a terror to look upon him. He required eight spans for his girdle, besides what hung loose. He ate sparingly of bread ; but a whole quarter of lamb, two fowls, a goose, or a large portion of pork ; a péacock, crane, or a whole hare. He drank moderately of wine and water. He was so strong, that he could at a single blow cleave asunder an armed soldier on horseback from the head to the waist, and the horse likewise. He easily vaulted over four horses harnessed together ; and could raise an armed man from the ground to his head, as he stood erect upon his hand.

He was liberal, just in his decrees, and fluent of speech. Four days in the year, especially during his residence in Spain, he held a solemn assembly at court, adorning himself with his royal crown and sceptre ; namely, on Christmas-day, at Easter, Whitsuntide, and on the festival of St. James. A naked sword, after the imperial fashion, was then borne before him. A hundred and twenty orthodox soldiers watched nightly round his couch, in three courses of forty each. A drawn sword was laid at his right hand, and a lighted candle at his left. Although many would delight to read his great actions, they would be too tedious to relate. How he invested Galifer, Admiral of Coletto, where he was banished, with the military order, and, in return for his kindness, slew Bramantes, his enemy, the proud Saracen King ; how many kingdoms and countries he conquered ; Abbies he founded ; bodies of the saints and relicks he enshrined in gold ; how he was made Emperor of Rome, and visited the holy sepulchre, bringing back with him the wood of the Holy Cross, wherewith he endowed the shrine of St. James ; of all this I shall say no more : the hand and the pen would sooner fail than the history. But what befel his army at his return to France, we now briefly proceed to relate.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the Treachery of Ganalon; the Battle of Ronceval, and the Sufferings of the Christian Warriors.

When this famous Emperor had thus recovered Spain to the glory of our Lord and St. James, after a season he returned to Pampeluna, and encamped there, with his army. At that time there was in Saragossa two Saracen Kings, Marsir, and Beligard, his brother, sent by the Soldan of Babylon from Persia to Spain. Charles had subjugated them to his dominion, and they served him upon all occasions, but only with feigned fidelity. For the King having sent Ganalon to require them to be baptized, and to pay tribute, they sent him thirty horse-load of gold, silver, and jewels; forty load of wine likewise for his soldiers, and a thousand beautiful Saracen women. But at the same time they covenanted with Ganalon to betray the King's army into their hands for twenty horse-load of gold and silver: which wicked compact being accordingly made, Ganalon returned to the King with intelligence that Marsir would embrace the Christian faith, and was preparing to follow him into France to receive baptism there, and would then hold all Spain under oath of fealty to him. The old soldiers would accept the wine only, but the young men were highly gratified with the present of the women.

Charles, confiding in Ganalon, now began his

march through the pass of the mountains, in his return to France; giving the command of the rear to his nephew, Orlando, Count of Mans and Lord of Guienne, and to Oliver, Count of Auvergne, ordering them to keep the station of Ronceval with thirty thousand men, whilst he passed it with the rest of the army. But many, who had on the night preceding intoxicated themselves with wine, and been guilty of fornication with the Saracen women, and other women that followed the camp from France, incurred the penalty of death. What more shall we say? When Charles had safely passed the narrow strait that leads into Gascony, between the mountains, with twenty thousand of his warriors, Turpin, the Archbishop, and Ganalon, and while the rear kept guard, early in the morning Marsir and Beligard, rushing down from the hills, where, by Ganalon's advice, they had lain two days in ambush, formed their troops into two great divisions, and with the first of twenty thousand men attacked our army, which making a bold resistance, fought from morning to the third hour, and utterly destroyed the enemy. But a fresh corps of thirty thousand Saracens now poured furiously down upon the Christians, already faint and exhausted with fighting so long, and smote them from high to low, so that scarcely one escaped. Some were transpierced with lances; some killed with clubs; others beheaded, burnt, dead alive, or suspended on trees; only Orlando, Baldwin, and Theodoric, were left: the two last

gained the woods, and finally escaped. After this terrible slaughter the Saracens retreated a league from the field of battle.

And here it may be asked, why God permitted those to perish who in no wise had defiled themselves with women? It was, indeed, to prevent them from committing fresh sins at their return home, and to give them a crown of glory in reward for their toils. But neither is it to be doubted but those who were guilty of this fault amply atoned for it by their death. In that awful hour they confessed his name, bewailing their sins, and the all-merciful God forgot not their past labours for the sake of Christ, for whose faith they lost their lives. The company of women is evidently baneful to the warrior: those earthly Princes Darius and Mark Anthony were attended by their women, and perished; for lust at once enervates the soul and the body.

Those who fell into intoxication and lasciviousness typify the priests that war against vice, but suffer themselves to be overcome by wine and sensual appetites, till they are slain by their enemy the devil, and punished with eternal death.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the Death of Marsir, and the Flight of Beligard.

As Orlando was returning after the battle was over to view the Saracen army, he met a certain black Saracen, who had fled from the field, and

concealed himself in the woods, whom he seized and bound to a tree with four bands. Then, ascending a lofty hill, he surveyed the Moorish army, and, seeing likewise many Christians retreating by the Ronceval road, he blew his horn, and was joined by about a hundred of them, with whom he returned to the Saracen, and promised to give him his life if he would shew him Marsir; which having performed, he set him at liberty. Animating his little band, Orlando was soon amidst the thickest of the enemy, and, finding one of huger stature than the rest, he hewed him and his horse in twain, so that the halves fell different ways. Marsir and his companions then fled in all directions, but Orlando, trusting in the divine aid, rushed forward, and, overcoming all opposition, slew Marsir on the spot. By this time every one of the Christians was slain, and Orlando himself sorely wounded in five places by lances, and grievously battered likewise with stones. Beligard, seeing Marsir had fallen, retired from the field with the rest of the Saracens; whilst Theodoric and Baldwin, and some few other Christians, made their way through the pass, towards which Orlando, wandering, came likewise to the foot of it, and, alighting from his steed, stretched himself on the ground, beneath a tree, near a block of marble, that stood erect in the meadows of Ronceval.

Here drawing his sword, Durenda, which signifies a hard blow, a sword of exquisite workmanship, fine temper, and resplendent brightness, which he would

sooner have lost his arm than parted with, as he held it in his hand, regarding it earnestly, he addressed it in these words: "O sword of unparalleled brightness, excellent dimensions, admirable temper, and hilt of the whitest ivory, decorated with a splendid cross of gold, topped by a berylline apple, engraved with the sacred name of God, endued with keenness, and every other virtue, who now shall wield thee in battle? who shall call thee master? He that possessed thee was never conquered, never daunted at the foe; phantoms never appalled him. Aided by Omnipotence, with thee did he destroy the Saracen, exalt the faith of Christ, and acquire consummate glory. Oft hast thou vindicated the blood of Jesus, against Pagans, Jews, and Heretics; oft hewed off the hand and foot of the robber, fulfilling divine justice. O happy sword, keenest of the keen; never was one like thee! He that made thee, made not thy fellow! Not one escaped with life from thy stroke! If the slothful timid soldier should now possess thee, or the base Saracen, my grief would be unspeakable! Thus, then, do I prevent thy falling into their hands."—He then struck the block of marble thrice, which cleft it in the midst, and broke the sword in twain.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the Sound of Orlando's Horn; of his Confession, and Death,

He now blew a loud blast with his horn, to sum-

mon any Christian concealed in the adjacent woods to his assistance, or to recal his friends beyond the pass. This horn was endued with such power, that all other horns were split by its sound; and it is said that Orlando at that time blew it with such vehemence, that he burst the veins and nerves of his neck. The sound reached the King's ears, who lay encamped in the valley still called by his name, about eight miles from Ronceval, towards Gascony, being carried so far by supernatural power. Charles would have flown to his succour, but was prevented by Ganalon, who, conscious of Orlando's sufferings, insinuated it was usual with him to sound his horn on light occasions. "He is, perhaps," said he, "pursuing some wild beast, and the sound echoes through the woods; it will be fruitless, therefore, to seek him." O wicked traitor, deceitful as Judas! What dost thou merit?

Orlando now grew very thirsty, and cried for water to Baldwin, who just then approached him; but unable to find any, and seeing him so near his end, he blessed him, and, again mounting his steed, galloped off for assistance to the army. Immediately after Theodoric came up, and, bitterly grieving to see him in this condition, bade him strengthen his soul by confessing his faith. Orlando had that morning received the blessed Eucharist, and confessed his sins before he went to battle, this being the custom with all the warriors at that time, for which purpose many bishops and monks attended

the army to give them absolution. The martyr of Christ then cast up his eyes to heaven, and cried, "O Lord Jesus, for whose sake I came into these barbarous regions; through thy aid only have I conquered innumerable Pagans, enduring blows and wounds, reproach, derision, and fatigue, heat and cold, hunger and thirst. To thee do I commit my soul in this trying hour. Thou, who didst suffer on the cross for those who deserved not thy favor, deliver my soul, I beseech thee, from eternal death! I confess myself a most grievous sinner, but thou mercifully dost forgive our sins: thou pitiest every one, and hatest nothing which thou hast made, covering the sins of the penitent in whatsoever day they turn unto thee with true contrition. O thou, who didst spare thy enemies, and the woman taken in adultery; who didst pardon Mary Magdalen, and look with compassion on the weeping Peter; who didst likewise open the gate of Paradise to the thief that confessed thee upon the cross; have mercy upon me, and receive my soul into thy everlasting rest!

"Thou art he who preventest our bodies from perishing in the grave, changing them to greater glory: thou, O Lord, art he, who hast said, 'thou rather wouldest the sinner should live than die.' I believe in thee with my whole heart, and confess thee with my lips; therefore I beseech thee to receive me into the enjoyment of a better life when this is ended. Let my sense and intellects be in the

same measure improved as the shadow differs from the substance." And now, grasping the flesh and skin near his heart (as Theodoric afterwards related), he continued his speech with bitter groanings. "O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, and of the blessed Virgin, with my inmost soul do I confess that thou, my Redeemer, dost live, and that at the day of judgment I shall rise, and in my flesh behold thee, my God and my Saviour!" And thrice, thus grasping his breast, did he repeat those words; and, laying his hand upon his eyes in like manner, he said, "And these eyes shall behold thee!" Uncovering them, he again looked up to heaven, and, signing himself with the sign of the cross, he uttered, "All earthly things are vain and unprofitable; I am now taught of Christ, that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the good things that God hath prepared for them that love him." Then, stretching his hands to heaven, he uttered this prayer for them that perished in the battle:—

"Let thy bowels of compassion, O Lord, be open to thy faithful servants, who have this day perished by the hand of the barbarians. Hither did they come to vindicate thy faith; for thy sake are they fallen. Do thou, O Lord, mercifully blot out their offences, accounting them worthy to be delivered from the pains of hell. Send thy archangels to rescue their souls from darkness, and bear them to the regions of light, where thy blessed martyrs

eternally live and reign with thee, who dost live and reign with God the Father, and the Holy Spirit, to all ages. Amen !"—Immediately after this confession and prayer, his soul winged its flight from his body, and was borne by angels to Paradise, where he reigns in transcendent glory, united by his meritorious deeds to the blessed choir of martyrs.



CHAP. XXIV.

Of Orlando's Rank and Virtues.

No longer it becomes the heart to mourn
 A hero of immortal joys possess'd ;
 Of noble rank, and noble parents born,
 For nobler deeds in heav'n with glory blest.

To none inferior, thine was native worth ;
 Thy feet still tending to the temple's bounds ;
 A glorious model to the wond'ring earth,
 A faithful balsam to thy country's wounds.

The Clergy's refuge, and the Widow's friend,
 Bounteous to guests, and liberal to the poor ;
 To heav'n thy parting steps may safely bend,
 Whose works have open'd wide salvation's door.

Thy tongue the fount of heav'nly eloquence,
 That still would slake the thirst, and never pall,
 Endued with graceful wit, and manly sense,
 Proclaim'd thee common father, friend of all.

Blest Chief, farewell ! but not the marbled urn
 That holds thy ashes can thy soul contain :
 Our wond'ring eyes to heav'n above we turn,
 Where thou for ever dost triumphant reign.



CHAP. XXV.

*Archbishop Turpin's Vision, and the King's Lamentation
 for Orlando.*

What more shall we say ? Whilst the soul of the blessed Orlando was leaving his body, I, Turpin, standing near the King in the valley of Charles, at the moment I was celebrating the mass of the dead, namely on the 16th day of June, fell into a trance, and, hearing the angelic choir sing aloud, I wondered what it might be. Now, when they had ascended on high, behold there came after them a phalanx of terrible ones, like warriors returning from the spoil, bearing their prey. Presently I inquired of one of them what it meant, and was answered, " We are bearing the soul of Marsir to hell, but yonder is Michael bearing the Horn-winder to heaven." When mass was over, I told the King what I had seen ; and whilst I was yet speaking, behold Baldwin rode up on Orlando's horse, and related what had befallen him, and where he had left the hero in the agonies of death, beside a stone in the meadows at the foot of the mountain ; whereupon the whole army immediately marched back to Ronceval.

The King himself first discovered the hero, lying in the form of the cross, and began to lament over him with bitter sighs and sobs, wringing his hands, and tearing his hair and beard. "O right arm," cried he, "of thy sovereign's body; honor of the French; sword of justice, inflexible spear, inviolable breast-plate, shield of safety; a Judas Maccabeus in probity, a Samson in strength; in death like Saul and Jonathan; brave, experienced soldier, great and noble defender of the Christians, scourge of the Saracens; a wall to the clergy, the widow's and orphan's friend, just and faithful in judgment!—Renowned Count of the French, valiant captain of our armies, why did I leave thee here to perish? How can I behold thee dead, and not expire myself? Why hast thou left me sorrowful and alone? A poor miserable King! But thou art exalted to the kingdom of heaven, and dost enjoy the company of angels and martyrs. Without cease shall I lament over thee, as David did over Saul and Jonathan, and his son Absalom.

Thy soul is fled to happier scenes above,
And left us mourning to lament thee here;
Blest in thy God and Saviour's fav'ring love,
Who wipes from ev'ry eye the trickling tear.

Six lustres and eight years thou dwell'dst below,
But, snatch'd from earth to heav'n, thou reign'st on high,
Where feasts divine immortal spirits know,
And joys transcendent fill the starry sky.

Thus did Charles mourn for Orlando to the very last day of his life. On the spot where he died he encamped; and caused the body to be enbalsmed, with balsam, myrrh, and aloes. The whole camp watched it that night, honoring his corse with hymns and songs, and innumerable torches and fires kindled on the adjacent mountains.



CHAP. XXVI.

How the Sun stood still for three Days; the Slaughter of four thousand Saracens; and the Death of Ganalon.

Early on the next day they came to the field of battle in Ronceval, and found the bodies of their friends, many of them still alive, but mortally wounded. Oliver was lying on his face, pinioned to the ground in the form of the cross, and flead from the neck to his finger ends; pierced also with darts and javelins, and bruised with clubs. The mourning was now dismal; every one wept for his friend, till the groves and vallies resounded with wailing. Charles solemnly vowed to pursue the Pagans till he found them; and, marching in pursuit with his whole army, the sun stood still for three days till he overtook them on the banks of the Ebro, near Saragossa, feasting and rejoicing for their success. Attacking them valiantly, he then slew four thousand, and dispersed the rest. What further? We now returned to Ronceval, bearing

with us the sick and wounded to the spot where Orlando fell. The Emperor then made strict inquiry after the treachery of Ganalon, which began to be universally rumoured about. Trial was ordained by single combat, Pinabel for Ganalon, and Theodoric for the Accuser; when, the latter gaining the victory, the treason was proved. Ganalon was now sentenced to be torn to pieces by four wild horses, which was accordingly executed.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Embalming of the Dead.

They now embalmed the dead bodies of their friends; some with myrrh and balsam, some with salt, taking out the bowels, and filling the bodies with aromatic drugs, or with salt only. Some were buried on the spot; others conveyed to France; but many that became putrid and offensive were buried on the road. Wooden carriages were made for the dead, but the sick and wounded were borne away on litters upon their shoulders.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Of the consecrated Cemeteries of Arles and Bordeaux.

Two chief burying grounds were now consecrated at Arles and Bordeaux by seven Bishops; Maximin of Aix, Trophimus of Arles, Paul of Narbonne, Saturnine of Thoulouse, Frontorne of Perigord, Martial of Limoges, and Eutropius of Xantonge; where the

major part of the warriors were interred that fell in the battles of Ronceval and Mount Garzim.



CHAP. XXIX.

Of the Burial of Orlando and his Companions at Blaye, and other Places.

Charles deferred the burial of Orlando till he came to Blaye. His body was laid upon gold tapestry on two mules, covered with a pall, and at length honorably interred in the Church of St. Roman, which he had formerly built, and endowed with regular Canons. His helmet was placed upon his head, and his ivory horn at his feet. But the body was afterwards translated to St. Severin in Bordeaux, the chief city of these provinces, where it was joyfully welcomed, as it had liberally tasted his munificence.

At Blaye likewise were buried Oliver, and Galdebode King of Friezeland; Ogier, King of Dacia; Aristagnus, King of Brittany; Garin, Duke of Lorraine; and many other warriors. Happy town! graced with the sepulchres of so many heroes. At Bordeaux, in the Cemetery of St. Severin, were buried Gayfere, King of Bordeaux; Angelerus, Duke of Aquitaine; Lambert, Prince of Bourges; Galerius Galin; Rinaldo of the White-Thorn; Walter of the Olive-Trees; Vulterinus, and five thousand of their soldiers. Ocellus, Count of Nantes, and most of the inhabitants of Brittany,

were buried in that city. Charles gave twelve thousand pieces of silver and talents of gold for the repose of their souls, and fed the poor for many miles round the city of Blaye; endowing the church likewise with rich vestments, and silver ornaments, for the love he bore Orlando; freeing the Canons from all service but prayers for him and his companions. He moreover clothed and entertained thirty poor men on the anniversary of their martyrdom, establishing Minstrels, Masses, and other solemnities, which the Canons were not to neglect on that day, as they hoped to merit a crown of glory; which they promised to perform.



CHAP. XXX.

Of those buried at Arles.

After this the King and his army proceeded by the way of Gascony and Thoulouse, and came to Arles, where we found the army of Burgundy, which had left us in the hostile valley, bringing their dead by the way of Morbihan and Thoulouse, to bury them in the plain of Arles. Here we performed the rites of Estolfo, Count of Champagne; of Solomon; Sampson, Duke of Burgundy; Arnold of Berlanda; Alberic of Burgundy; Gumard, Esturinite, Hato; Juonius, Berard, Berengaire, and Naaman Duke of Bourbon, and of ten thousand of their soldiers. Constantine, Governor of Rome, and other Romans, were conveyed thither by sea, and buried in Apulia.

The King gave twelve thousand pieces of silver, and as many talents of gold, for the repose of their souls, and to the poor of Arles.

CHAP. XXXI.

Of the Council held at St. Denis.

We then came to Vienne, where I remained to be healed of the scars and wounds I received in Spain. The King, much fatigued, at length arrived at Paris; and, assembling a council of his chief princes and bishops at St. Denis, returned thanks to God for his victory over the Pagans, and gave all France as a manor to that church, in the same manner as St. Paul and St. Clement had formerly endowed the bishopric of Rome. The French Bishops were likewise to be ordained there, and not made amenable to the See of Rome. Then, standing by the tomb of St. Denis, he entreated the Lord for all who had died in his cause.

The very next night St. Denis appeared to the King in his sleep, assuring him that full pardon of sin was granted to all that followed him, and had fought and perished in the wars with the Saracens; that they likewise should recover of their wounds who had bestowed money on the church; which being made known by the King, very liberal offerings were made by the people, who thus acquired the name of Franks; and the whole land, formerly called Gaul, was now changed to France,

as being freed from all servitude, and having dominion over other nations. The King then went to Aix la Chapelle, in the county of Liege, to bathe and drink the waters, where he liberally endowed St. Mary's Church with gold and silver, ordering it to be painted with ancient and modern histories, and his palace to be decorated with the representation of his wars in Spain ; with emblems of the seven liberal arts, and other excellent embellishments.

CHAP. XXXII.

Of the King's Death.

Soon after, the King's approaching death was revealed to me ; for, behold, as I was praying in the church of Vienne, I fell into a trance, as I was singing psalms, and saw innumerable companies of soldiers pass before me by the Lorraine road. A certain one, black as an Ethiop, followed them, of whom I inquired whither he was going, and received for answer that he was awaiting the death of Charles to take possession of his soul. " I conjure you, then," said I, " by the name of the Lord Jesus, to return when you have completed your errand." When I had rested some time, and begun to explain the psalms, behold they returned back, and, speaking to the same person I before addressed, I inquired whom he had been seeking, and was answered, " the Gallician ;" but the stones and timber of the churches he founded balanced so greatly in his favor, that his

good works out-weighed his bad, and his soul was snatched from us, and at this the demon vanished; Thus I understood Charles died that day, and was carried into the bosom of God and St. James. But as I had requested him, before we parted at Vienne, to send me notice of his decease in case it preceded mine, being then grievously sick, and remembering his promise, he encharged a certain learned soldier to bring me word the moment he died. What more need I add? The messenger arrived on the fifteenth day after it happened. He had, indeed, been grievously afflicted with illness from the hour he left Spain, and suffered still more in mind than in body for the friends he lost on the unfortunate 16th of June. On the same day that I saw the vision, namely on the 5th of February, in the year of our Lord 814, he departed this life, and was sumptuously buried in the round church of St. Mary, which he had himself built; and this sign I was credibly informed happened yearly for three years together before his death,—“The Sun and Moon became dark, and his name, Charles the Prince, inscribed on the church, was totally obliterated of itself; and the portico likewise, between the church and the palace, fell to the very foundation.” The wooden bridge also which he built six years before over the Rhine at Mentz was destroyed by fire, self-kindled. And the same day, as a traveller was on his journey, he saw a great flame, like the flame of a funeral pile, pass from right to left before him; which terrifying him greatly, he fell

from his horse, but was presently relieved by his friends.

We therefore believe that he now enjoys the crown of the blessed martyrs, whose labours he imitated, whose pattern and example he followed. Whereby we may understand, that whoever builds a church to God's glory, provides for himself a residence in his kingdom. For this cause was Charles snatched from the hands of demons, and borne by good angels to heavenly habitations.

FLORESTA
DE VARIOS
ROMANCES
SACADOS
DE LAS HISTORIAS ANTIGUAS
DE LOS
Doce Pares de Francia.

Por DAMIAN LOPEZ de TORTAJADA.

THE FLOWER
OF THE
BALLADS
OF THE
Twelve Peers of France,
TAKEN FROM ANCIENT HISTORIES:
WITH
ENGLISH METRICAL VERSIONS,
By **THOMAS RODD.**



PREFACE

TO THE BALLADS.

FEW gentlemen, I believe, have visited Spain without contracting a great predilection for the ancient literature of the country : not that the Spaniards of modern days are by any means deficient in works of merit and genius, but their true Augustan era is the age of Philip the Second. Before his time, however, and soon after the invention of printing, the works of Boiardo and Ariosto contributed to increase the love of Romance already so prevalent in Spain, whether originating in the ancient Celtæ, the Moors and Arabians, or in the Provençal language, which at this very time is, or was, spoken by many of the French settled on its southern coasts, prior to the invasion of Bonaparte. In these warm countries, the clear serenity of the evening sky, after the intense heat of the day, leads the inhabitants to assemble in parties, and chaunt their ditties to the simple notes of the guitar : but the very long ballads are not sung

throughout by one person ; each, in succession, repeats his verse till the whole is completed.

The real or supposed invasion of Spain, in ancient times, by the French, has furnished the subject of the Paladine Ballads, which are so frequently mentioned in *Don Quixote*. References to them are continually occurring, so that I flatter myself they will be no unacceptable present to English literature. Even in Spain the collection is far from common, especially the earlier editions of it. But, before we proceed further, I shall present the reader with an account of Charlemagne's expedition, as I find it recorded by Antonio Beuter, an eminent Spanish historical writer, who, after mentioning several miracles performed in favor of Alfonso the Second, the ninth King of Leon, proceeds in these words :—

“ During this interval the King's sister Doña Ximena was brought to bed of a son, whom she had by Don Sancho (or as others called him Sandias) of Saldaña, of whom she was enamoured, and was privately married to him with-

En este comedio su hermana Doña Ximena pario un hijo del Conde Don Sancho (otros dizen Sandias) de Saldaña, de quien se enamorava, y sin saberlo el Rey se casaran. Quando el Rey lo supo con grandissimo enojo puso a su hermana en un monasterio, y al Conde mando

out the King's knowledge. The moment he heard of it, he was highly incensed, confined his sister in a monastery, and laid the Count in irons in the castle of Luna, or Lima ; but took the boy, named Bernardo, afterwards (from a certain castle he built near Salamanca) Bernardo del Carpio, and brought him up as his own son. This Bernardo in the sequel became so valiant and experienced, that the King governed the whole court by his assistance. At this juncture Charles the Emperor and King of France was warring against the Moors in Catalonia, gaining fresh territory, which when Alfonso heard, it appeared to him that the whole of Spain would be happy under his protection ; he therefore privately sent ambassadors, offering to surrender up the whole kingdom of Leon, if he would assist

poner en hierros en el castillo de Luna, otros dicen Lima, y tomo el muchacho que se llama Bernaldo, y por un castillo que despues labro cerco de Salamanca, llamado el Carpio, se dixo del Carpio, y bizole criar como à su hijo. Este salio tan valeroso y bien quisto, que se gobernava casi toda la Corte por el. En este sazón Don Carlos, Rey de Francia y Emperador, hazia guerra en Cathaluña contra los Moros, gañando la tierra, y llegado las nuevas dello al Rey Don Alfonso, pareciole que en manos de tan buen Rey estaria bien la España, por este embiandole secretamente sus Embaxadores, offreciendole darle el Regno de Leon, si le venia à socorrer contra los Moros

him in his wars against the Moors of Cordova, as he was now old and without children. The Emperor accepted the offer, and the ambassadors returned home. But when this agreement was publicly divulged, the Princes or Grandees of Spain assembling in council, emboldened greatly by Bernardo del Carpio, plainly told the King they would rather die free than live subjects to the French, and that therefore he must disannul the treaty with the Emperor, otherwise they would deprive him of the kingdom. King Alfonso then sent a message to Charles to beg he would hold him excused, but the latter, greatly resenting it, marched his army forward, declaring that since he had broken his word he would deprive him of the kingdom, and chastise those persons that would not own himself for their

de Cordova, pues que se hallava viejo y sin hijos. El Emperador acepto el ofrecimiento y dixo que era contento, y assi se bolvieron los Embaxadores. Luego se supo en la corte este concierto, y juntandole los Principes de España, insistiendo mucho Bernardo del Carpio, dixeron el Rey, que mas querian morir libres que sugetos a Franceses, porende que deshiziesse loque concertara con el Emperador Carlos, sino queria que lo echassen del Reyno. Por esto embio el Rey a dezir al Emperador que le tuviesse por escusado. Mas ensañandose desta el Emperador, movio el exercito contra el, diziendo, que pues le quebrava la palabra, que le havia de quitar el Reyno, y castigar los que no le que-

master. When the Spaniards accordingly heard the French were approaching, they united together from the Asturias, Biscay, Alva, Navarre, Ruchonia, and Arragon, and summoning the Moorish Kings, their allies and subjects, to their assistance, marched boldly to meet the enemy. King Charles's army lay at the back of the Pyrenees, near France, in the valley still called Hospitaval; but, hearing that the Spaniards were coming, he marched through the valley of Charles, which lay more convenient to ascend the mountainous road, with his troops in good order.

“In the first squadron of the French army came Orlando, Count of Britany, Count Anselm, and Æghard, the Emperor's Chamberlain, with several of the twelve Peers, and a great body of cavalry. The centre likewise had many brave

rian por señor. Quando los Españoles supieron la venida de los Franceses, ayuntaranse de las Asturias, Viscaya, Alva, Navarra, Ruchonia, y Aragon, muchas gentes, y llamando los Reyes Moros que eran sus vasallos, o aliados, salieron al encuentro à los enemigos. El exercito de Carlos estava a las haldas de los Pyrineos hazia Francia en el valle que aun se llama Hospitaval, y sabiendo que los Españoles vinieran, movio por la valle dicha de Carlos, que es mas llana para subir à la cumbre de los Pyrineos, puesta la gente en muy buen orden. En la primera esquadra iba Don Roldan adelantado de Bretanie, y el Conde Anselmo, y Egiado mastresalo del Emperador

Knights attached to it. The Emperor, with whom marched Count Galaron, brought up the rear. The Spanish army lay in the red valley, which we call Ronceval; and, as the first squadron came up, they attacked it so furiously, that those were best off who died upon the spot, for those that fled were dashed to pieces by falls from the rocky precipices. The van thus suddenly destroyed, and Orlando and his companions slain, as the main body slowly advanced, fatigued and encumbered with their arms, the Moors reserved for this purpose resolutely attacked it, who, seeing the van routed, were likewise defeated in turn, and fled, pursued

Carlos, y muchos de los doze Pares con gran cavalleria. La segunda esquadra llevava gran numero de Cavalleros, y el Emperador iba en la postrera batalla, do se hallava el Conde Galaron. El exercito de los Españoles estava en la valle Rocida, que dezimos Roncesvalles, y assi como la primera esquadra llego, dieronle tal mano, que los que mejor libraron fueron los que alli murieron à manos de los Españoles, porque los que quisieron salearse despediéndose por los riscos del monte, penaron mas en morir despedezados. Destrocada subitamente la primera batalla y muertos Roldan y los otros que alli venian, como ivan cargados de armas y cansados de la subida, dieron los Moros en la segunda batalla, para la qual fueran assignados, y como vieron los Franceses, perdida y destrozada la primera batalla, de ellos tenian la mayor fuerza,

by the Moors, who destroyed the rest of the twelve Peers. All this was achieved while the Emperor lay in the valley of Charles, marching leisurely on. French and Spanish chronicles ascribe this loss to Count Galarron, who detained the Emperor on the road, so that he could not assist his friends. The Moors, slaughtering and making prisoners all they overtook, King Charles saw the magnitude of his loss, and retired greatly terrified, under the impression that Bernardo del Carpio was ready to fall upon his rear, having made his way by the back of the mountains of Aspe and Serla, with a great troop of Moors and Christians.

enfaucescieron peleando desmayadamente, y assi fueron tambien vencidos y puestos en huyda, muriendo los que hizieron rostro a los Moros, como fueron los que alli iban de los doce Pares. Todo esto fue despachado deteniendose el Emperador en dicha valle de Carlos, viniendole muy a su passo y de espacio. Dizen la Coronica de España y la Francesa, que el Conde Galarron, dio ocasion a la esta perdida de los Franceses, causando que el Emperador se detuviesse, y no pudiesse socorrer a los suyos. Siguiendo pues los Moros a los que huyan, matando y aprisionando los que alcançaron, vio Carlos su grandissima perdida, y subitamente amedrentado, porque le dixeron que Bernardo del Carpio le venia por las espaldas que passara los montes por Aspe y Serla con grandissimo poder de Moros y Christianos, sono su boxina recogiendo

Sounding therefore a retreat, he collected the few that escaped, and departed in amazement at his loss, raised his camp confusedly, and returned to his own country. The camp was pillaged, and, the dead being ascertained, a Monastery was built upon the spot for the interment of the twelve Peers, with a hospital to this day remaining. The body of Orlando was taken to Blaye, which was his seigniory, and there interred.

“Bernardus performed many memorable actions in this battle, but nevertheless King Alfonso would not liberate his father from prison.

a su compania, los que iban derramados, y huyendo, y rehaciendose conocio su grandissimo daño y perdimiento. Assi lleno de confusion y de lloros alzo su real, y bolvieron a sus tierras. Fue robado el Campo y reconidos los muertos, hizose un monasterio en el mismo lugar por enterimiento de los doze Pares con un hospital que hasta hoy permanecen. El cuerpo de Roldan fue traydo a Blaye, cuyo era señor, de esta en un sepulchro. Hizo estrañas cosas en la batalla don Bernaldo del Carpio, mas no pudo recaudar con el Rey Don Alfonso que sacasse de prision a su padre el Conde Don Saldaña. Murio poco despues el Emperador Carlos en la villa de Grigi, frontera de Brabancia y fue enterrado en Aquisgran, donde se sienta hasta hoy como Santo, y le hazen oracion. Huvo despues el Rey Don Alfonso muchas vitorias de los Moros, y murio año del señor Ochocientos y veynte.

Chronica de Valencia, por Ant. Bouter, fol. 1604, p. 173.

The Emperor soon after died in the town of Ghent on the frontiers of Brabant, and was buried at Aix la Chapelle, where prayers are still made for his repose. King Alfonso afterwards won many victories over the Moors, and died in the year 820."

Such is Antonio Beuter's * narrative: in confirmation may be added what is said at the end of the *Mere des Chroniques*, "Thus say the French and Spanish Chronicles, but the Germans speak differently."

French historians are very solicitous to lessen their loss at Ronceval; there is likewise a confusion in their accounts: some assert that the Emperor returned into Spain after his defeat, that he slew King Ibraim, and experienced this loss at his return into France. Indeed, the whole history of his conquests must be regarded as problematical. It may be wondered, however,

* Beuter's history will at least furnish us with one reflection, *The danger of breaking the spirit of a free people*; for it may be presumed, when under the like pretences, in modern times, Bonaparte marched his troops into Spain, and treacherously seized the chief garrisons, that, if the Cortes had then been in existence, some wise head among them would have foreseen French perfidy, and steadily denied them admittance into the kingdom. Good heavens! what miseries, what calamities, would not this have prevented! Centuries of peace will scarcely heal them: happy if at last the efforts of Freedom prevail, the spirit of Patriotism conquer!

that these Ballads came to obtain so great a share of popularity in a country that was the object of his invasion. But the wonder will cease, when we reflect that the motive of his expedition was subsequently considered as directed wholly against the Moors, the natural and avowed enemies of the Spaniards, with whom they never ceased to wage war till they finally expelled them from the kingdom. Their own songs of Bernardo del Carpio, the Cid, and other heroes, in the Romancero, the Cancionero General, and numerous other collections, abound with victories over them, composed, perhaps, at the very time they happened ; for the Spaniards are remarkably ready at extempore productions of this nature, deriving the custom (as we mentioned before) from the Eastern or Northern nations of the world, either of which may claim equal antiquity on their side for this practice*.

* We have two remarkable instances of the ancient ballad in the 21st Chapter of Numbers, which may be thus paraphrased :

Spring up, O well, oh ! sweetly spring,
 Let thy pleasant waters flow,
 And the laughing vallies sing,
 Where they, sweetly murmuring, go.

The Lawgiver, he gave command,
 The willing Princes heard the sound,
 And all the Nobles of the land
 With staves up-dail'd the oozy ground.

The measure of verse, I have uniformly adopted, bears a near resemblance to the Spanish, so far as to eight and seven alternate syllables. Rhyme in the latter we are not to expect; it is sufficient that the vowels of the 2d and 4th lines correspond. Great care has been taken in printing the Spanish part of this edition, so that I flatter myself few errors have passed uncorrected, though the original, bearing the date of 1764, was far from being without faults.

The word *Floresta* properly signifies a Wood or Forest, but I have rendered it Garden, as more analogous to our ideas. I am of opinion

Again, at verse 27th,

To Israel's sons, at God's command,
The voice of ancient proverbs said,
Come into Heeshbon, sons of men,
Be Sihon's strong foundations laid.

A wasting fire from Heeshbon's gone,
We saw the flame through Sihon go,
That Ar of Moab hath consum'd,
And laid the Lords of Arnon low.

Woe, woe to Moab ! let her weep,
Their hands let Chemoosh' people wring
Her sons are ta'en, her daughters made
Fast captive to a mighty King.

We shot our arrows at the foe,
Heeshbon to Dibon is destroy'd;
E'en unto Nophah all is waste,
That reacheth to Medeba's side.

the whole of the Spanish collection has been made expressly to illustrate Don Quixote, as several others in the book are mentioned in Avellanada's Pseudo-Don Quixote, and are none of them to be found in other collections.

I now take leave of the reader, wishing him entertainment from the productions submitted to his perusal.

CONTENTS TO VOL. I.

OF THE

Spanish Ballads.

<i>Ballad of the Moor Calisinos.....</i>	3
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Rinaldo of Montalban....</i>	35
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Orlando.....</i>	73
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Count Grimwald and Montesinos.....</i>	107
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Count Irlos.....</i>	167

ERRATUM.

—
Page 59, line 13, for "tow'rds" read "towards."

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
CALAINOS.

THIS Ballad (supposed by Ritson to be one of the most ancient) is mentioned in the 1st book of the 3d volume of Don Quixote, chapter 9th. Whilst the Knight and Sancho are conversing together in the streets of Toboso, a peasant chances to pass by singing the Ballad of Roncesvalles, which the Knight hearing, exclaims, "Let me die, Sancho, if any thing lucky will befall us to-night: don't you hear what that peasant is singing?"—"Yes," said Sancho; "but what has the defeat at Roncesvalles to do with our affair? If he had sung the Ballad of Calainos, it would have been all the same with regard to our good or evil fortune."

ROMANCE del MORO

CALAINOS.

YA cavalga Calainos
A la sombra de una oliva,
Un pie tiene al estrivo,
Subia de gallardia.
Mirando estaba Sansueña,
Su gran torre con la villa,
Por si veria algun Moro,
A quien preguntar podria
Donde estaban los Palacios
A do Sevilla vivia.
Vido està un Moro viejo,
Que à ella guardar solia ;
Calainos que lo vido,
A èl llegadose havia,
Por Dios te ruego Moro,
Assi te alargue la vida,
Que me muestres el Palacio,
Do està la Infanta Sevilla,
De quien triste soy cautivo,
Y por quien pena sentia,
Que cierto por sus amores
Creo yo perder la vida
Mas si por ella la pierdo,
No se llamarà perdida.
Que quien muere por tal dama
Buena fortuna le guia.

BALLAD of the MOOR
CALAINOS.

IN yon Olive's shade Calainos
Mounts his gallant steed to ride,
Sets his foot upon the stirrup
Gracefully to vault astride.

At Sansueña is he looking,
At its lofty tow'rs looks he,
For some Moor to shew the palace
Where he may the Princess see.

Watching on the highest turret,
He at length a Moor espies ;
And, " where lives the sweet Sybilla,
" Prythee, gentle Moor ?" he cries.

" Long I've been her faithful captive,
" Long have felt the tender pain ;
" With her heav'nly smiles unfavour'd,
" Life I can no more sustain.

" Yet, fond life for her resigning,
" Idly lost let no one deem ;
" He that dies for such a lady
" Shall be envy's happy theme.

Mas porque entiendas Moro
Por quien preguntado havia,
Es la mas hermosa dama
De toda la Moreria,
Entiende que ella se llama
La linda Infanta Sevilla.
Las razones que passaban
Sevilla bien las oia ;
Pusose à una ventana
Muy hermosa amarilla,
Con muy ricos atavíos,
Los mejores que tenia :
Era muger muy hermosa,
Y acabada en demasia.
Calainos que la vido
Desta suerte la decia
Traygote cartas señora
De un señor que yo servia,
Creo es el Rey tu Padre,
Que Almanzor se decia.
Si baxais de la ventana,
Sabreis la mensageria.
Sevilla, quando lo oyò
Presto de alli descendia ;
Apedòse Calainos
Gran reverencia le hacia.
La dama quando esto vido
Tal pregunta le hacia ;
Quien soys vos el Cavallero,
Que mi padre acà os embia ?

"For the fairest am I asking
 "Of the lovely Moorish race,
 "Sweet Sybilla, you shall know her
 "By her beauty, wit, and grace."

All this heard the youthful Princess,
 At the window as she stood,
 List'ning to the Moor Calainos,
 Who his courtly speech pursu'd.

(In pale yellow robes so lovely
 Shone the sweet enchanting maid,
 And her person ev'ry beauty,
 Each attracting grace display'd.)

"Hark !" he cries, in gentle accents,
 "From Almanzor, from the King ;
 "Whom I serve, your noble father,
 "Lady, I a letter bring.

"Hasten, hasten from the window,
 "And your father's letter read."
 Fair Sybilla then descended,
 And Calainos left his steed.

From his back alighting nimbly,
 On his knees he graceful bends :
 "Who is he," cries fair Sybilla,
 "Who is he, my father sends ?"

Calainos soy señora,
Calainos el de Arabia,
Señor de los montes claros
De Constantina la llana,
De las tierras del Gran Turco
Yo gran tributo llevaba ;
Y el Preste Juan de las Indias
Siempre parias me embiaba ;
Y el Soldàn de Babylonia
Siempre a mi mandar estaba,
Reyes, Principes, y Moros,
Siempre señor me llamaban,
Sino el Rey, vuestro Padre,
Que yo à su mandar estaba ;
No porque yo se lo debo,
Mas por nuevas que me daba
Que tenia una hija
Que Sevilla se llamaba,
Y que era la mas hermosa
De quantas Moras se hallan.
Por vós le serví siete anos,
Sin interès, ni soldada,
Ni el tampoco me la dió
Ni yo se la demandara.
Por tus amores, Sevilla,
Passè yo la mar salada,
O he de perder la vida,
O has de ser mi enamorada.

- " Lady, you behold Calainos
" Of Arabia's happy land ;
" Constantina's pleasant city
" Humbly bows to my command.
- " Tribute does the Grand Turk pay me,
" Babylon's rich Soldan too ;
" Prester John with gifts attends me,
" Gifts of value not a few.
- " Lords, and princely Moors unnumber'd,
" My supreme commands obey,
" Save the King alone, your father,
" And to him respect I pay.
- " Not that such my bounden duty ;
" But to him a daughter's born,
" Loveliest of the Moorish ladies,
" Lovelier than the blushing morn.
- " You belov'd, ador'd Sybilla,
" And for your dear valu'd sake,
" Sev'n long years I serv'd your father,
" But his pay I scorn'd to take.
- " You to win what toils I suffer'd,
" Vent'ring on the stormy sea !
" Life itself's of little value,
" Fairest, if unblest with thee."

Quando Sevilla lo oyò
Esta repuesta le daba ;
Calainos, Calainos,
De esso yo no soy vezada.

Siete amas me criaron,
Seis Moras, y una Christiana :
Las Moras me dieron leche,
La Christiana me enseñaba.

Segun que me aconsejó,
Bien mostraba ser Christiana ;
Esta me dió un consejo,
De que bien me acordaba,

Que jamás yo permitiese
Ser de nadie enamorada,
Hasta que primero huviesse
Dèl algun dote, ò arra.

Calainos que esto oyera,
Està respuesta le dà :
Bien podeis pedir Señora,
Que no se os negará :

Si quereis castillos fuertes,
Ciudades en tierra llana,
O si quereis plata, y oro,
O moneda armonedada.

When his speech Calainos ended,
Silence thus the damsel broke:—
“ New to me, my Lord Calainos,
“ Ev’ry single word you spoke.

“ Nurses sev’n had I to tend me,
“ Six were Moors, a Christian one;
“ And the last instruction gave me,
“ But the others food alone.

“ Well indeed do I remember
“ What the subtle Christian taught,
“ Not to be of Knights enamour’d
“ Till they had my pleasure wrought;

“ Till they had a portion giv’n me,
“ Gifts that I might gladly chuse;
“ Nor till these they humbly proffer’d
“ E’er my youthful heart to lose.”

When Calainos heard the Princess,
He without delay reply’d,—
“ Lady, say what best will please you;
“ It can never be deny’d.

“ Will fair towns or castles suit you,
“ On the mountain, on the plain?
“ Gold and silver shall I bring you,
“ Slaves a rich and costly train?”

Sevilla oyendo estos dones
Todos se los desechaba,
Sino que si èl queria
Tenerla por enamorada,
Que vaya dentro en Paris,
Que era ciudad en la Francia,
Y le trayga tres cabezas
Las que ella demandaba.
Y que si aquesto hiciesse
Seria su enamorada.
Calainos quando oyò
Lo que ella le demandaba,
Respondiòle muy alegre,
Que èl se maravillaba
Dexar villas, y castillos,
Y los dones que le daba,
Por pedirles tres cabezas,
Que a èl no costaràn nada ;
Dixo que las señale,
O còmo se llamaràn.
Luego la Infanta Sybilla
Las comenzò de nombrar,
La una es de Oliveros,
La otra de Don Roldan,
La otra del esforzado
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.
Yà señalados los nombres,
Y a quien havia de buscar,
Despidiòse Calainos
Con un muy cortès hablar.
Dame la mano tu Alteza
Que se la quiero besar,

All these gifts the Moorish damsel
Did alike with scorn reject :
" If," cry'd she, " you prize my favor,
" If my person you respect ;

" To fair France, to Paris bend you,
" Where resides its potent king,
" And three heads that I shall mention
" As a welcome tribute bring."

To the maid Calainos listen'd,
Wond'ring at this strange demand,
That she chose nor gold, nor silver,
Castles strong, nor fertile land :

But three heads alone requested,
Little costing to bestow—
" Tell me, tell me, fair Sybilla ;
" Whose the heads I fain would know."

" One," she cry'd, " is Oliveros,
" One Orlando highly fam'd ;
" Stout Rinaldo of Montalban
" Is the third bold warrior nam'd."

When he knew the three brave chieftains,
Ev'ry head that she requir'd,
Courteously, before he left her,
He to kiss her hand desir'd.

Y la fe, y prometimiento
De conmigo se casar,
Quando traygo las cabezas
Que quisistes demandar.
Placeme dixo el grado,
Y de buena voluntad,
Y allí se toman las manos,
La fe se fueron à dar,
Que ni el uno, ni el otro
No se pudiesen casar,
Hasta que yà Calainos
De allà huviesse de tornar,
Y que si del otro fuisse,
Le mandaria avisar.
Yà se parte Calainos,
Yà se parte, yà se và,
Hace bordar sus pendones,
Y en todos una señal
Cubiertos de ricas Lunas ;
De color de sangre estan.
Yà camina Calainos,
Camino de Francia và ;
Andando per sus jornadas
A París llegado ha,
En la guardia de París,
Junto a San Juan de Lateràn,
Allí levantò su seña,
Y empezàra de hablar.
Tañen luego las trompetas,
Como quien và à cavalgar ;
Porque lo sientan los Doce,
Que dentro en París estàn.

" By this lovely hand, Signora,
" You then plight your faith to mine,
" When I lay these heads before you,
" In fair wedlock's chains to join ?"

" Take my hand, I freely give it,
" This the pledge that I comply ;
" When you lay those heads before me,
" Nothing shall my lips deny.

" Single you shall surely find me
" When from France you come again ;
" Chance what may, each falsehood scorning,
" I your future bride remain."

Joyous now departs Calainos,
Quick to France pursues his way ;
See his banners, proudly waving,
High the red half moon display.

Never rests he till he enters
Paris, round so strongly wall'd ;
At the guard-house boldly stopping,
Near the church the Lateran call'd.

There his banners high he raises,
Then he bids his trumpets sound,
That the Twelve may hear the challenge,
All in Paris so renown'd.

El Emperador aquel dia
Era salido à cazar,
Con èl iba Oliveros,
Con èl iba Don Roldan
Con èl iba el esforzado
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.
Tambien Dardin Dardeña,
Y el buen viejo Don Beltràn,
Y esse Gastòn de Claros,
Y aquel Romano Fincàn.
Tambien iba Baldovinos,
Y Urgèl de la fuerza grande,
Tambien iba Don Guarinos
Almirante de la Mar.

El Emperador entre ellos
Comenzàra de hablar,
Escuchad mis caballeros,
Que tañen en la Ciudad.

Ellos estan escuchando
Vieron un Moro passar,
Armado vò à la Morisca,
Empiezanle de llamar :
Ya que es llegado el Moro
Do el Emperador està,
El Emperador que lo vido
Comenzòle à preguntar ;
Adonde caminas, Moro,
Como en Francia osaste entrar,
Grande osadìa tuviste
De hasta Paris llegar ?

That same morn the Emperor sally'd
With his nobles to the chase ;
With him valiant Oliveros,
And Orlando high of race.

Brave Rinaldo of Montalban,
And Dardeña sternly bold ;
Gaston Claros of Montalban,
And Count Bertram call'd the old.

Then the fam'd Romano Fincan,
Baldwin next, and then Urgel ;
Last the Admiral Guarinos,
Who at sea still battled well.

As the Emperor rode amidst them,
" Friends," he cries, " regarding round,
" Or my ears they much deceive me,
" Or I hear a trumpet sound."

As he spoke a Moor rode by him,
In the Moorish fashion arm'd ;
But aloud the Emperor call'd him,
At his presence unalarm'd.

" Moor," he shouts, " how dare you enter,
" Thus equipp'd, the fields of France ?
" Much indeed you proudly venture,
" When to Paris you advance."

El Moro que aquesto oyera,
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr ;
Busco al Emperador
De Francia la natural,
Que le traygo una embaxada
De un Moro principal,
A quien siervo de trompeta,
Y tengo por Capitan.

El Emperador que esto oyò
Luego le fue à preguntar,
Què era lo que queria,
Que assi lo iba à buscar ?
Yo soy el Emperador
De Francia la natural.
El Moro quando lo supo
Comenzòle de hablar ;
Señor, tu Magestad sepa,
Y tu cetro Imperial,
Que este Moro Calainos
Me ha embiado acà,
Desafiendo à suAlteza,
Y à quantos contigo estan,
Que salgan lanza por lanza,
Para con èl pelear.
Señor, veis aqui su seña
Donde tiene de aguardar ;
Perdóneme vuestra Alteza
Respuesta le voy à dâr.
Quando fue partido el Moro,
El Emperador fue à hablar.

" I am come to seek the Emperor ;

" Hither I a message bring

" From a potent Lord to Paris,

" 'Tis a message to the King.

" He's my Captain ; long I've serv'd him,

" I enjoy the trumpet's* post ;

" Wealth and honors he possesses,

" Towns and cities he may boast."

" What's your pleasure ? I'm the Monarch

" That he sent you here to seek."

When he found it was the Emperor,

Thus the Moor was heard to speak :—

" Signor, 'tis the Moor Calainos,

(And he is a princely Knight)

" That hath sent me here to challenge

" You and all your peers to fight,

" Lance to lance in single combat—

" Lo ! his signal staff I bear ;"

And aloft he rais'd the banner

Of the crescent in the air.

" I shall tell my Lord Calainos

" That I have the Emperor seen."

On rode he, and thus the Emperor

Spoke with stern resentful mien :—

* The second state officer among the Moors.

Quando yo era mancebo,
Que armas solia llevar,
Nunca Moro fue ossado
En toda Francia assomar.

Mas ahora que soy viejo,
A Paris los veo llegar.
La mengua no es de mi solo,
Pues no puedo pelear.

Mas es mengua de Oliveros,
Y assimismo de Roldan ;
Mengua de todos los Doce,
Y de quantos aqui estàn.

Por Dios à Roldan me llamen,
Que lo quiero embiar,
A aquel Moro de la guardia
Lo hiciesse de alli quitar.

Y lo traygan muerto, ò preso
Porque se haya de acordar
De como vino a Paris
Para me desatiar.

Don Roldan que aquesto oyera
Empiezale he hablar ;
Muy escusado es Señor
Embiarme à pelear,
Porque teneis caballeros
A quien podeis embiar.

" When I was a youthful warrior,
" Active and inur'd to arms,
" Never France Moor dar'd to enter,
" Threat'ning it with rude alarms ;

" Much less, then, to come to Paris,
" And its valiant chiefs defy :
" I am old and not dishonor'd,
" Since I can no more comply.

" But it is to Oliveros,
" And Orlando, a disgrace,
" And to the Twelve Peers that heard him,
" Peers of our illustrious race.

" Hither call me, brave Orlando,
" I will send him to the Moor ;
" From the guard-house he shall drive him,
" And our honor thus restore.

" Dead or living he shall bring him :—
" Such a bold audacious deed,
" As to brave me here in Paris,
" What can the affront exceed !"

When Orlando heard the Emperor,
" I," cry'd he, " the task resign ;
" Other Nobles here are present,
" Such as may in combat shine.

Que quando son entre damas
Bien se saben alabar,
Que aunque vengan dos mil Moros
Los osarán guardar,
Y quando son en batalla;
Veolos atrás tornar.
Todos los doce callaron
Sino el de mayor edad,
Al qual llaman Baldovinos
De animo principal;
Las palabras que dixera,
Cierto fueron de notar :
Mucho estoy maravillado
De vos Señor Don Roldan,
Que menospreciéis los Doce,
Haviendolos vos de honrar.
Si non fuerades mi tío
Con vos me fuera à matar ;
Porque entre todos los Doce
Ninguno podeis nombrar,
Que lo que dice de boca
No lo sepa hacer verdad.
Levantòse con enojo
Esse Paladin Roldan,
Baldovinos que lo vido,
Tambien se fue à levantar,
El Emperador entre ellos
Por el enojo quitar.

" Well you know that Moors two thousand
" I should dare to face them all ;
" Let the fight to some proud boaster
" In the ladies' presence fall."

All the Twelve alike were silent,
Answ'ring not a single word,
Save the youngest*, valiant Baldwin,
Who, amaz'd, Orlando heard.

" Much I wonder thus to hear you
" These illustrious Knights despise ;
" Never king possess'd such warriors ;
" Merit well he knows to prize.

" Happy that you call me Nephew,
" Or these words should cost you dear !
" I would make you own the valour
" Of each gallant Noble here.

" Not a single Knight among them
" But of firm undaunted breast ;
" What his lips have dar'd to utter,
" That his sword shall dare attest."

Furious rose renown'd Orlando,
Baldwin full as furious rose ;
But the Emperor, to calm them,
Did his royal pow'r oppose.

* The Spanish calls him the eldest ; but this is a mistake, as it plainly appears in the sequel he was the youngest.

Ellos estando en aquesto
Baldovinos fuè à llamar
A los mozos que traía,
Por las armas fue à embiar.

El Emperador que esto vido
Empezòle de rogar,
Que le hiciesse un placer
Que no fuesse à pelear.
Porque el Moro era esforzado
Podiale maltratar ;
Que aunque animo tengais
La fuerza os podrà faltar.
Era diestro el Moro en armas,
Muy vezado à pelear.
Baldovinos que esto oyò
Empezòse a desviar,
Diciendo al Emperador,
Licencia le quiera dàr,
Y que si no se la daba,
El se la queria tomar.
Quando el Emperador vido
Que no se podia excusar,
Quando llegaron las armas
El mismo le ayuda armar.
Diòle licencia que fuesse
Con el Moro à pelear.
Yà se parte Baldovinos,
Yà se parte, yà se và.
Yà es llegado à la guardia
Do Calainos està.
Calainos que lo vido
Empezòle de hablar.

Baldwin, to his Squire then turning,
Bids him bring his armour bright :
" Not thus shall the Moor insult us,
" Whilst I have an arm to fight !"

" Baldwin, Baldwin," cry'd the Emperor,
" Tempt not thou the doubtful fray,
" For the Moor is skill'd in combat,
" And his skill may win the day."

But, the hardy Chief persisting,
Nothing could the King prevail :
" Leave I crave to march to battle,
" You shall soon a conqueror hail.

" But if leave you will not grant me,
" Leave I am resolv'd to take."
When the Emperor saw 'twas fruitless,
Further speech he scorn'd to make,

And himself assists to arm him ;
Then permits him forth to go,
Trusting he may shortly see him
Triumph o'er the Paynim foe.

Forth hies Baldwin now undaunted,
At the guard-house finds the Moor ;
When Calainos first perceives him,
Rudely thus he taunts him o'er :

Bien vengaís el Caballero
De Francia la natural,
Si quereís venir conmigo
Por Page os quiero tomar,

Llevaros he à mis tierras,
Do podreis placer tomar.
Baldovinos, que esto oyera
Tal respuesta le fue à dár,

Calainos, Calainos,
No debieras así hablar.
Mas antes que de aquí vayas
Te lo tengo de mostrar.

Vengo à matarme contigo,
No para contigo estar.
Quando el Moro esto oyó
Empezó así de hablar:

Tornate buen Francésico
A Paris essa Ciudad,
Que si essa porfia tencís
Cara te podrá costar.
Hombre que à mis manos viene
Nunca puede bien librar.

" Cavalier of France, you're welcome ;
" Come with me, and I engage
" High in honor soon to raise you ;
" You shall be my trusty Page.

" To my happy soil I'll lead you,
" Where you may in joys delight ;
" Such a youth it suits far better
" Than to tempt unequal fight."

Thus reply'd the gallant Baldwin,—
" I shall teach you, ere we part,
" That in battle I can conquer ;
" Mine no trembling coward's heart.

" Come, Calainos, I await thee,
" In fierce combat here to join ;
" I am come to slay thee, boaster,
" Not to thy proud arms resign."

Yet again these accents breathing,
Does the Moor Prince Baldwin spurn ;
" Turn," he cries, " good youth, to Paris,
" To thy city back return.

" Stripling, if thou dar'st to meet me,
" Dear the combat's sure to cost !
" Never Knight I yet encounter'd,
" But his honor soon he lost."

El mancebo que esto oyera
Tornò luego à porfiar,
Que se aparejasse presto,
Que con èl se ha de matar.

El Moro que viò al mancebo
Desta suerte porfiar,
Dixòle, Vente Christiano
Presto para me encontrar,
Que antes de poco rato
Conoceras la verdad.
Que fuera mucho mejor
Connmigo no pelear.
Vanse el uno para el otro
Con un animo sin par,
A los primeros encuentros
El mancebo en tierra està,
El Moro muy diligente
Luego se fuera à aparear.
Sacò un alfange muy rico
Para haverlo de matar;
Mas antes que lo hiriese
Empezòle à preguntar:
Quien es, ò como se llama,
O si es de los doce Pares.

El mancebo estando en esto
Luego le dixo la verdad:
Que le llaman Baldovinos,
Sobrino de Don Roldan.

"Turn thee, Moor, to battle turn thee,
" 'Tis the dastard only yields;
" But the brave maintains the contest,
" Fighting in the hostile fields."

"Turn thee, Christian; I shall make thee
" This audacious deed repent:
" Thou shalt find the Moor Calainos,
" When he pleases, can resent."

Swift they spur their steeds to combat,
And with dreadful fury meet,
But the first severe rencontre
Throws Prince Baldwin from his seat.

Nimble from his charger leaping,
See Calainos, on the ground,
Draw his scimiter to give him
In the breast a mortal wound.

As he rais'd his arm to strike him,
This loud question Baldwin hears:—
"Who art thou, young warrior? tell me,
" Art thou of the Twelve bold Peers?"

"I'll declare the truth," cry'd Baldwin,
"For these lips disdain to lie;
" Baldwin, Nephew to Orlando,
" Of the Twelve bold Peers am I."

Quando el Moro tal oyò
Desta suerte fuera à hablar :
Por ser de tan pocos dias,
Y de esfuerzo principal,
Yo quiero darte la vida,
Que nõ te quiero matar :
Mas quierote llevar preso,
Por que te venga à buscar,
Tu pariente Oliveros,
Y esse tu tio Roldan,
Y essotro tan esforzado
Reynaldos de Montalvàn,
Que por estos tres ha sido
Mi venida a pelear.

Don Roldan adonde estaba,
No cessa de suspirar,
Viendo que el Moro ha vencido
A Baldovinos Infante.

Sin mas hablar con ninguno
Don Roldan se fue à armar,
Ibase para la Guardia,
Por del Moro se vengar.

Quando el Moro le vido,
Empezòle à interrogar,
Quien es, como se llama,
O si es de los Doce Pares ?

When Calainos heard this answer,
"Youth," he cry'd, "thou art so brave,
"That thy forfeit life I give thee ;
"But thou shalt become my slave.

"When thy kinsman Oliveros,
"When Orlando, too, the bold,
"And when high renown'd Rinaldo,
"Hear thy fatal capture told,

"Those three Knights will come to seek thee,
"These the Knights I wish to find ;
"With these chiefs the lists to enter
"I alone in France design'd."

Brave Orlando saw the combat,
And it griev'd him to the soul ;
When he found his Nephew captur'd,
Scarce he could his rage control.

Not a single word he utters,
But in haste to arms proceeds,
And to meet the Moor Calainos
To the guard-house swiftly speeds.

When the Moor beholds the Chieftain,
He aloud demands his name ;
"Art thou of the Peers so highly
"Vaunted by the voice of fame?"

Don Roldan que aquesto oyera,
Respondierale muy mal :
Esta razon, Perro Moro,
Tu no lo has de preguntar,
Y esse à quien tienes preso,
Yo te lo harè soltar ;
Presto aparejate Moro,
Empieza de pelear.
Vase el uno para el otro
Con animo general,
Danse tan recios encuentros,
Que el Moro caído ha.
Roldan que lo vido en tierra,
Luego se fue à apear ;
Tomò el Moro por la barba,
Empezòle de hablar :
Dime tu cuitado Moro,
Tu me lo quieras contar,
Quien te hizo tan osado
De en toda Francia parar,
Y desafiar los Doce,
Y aqui poner tu señal ?
Qual diablo te engaño,
Tan junto a Paris llegar ?
El Moro que aquesto oyera,
Tal respuesta le fue à dar :
Tengo una cautiva Mora,
De linage principal ;
Yo la requeri de amores,
Y ella me fue à demandar,

Roughly stout Orlando answers,
 " Hope not, Moor, a soft reply,
" But prepare for instant combat,
 " And ere long expect to die.

" And that noble youth, thy captive,
 " Soon shall be releas'd again."
At these words the warriors, wheeling,
 Meet upon the hostile plain.

Soon Orlando overthrows him,
 And alighting keeps him down ;
By the beard then furious takes him,
 Ending all his past renown.

" Tell me, Moor, what led thee hither ?
 " Such a daring, desp'rate deed,
" As to raise aloft thy banners,
 " And to France in arms proceed ;

" All the noble Twelve to challenge,
 " Hither when thy course was held
" To the ancient walls of Paris,
 " 'Twas some demon sure inpell'd !"

To this speech the Moor replying,
 Thus to brave Orlando said,—
" I, alas ! was long enamour'd
 " Of a high-born beauteous maid.

Que la diesse tres cabezas
Dè Paris essa Ciudad.
Y que si essas llevaba,
Connigo havia de casar.
La una era de Oliveros,
La otra de Don Roldan,
La otra del esforzado
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.
Don Roldan que aquesto oyera
Assi le empezò de hablar,
Muger que tal te pidiò,
Essa te queria mal,
Porque essas no son cabezas,
Que tu las puedas cortar.
Mas porque te sea castigo,
Y otros se hayan de guardar,
De desafiar los Doce,
Ni venirlos à buscar,
Echò mano à la su espada,
Para el Moro degollar,
La cabeza de los ombros
Luego se la fue à cortar.
Llevòla al Emperador,
Y fuessela à presentar,
Los Doce de muy alegres,
Todos le vàn à abrazar,
En vèr havia muerto al Moro,
Cosa de maravillar;
Tambien truxo à Baldovinos,
Que èl mismo le fue à soltar.
Assi murió Calaïnos
En Francia la natural,
A manos del esforzado
Esse Paladin Roldan.

" Towns nor castles for her portion,
" Riches neither she desir'd,
" But the heads of three bold Chieftains
" For her marriage gift requir'd.

" First the head of Oliveros,
" Of Orlando next the brave,
" Last Rinaldo's of Montalban,
" Did the subtle damsel crave."

Thus Orlando fiercely answer'd,
" Maiden, that could frame this thought,
" When she bade thee seek those warriors,
" Thy pure mischief only sought.

" But to punish deed so daring,
" And for other boasters' dread,
" Moor, I draw my trusty sabre,
" And I take thy forfeit head."

From his shoulders then he cleft it,
And to Charles triumphant bore :
All the Twelve his praises chaunted,
When they saw the vanquish'd Moor.

Baldwin thus the Chief deliver'd ;
Thus in France Calainos dy'd
By the hand of brave Orlando,
Whom he in the field defy'd.

ROMANCE

DE

DON REYNALDOS

DE

MONTALVAN.



QUANDO aquel claro lucero
Sus rayos quiere embiar,
Esparcidos por la tierra
Por cada parte y lugar.

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
RINALDO OF MONTALBAN.

IN the regions of Romance there are few so famous as Rinaldo, who, as we find recorded in the first chapter of Don Quixote, "was the Knight's chief favorite, as he hugely admired him for his prowess in sallying from his Castle to rob travellers, and, above all things, for his dexterity in stealing the idol of the Impostor Mahomet, which, according to the history, was of solid gold." This story is not mentioned in any of these ballads, nor in Turpin's history; but is to be found in the false Turpin, and likewise in a note of Stephanus to Saxo Grammaticus. Some of Rinaldo's other pranks are, however, made honorable mention of by Orlando in the ballad that immediately follows this. Galalon, who was the betrayer of the French army at Roncesvalles, is made the general author of mischief in these Romances; for which reason, in the same chapter of Don Quixote it is said, "that, for an opportunity of pummelling Galalon, the Knight would have willingly given his house-keeper body and soul to the devil, and his niece into the bargain."

WHEN the glorious sun revolving
Spreads his golden radiance round,
Genial warmth all nature cheering,
Clothes with verdure soft the ground.

Quando los prados floridos
Suaves olores dàn,
A mipreciado vergel
Me fù para dàr lugar
A la triste vida mia
Y muy gran necesidad.

Vida las rosas en flor,
Que querian yà-ganar,
Hice una guirnalda de ellas
No hallando à quien la dàr.

Por un bosque des poblado
Comencè de caminar,
Y diera en una floresta
Do nadie suele passar.
En el dulce mes de Mayo
Yo me fù por descansar,
Por medio de una arboleda
De ciprès, y de rosal.
De una huerta muy florida
De jazmines, y arrayan,
Los cantos eran tan dulces,
Què me hicieron parar,
De avecitas que por ellas,
No hacen sino volar,

Then the meads are all enamell'd,
 Then the blooming flow'rs appear ;
 Ev'ry eye with rapture glist'ning
 Sees sweet Spring approaching near.

I alone to range my garden
 Bent my solitary way,
 Musing on the life of sorrow
 Still I led each irksome day.

There I saw the roses blowing ;
 O how lovely was their hue !
 And a chaplet twin'd, but no one
 Found to give the chaplet to.

Through a grove then devious wand'ring,
 I perceiv'd a bed of flow'rs ;
 'Twas the month of May, and pleasure.
 Wanton'd in the shady bow'rs.

In a fair alcove I rested
 Of the rose and cypress made ;
 All around this lovely garden
 Was in beauteous tints array'd.

There the jasmine and the myrtle
 Pleas'd in gentle union grew ;
 Whilst the birds in soft notes thrilling
 Form'd a heav'nly concert too.

Papagayo, y ruiseñor
Decían en su cantar ;

Donde vàs el Caballero,
Atràs te quieras tornar,
Hombre que por aquí passa,
No puede vivo escapar.

Mirando esas avecitas,
Su canto, y armonizar,
A sombra de un verde pino
Me sentè por descansar.

Hiciera mi cabacera
Encima de un arrayan,
Los cuidados dos à dos
Me cercaron sin parar.
Con un suspiro muy fuerte
Comencè de querellar :
O tu noble Emperador,
Mi gran señor natural
Mira quan pobre, y cuitado
Me podrias acatar ;

Long I listen'd with enchantment,
 As they flew from spray to spray,
 When the nightingale, sweet singing,
 Thus attun'd his plaintive lay :—

“ Whither art thou wand'ring, whither ?
 “ Listen to my warning strain ;
 “ Never Knight yet enter'd hither,
 “ And escap'd with life again.

“ Pleasure here too fondly reigning,
 “ Will the hero's nerves unbrace ;
 “ Circe's wanton cup disdaining,
 “ Fly, oh ! fly the fatal place.”

I arose, and still I listen'd,
 As along the walks I stray'd ;
 Then beneath a shady pine-tree
 Down my listless length I laid.

Bord'ring box I made my pillow,
 Fain my eyes had courted sleep,
 But a thousand cares fast rising
 Kept me still to wake and weep.

Of rude fortune then complaining,
 Loud I spoke, with heaving sigh,
 “ O my noble Lord and Emperor,
 “ Here forlorn how hard to lie !

Sè que de mi mal te place,
Aunque estoy à tu mandar.

Acordarse debia
Que te fuiste à enamorar
De la Infanta Belisarda,
Hija del Rey Trasionar.

Por librarte à ti de pena
Yo me puse à la cobrar
Con el noble Paladin,
El esforzado Roldan.

Hicimonos por servirte
Mercaderes por el mar,
Yo la saqué de su tierra
Y la puse à tu mandar:

O todos los Doce Pares,
O Oliveros, y Roldan,
O vos el noble Angeleros,
Y Angelinos el Infante,
Yà no os acordais de mi,
Ni he con que os pueda honrar.

" Why should my distress delight you ?

" That you are my king, I know ;

" This neglect, alas ! has doom'd me

" To a heavy load of woe.

" Should you not indeed remember,

" When with love your amorous breast

" Burnt for blooming Belisarda,

" And nor night nor day could rest :

" When for King Trasionar's daughter

" Deep and tender was the wound,

" Brave Count Palatine Orlando

" And myself alone you found ;

" Found to brave, with dauntless valor,

" Storms at sea, and war's alarms,

" Till thro' many a hardship battling

" You were happy in her arms !

" O ye Peers of France, illustrious,

" Oliveros, highly fam'd ;

" Brave Orlando, Angeleros,

" Prince of this fair region nam'd ;

" Angelinus too, no longer

" Do you recollect your friend,

" Who his days in silent anguish

" Is condemn'd unseen to spend ?

O vos Duque Don Estolfo,
De Inglaterra Capitan,
O mis señores, y amigos,
Quan lexos os veo estàr.

Tomòle tal pensamiento
De se haver de desterrar,
En las tierras de los Moros
Por su ventura probar.

Estando en este propuesto
Se tornò à Montalvàn
Sin despedirse de alguno
Luego al momento se và.

Por sus jornadas contadas
A Paris llegado ha,
A Roldan fue à rogar luggo
Que le quiera acompañar ;

Que se và à unos tornèos
Que hacen allende el mar.
Don Roldan que es codicioso
De fama, y honra ganar

Aderezca su partida,
Sin en nada discrepar,
En forma de peregrinos
Por los Moros engañar.

And thou noble Duke Estolfo,
 " Captain of fair England's soil ;
" Gallant friends, alas ! you think not
 " Of Rinaldo's painful toil !"

Musing thus, the hero, starting,
 Now a sudden thought conceives ;
To Montalban's walls returning,
 Swift his foot the garden leaves.

Forth he means to seek adventures
 In the Moorish realms afar ;
Leaping on his steed then fiercely
 Pants his mighty soul for war.

And at Paris gates arriving,
 Brave Orlando he address'd ;
" Wilt thou go with me, brave Chieftain ?
 " Dost thou scorn inglorious rest ?

" To the tourney am I wending
 " Leagues beyond the bord'ring sea."
Pleas'd to hear it, stout Orlando
 Did with his brave friend agree.

And together thence departing,
 Nothing to their friends they say,
But in stranger guise the better
 To mislead pursue their way.

Andando por sus jornadas,
Muy cerca van à llegar,
Jueves era aquel dia,
La vispera de San Juan.

Que el tornèo es aplazado,
Por ser dia principal,
Essa noche à una floresta
Se fueron à descansar.

Otra dia de mañana,
Clarines oyen sonar,
Que sacan à la Princesa,
Por la fiesta mas honrar.

Lleva encima la cabeza
Una corona real,
Sus cabellos esparcidos,
Que acrecientan su heldad.

Ella estaba tan hermosa,
Que à todos hace turbar,
Muchas doncellas delante,
Todas dicen un cantar.

Comenzò de hablar luego
El esforzado Roldan :
O Dios, y que linda dama
En el mundo no hay su par.

Trav'ling fast by daily journies,
Soon the Moorish realms they gain ;
On Saint John's fam'd eve, a Thursday,
In a grove the Knights remain.

For the next with pomp preparing,
For Saint John's illustrious fête,
Ev'ry bosom pants for glory,
Ev'ry Knight with hope elate.

On that morn so joyous sounding,
While the swelling clarions play,
Forth they lead the lovely Princess,
More to grace the festive day.

On her head a crown of diamonds
Doth the blooming maiden wear,
Whilst, her beauty more exalting,
Loosely floats her tressy hair.

Damsels young, before her walking,
Chaunt in soft melodious strain ;
Ev'ry eye extols her beauty,
Ev'ry bosom throbs with pain.

"Heavens!" exclaims amaz'd Orlando
"What a fair enchanting maid !
"Never have I seen such beauty,
"Such engaging charms display'd !

Sin ofender à Doñalda
Yo la quisiera gozar !

Reynaldos con turbación,
De lo que dixo Roldan,
Con gesto demudado
Le comenzò de hablar.

Primo, escusado os fuera
De tal suerte blasonar,
Porque Celidonia es mia,
Yo la entiendo de ganar.

Si no me sois enemigo
En ello me haveis de hablar.
Con gran enojo que tiene
Se pone encima Bayarte.

Và derecho para el campo,
Pos los tornèos ganar ;
Vido muchos caballeros
Del caballo en tierra dâr.

Mira el mas valiente dellos,
Que era el Rey Gargatay,
Derrocando caballeros,
Quantos topaba à lanzar.

" Were it not for my Doñalda,
 " Fain would I enjoy those charms ;
 " And with transport clasp the damsel
 " In these fond encircling arms !"

At these words Rinaldo turning
 Pale, in hasty accent, cries,
 " Speak not so, my valiant Cousin,
 " Tho' she may enchant your eyes.

" For the lovely Celidonia
 " I alone aspire to gain :
 " In my ears then, I beseech you,
 " Breathe not thus your amorous pain.

" And if you will more befriend me,
 " To the maiden kindly speed."
 Uttering this, he spurs Bayarte,
 Briskly spurs his fiery steed.

Eager to the field repairing
 Where the famous tilt was held ;
 Ev'ry Knight unhors'd before him
 On the ground lay prone impell'd.

But the noblest Knight among them
 Was the brave Prince Gargaray,
 Whose strong arm the Chiefs o'erturning,
 Like a whirlwind swept the way.

Tomàra entonces su lanza,
Y al Moro fue à encontrar,
Por encima del arzon,
Que le fue à derribar.

Al Moro, y caballo en tierra,
Y al caballo fue à picar,
Derrocando à quantos topa
Y podia alcanzar.

Raras maravillas hace,
Que espanto pone en mirar ;
En esto aquel gran Rey Moro
Tornò presto à lidiar.

Yà se parte Don Reynaldos
Otra vez por le encontrar ;
Tan fuerte golpe le diera,
Que otra vèz le fue à lanzar.

Con el corage el Rey Moro
No tiene en nada su mal.

Nadie justa con Reynaldos,
Nadie le osa esperar,
De los golpes que reciben
Vàn huyendo sin parar.

But his lance Rinaldo couching,
 So impetuous meets the Moor,
 That the weighty blow he deals him
 Lays him low his steed before,

Horse and rider fell together :
 O'er the field Bayarte flew ;
 Ev'ry Knight that he encounter'd
 Brave Rinaldo overthrew.

Wonders thus in arms achieving,
 Long they gaze with pale affright,
 Till the fallen Prince, grown furious,
 Seeks again to prove his might.

Like a bolt again Rinaldo
 Tow'rd the Prince impetuous wheels,
 And a second time o'erthrows him,
 As the dreadful stroke he deals.

But the Moor, with courage glowing,
 Ev'ry wound a trifle held,
 While for glory highly panting
 His impatient bosom swell'd.

Not a Knight the lists dar'd enter
 With our great unrivall'd Chief,
 Whose strong arm o'er all prevailing,
 Flight alone could give relief.

Yà Febo se declinaba,
Azia el Oceano mar,
Quando el gran Rey Argolandro
Clarines mandò sonar.

Porque paren los tornèos,
Y vayan à reposar,
Hasta en el dia siguiente,
Que los tiene de acabar.

Reynaldos iba tan fuerte
Que espanto pone en mirar,
Don Roldan que cerca estaba,
Vinolo luego à abrazar.

Què es aquesto Primo mio,
Como andais sin aguardar ?
Tanto holgaba de veros,
Que olvidaba el pelear.

Viendo vuestra gran destreza
Contra el gran Rey Gargaray ;
Vos lo decis señor mio,
Que me quereis motejar.

Vamemos Señor al monte,
Do solemos alvergar,
No nos conozcan los Moros,
No entremos en la Ciudad.

Phœbus now, with speed declining,
In the ocean dipp'd his ray,
When the great King Argolander
Bade the sounding clarions play.

This the signal for retreating
From the lists to welcome rest ;
For the next day's fête preparing,
As the King his will express'd.

Fiercely rode renown'd Rinaldo
Like a lion round the field,
Whilst Orlando gladly saw him
Make the proudest champions yield.

" O brave Knight, not one so valiant
" Hath victorious shone in arms ;
" I forgot to fight, your valor
" Blas'd with such transcendent charms.

: " When I saw you boldly lancing
" That great Prince, King Gargaray,
" Sure," cry'd I, " such noble prowess
" Ne'er did valiant Knight display.

" But delay not ; to the mountain
" Let us back retire again :
" These same Moors are sure to know us,
" If at night we here remain."

El fuerte Rey que los vido,
Comenzòlos de llamar ;
O vos fuertes peregrinos
Donde vos vais à holgar ?

Señor, vamonos al monte,
No teniendo que gastar ;
No nos quieren dàr posada,
Por Dios, ni por caridad.

Passamos al gran Mahoma,
Por su templo visitar ;
Señores, si vos pluguiese,
Yo vos quiero apesentar.

Don Reynaldos, habló luego,
Cumplase vuestro mandar,
Hicieronles dàr posada
En acertado lugar,
Que el Moro es acostumbrado
A Romanos alvergar.
Luego les vino mensage,
Que el Rey los embia à llamar,
Dixo que los caballeros
Son Reynaldos y Roldan.

Que su amigo Galaton
Lo embia à avisar.
Todos se ponen en armas,
Para haverlos de matar.

When the King beheld the heroes
 From the field together bend ;
 " Valiant strangers, say, where mean you
 " Night's approaching hours to spend ?"

" Tow'rd the mountain are we bending,
 " Money have we none to boast ;
 " Wanting gold, no house receives us,
 " None will act the friendly host.

" To the temple are we journeying
 " Where the Prophet's body lies."
 " Signors, I'll provide you quarters ;
 " Follow me," the Monarch cries.

" Sire, a thousand thanks bestowing,
 " We accept the proffer'd aid :"
 Then the King a Khan assign'd them,
 For the Moorish pilgrims made.

Scarce they enter'd, when he bade them
 To his presence back repair,
 For Rinaldo and Orlando
 'Twas announc'd the strangers were.

Galalon had sent this warning
 From the ancient realms of France ;
 Fain in arms the Moorish Chieftains
 Would against the Knights advance.

El buen Rey que aquesto vido
Altas voces fue à dar.
A Caballeros galanes
De corte tan principal
Yo no soy de paracer,
Que assi hayan de tratar
Los mejores Caballeros
De toda la Christiandad ;
Pues que yo les di seguro
Yo no les puedo faltar.
Mas luego siendo de dia,
Os podeis todos armar,
Y como gentiles hombres
Con ellos en campo entrar.

Yà se partià el buen Rey,
Yà los Romeros se vàn ;
O los nobles Caballeros,
Reynaldos, y Don Roldan,
Seades los bien venidos,
Los dos Christianos sin par.
Sabed que Don Galalon
Una carta fue à embiar,
En que dàn decir por ella
Que venioses à matar
Al noble Rey Agolandro
Y èl nos hiciera llamar.

But the generous King forbids them ;

“ Friends, ’twill be a lasting shame

“ To molest those Knights that hither

“ To display their prowess came.

“ ’Gainst two Cavaliers so noble

“ Let this hasty rancour cease ;

“ I have pledg’d my word ; let no one

“ Then presume to break the peace.

“ But to-morrow, friends, your valor

“ In the tilt prepare to shew ;

“ And like Knights of worth and honor,

“ If you can, the Chiefs o’erthrow.”

Ut’ring this, King Argolander

To the palace bent his way,

But to those illustrious warriors

Thus exclaim’d Prince Gargaray :—

“ Valiant Chieftains, welcome hither ;

“ Flow’r of Christians, welcome thrice !

“ Know, ’twas Galalon that falsely

“ Sent the valiant King advice,

“ Hither that you came to slay him,

“ Thence arose your sudden call ;

“ But his honor lets no mischief

“ On your heads indignant fall.

Do se determinò luego
De venir vos à matar,
Sino por respeto mio
Que nunca les di lugar.

Mas sabed que en la mañana
En batalla haveis de entrar
Vos, y el noble Paladin,
Con quantos allí vendrán ;
Y vos Señor Don Reynaldos,
No os pòdeis excusar,
Que conmigo y quatro Reyes
En campo os haveis de hallar.
Por ende esforzaos mucho :
Luego los fuera à abrazar.

Don Reynaldos le responde :
Grande es señor tu bondad,
Grandemente nos obligas
Mas que podrais pensar.

El Rey se despidió dellos,
Y à su casa se fue à cenar ;
Otra dia el Sol salido,
El Rey los vino à llamar.

Yà se ponen los arneses,
Y el Rey los ayuda à armar ;
Y quando armados los vido
Comenzòles de hablar.

" And, moreover, honor bids me

" Disbelieve the base design ;

" But to-morrow in the combat

" You must each prepare to shine.

" And, Rinaldo, since your valor

" Blaz'd with such renown before,

" In the lists with me you enter,

" And with four stout Princes more.

" Knights, adieu ! let manly courage

" In your ardent bosoms reign,

" And your former glory nobly

" In a second tilt sustain."

" Prince," Rinaldo courteous answers,

" In your breast true merit lies ;

" Grateful for these unsought favors,

" High your gen'rous worth we prize."

To his palace then retiring,

Back the Prince pursues his way,

But again rejoins the warriors

At the early break of day.

First their fiery steeds they harness ;

Then to arm the gallant Knights,

Gargaray himself assisting,

In the office much delights.

O los nobles Caballeros
Queradesme perdonar,
Porque en viendoos armados
Enemigo os soy mortàl.

Dicho esto, fuesse luego
Sin mas palabras hablar,
Aprestanse los dos Primeros
Y à la batalla se vàn.

Bayartè que vè la gente,
Espanto pone en mirar,
Dando corcobos, y empinos,
Comienza de relinchar.

Tan fuerte vâ para ellos,
Que la tierra hace temblar,
Reynaldos mira à los Reyes
Con quien ha de pelear,

Tambien mira à Celidonia,
Que en Cadahalso està ;
Tanto corage le crece,
Que comienza de hablar.

O vosotros los Romanos
Todos venid à ayudar
A aquestos cinco Reyes
Que conmigò han de ajustar.

"O!" cries he, "ye valiant Nobles,
 "Well ye may my zeal excuse;
 "When I see you arm'd, no longer
 "I the name of foe refuse."

As he spoke, the gen'rous warriors
 To the field with joy repair,
 Anxious each the palm of glory
 From the Moorish Knights to bear.

When he eyes the Moorish army,
 Such a numerous host around,
 Loud Bayarte neighs for battle,
 Paws, and furious strikes the ground.

Then so swiftly bounds tow'rd's them,
 That the ground beneath him quakes;
 Each stout King Rinaldo eyeing,
 As the dread attack he makes.

At fair Celidonia gazing,
 Who in a balcony stood,
 Still more high the hero's bosom
 Pants, and courage fills his blood.

"O ye ancient Romans," shouts he,
 "Let your vigorous arms assist
 "These five Kings that with Rinaldo
 "Dare to enter in the list.

Porque en el dia de oy,
Yo les quiero demostrar
Las fuerras que Dios me diò,
Por su santa Fè ensalzar.

Dà de espuelas al caballo,
En el campo fue à entrar.
Los Moros que entrar lo vèn
Juntos lo vàn à encontrar ;

De tal suerte que las lanzas
En piezas hacen volar.
Mas Reynaldos con esfuerzo
Encontrò al Rey Gargaray,

De tal suerte, que la lanza
Le passò al espaldar.
No le duraron los otros,
Que à todos los fue à inatar.

Y quebrada la su lanza,
A Fisberta fue à sacar.
Haciendo mil maravillas
Per con el campo quedar,

Hasta topar à su Primo
El buen Paladin Roldan,
Que llevaba un gran tropel
De Morisma à mas andar.

" For this day his arm shall teach them
" In disputed fields to bend ;
" Prove the strength that heav'n has giv'n him,
" And the Christian faith defend."

Forward then he spurs Bayarte,
Swifter than the rapid wind,
Thunders on the Kings, who meet him
In the dreadful shock combin'd.

In an instant all their lances
Shiver'd into fragments fly,
But beneath Rinaldo's valor
Gargaray was first to lie.

Thro' the shoulder pierc'd, Rinaldo
Sees the hapless Monarch fall ;
Round his steed then nimbly wheeling,
Soon his prowess slays them all.

When his lance was broke, Fisberta
His high temper'd sword he drew,
And, his wondrous strength exerting,
Round the field like lightning flew,

Till he met brave Count Orlando
Compass'd with a host of foes,
And perceiv'd his valiant Cousin
Dealing round his weighty blows.

Despues que juntos se vieron,
Muy gran contento se dàn,
Con esfuerzo denodado,
Renuevan el pelear.

Tantos matan de los Moros
Que no hay quenta, ni par ;
El alarido es tan grande,
Que al cielo quiere llegar.

Alzó los ojos Reynaldos
A do el cadahalso està,
Vido muchos Caballeros
A la Princesa guardar.

Allegòse para ellos,
Con muy gran ferocidad,
El estruendo que traia
La tierra hace temblar.

A la bella Celidonia
Fue en su caballo sentar ;
Arremete con denuedo
Por la batalla dexar.

Los Moros que aquesto vieron
No le osaban dañar,
Por no dàr à la Princesa,
Ni le hacer algun mal.

Both their manly hearts uniting,
Join intrepid in the fight ;
Both by many a gallant action
Prove their unexampled might.

Moors in such amazing numbers
Fall beneath their slaught'ring arms,
That their shrieks to heav'n ascending,
Rend its vault with dire alarms.

To the spot Rinaldo turning
Where the lovely Princess stood,
Saw her by a squadron guarded,
And his rapid course pursu'd.

Then so fiercely he attacks them,
That his fury none withstand ;
Taking then the gentle maiden,
Celidonia, by the hand ;

On his steed he lightly seats her,
And again vaults up before ;
Then essays to leave the battle,
Since the envy'd prize he bore.

When they saw the Princess seated
At the hardy warrior's back,
Dreading with their spears to wound her,
They desist from the attack.

Con sollozos, y gemidos
Que al Cielo quieren llegar,
Lloran su gran perdicion,
La muerte de Gargaray.

La Princesa yà vencida,
Deste que no tiene par,
Con una voz delicada
Comenzòle de hablar.

O Señor, en què peligro
Os poneis en me llevar !
Mas queria yo morir,
Que no vuestro peligrar.

Abrazandola muy fuerte,
En el rostro fue à besar,
Por sus delicados ojos
Lagrimas vieron saltar.

Temiendo de lo perder,
Viendo tanto aquejar,
Que su rostro de Reynaldos
En agua hizo tornar.

Buelvese à consolarla
Con amoroso hablar
Esforzad Señora mia,
No querades damnayar.

And, with dreadful shrieks bewailing
 Their disasters in the fray,
 Grieve to see the captive Princess,
 And the slain Prince Gargaray.

But the lovely Celidonia,
 By renown'd Rinaldo won,
 In a sweet and tender accent
 This endearing speech begun :—

“ O, my Lord, what pain to see you
 “ Such great hazards undertake,
 “ And expose a life so valu'd
 “ For poor Celidonia's sake !”

Round he clasp'd the gentle maiden,
 Gave her lips a balmy kiss;
 In his eyes the tears stood trembling,
 Tears of soft delicious bliss.

Much he dreads some fatal mischief,
 Dreads to lose the maid again ;
 And his heart, with terror beating,
 Throbs with agonizing pain.

But the lovely fair consoling,
 Much he strives to calm her fear ;
 “ Sweetest Princess, to my bosom
 “ Life itself is not so dear.”

Ellos estando en aquesto,
Su hermano fuera à llegar,
Dado le ha cruel herida,
Su cuerpo le fue à passar.

En los brazos de Reynaldos,
Que su fin fuera à causar,
Con voz ronca, y muy plañida,
Comenzará de hablar.

O amor mio, y bien,
De mi os querais acordar,
Pues yo recibo la muerte,
No me querais olvidar.

Sabiendo vos amor mio,
Que os iba yo à acompañar,
Dexando yo al Rey mi Padre,
Con tanto enojo, y pesar.
O què pena, y què passion
Llevo en aqueste pensar !
El rostro se le desmayà,
La habla fuera à cessar ;
Con un suspiro muy fuerte
Vieron su fin allegar.

Don Reynaldos que esto oyera
El color perdido ha ;
Con vos triste, y dolorosa
Comenzòse à lamentar.

Thus, in gentle converse speaking,
Her stern brother came in view,
And a deadly wound he gave her,
For he pierc'd her body through.

In the arms of brave Rinaldo,
Bleeding, see the Princess lies;
But her lips console the hero,
As her drooping spirit flies.

" O, brave youth, whom truly loving,
" Since for you I bow to death,
" Still you'll hold me dear to mem'ry,
" While you shall enjoy your breath !

" Well you know I left my parents,
" Left my native home for you,
" And, believe me, Celidonia
" Ne'er had prov'd to love untrue.

" O, farewell ! my wand'ring spirit
" Now must other regions seek ;
" O, farewell !" for ever closing
Then her lips, no more could speak.

One deep groan she gave—Rinaldo
Groan'd alike with deadly pain,
Whilst these words he faintly utter'd
In a piteous, mournful strain :—

Hay desdichado de mí,
Yà no me quiero nombrar
El esforzado Reynaldos,
Ni èl me quiero llamar !

O muerte, por què no vienes
No quiero vivo quedar ;
O Celidonia, amor mio,
Donde te irè yo à buscar.

Yo fuè de ti homicida,
Yo solo te fui à matar ;
O traydor mal caballero,
Què piensas aqui aguardar.

Buélvese contra los Moros,
Para en ellos se vengar,
Puso en tierra à Celidonia,
Sintiendo mucho su mal.

Và buscando al Caballero,
Que le hizo tal pesar,
Hiriendo, y matando Moros,
Quantos podia topar.

Hace tal matanza en ellos,
Que es cosa para espantar,
Hasta topar su enemigo
No dexa de atropellar.

" Ah, unhappy me ! no longer
 " Let the voice of lofty fame
 " The renown'd, the great Rinaldo,
 " Call my misery-stricken name.

" Death, how kind would'st thou but take me !
 " For I value life no more ;
 " Lovely Celidonia losing,
 " All my bosom did adore.

" But I'll seek her ruthless murderer,
 " And the treacherous wretch destroy,
 " Who hath thus in wanton malice
 " Robb'd me of my only joy !"

On the ground he lays the Princess,
 And again remounts his steed,
 Then, with tenfold fury burning,
 Hastens to avenge the deed.

Ranks of Moors soon fall before him ;
 Round he casts his glaring eye,
 And, on all sides fiercely looking,
 Seeks his cruel foe to spy.

Not a warrior stands before him ;
 Sure and mortal ev'ry wound
 From the hero's sword, who, raging,
 Now the murderous Chieftain found.

Vido andar en la batalla,
Que parece un gaviàn,
Arremetiò para èl
Con esfuerzo singular.

Trabòlo por los cabellos
Del caballo lo fue à echar,
Atòle fuerte los pies,
Y al suyo lo fue à passar,

Despue à su guisa lo tuvo,
Tornò presto à cavalgar,
Và atropellando los Moros,
Hasta su Primo topar.

Despues que juntos se vieron
Comienzan de caminar
Para la noble de Francia,
Llevando muy gran pesar.

La muerte de Celidonia
No le dexa consolar,
Hasta vèr à Galalon
Que tanto mal fue à causar.



In the battle like a giant
Rode the haughty Paynim foe,
But Rinaldo from his charger
Strikes him with a furious blow.

By the hair then backward drags him,
Ties his hands, and binds his feet;
And across Bayarte throws him,
When in France his death to meet.

Then again his steed remounting,
Swift he gallopp'd as the wind,
Till his cousin Count Orlando
Battling with the Moors he join'd.

When the Chiefs were met together,
Forth they sally'd from the fray,
And, to native France returning,
Homeward fast pursu'd their way.

But for the lamented maiden
Not a joy Rinaldo knew,
Till false Galalon was punish'd,
From whose arts this mischief grew.

ROMANCE

DE

DON ROLDAN.



EN Francia la noblecida
En esse tiempo passado,
Quando el Emperador Carlos
La tenia à su mandado.
Quando florecia Reynaldos
Y Roldan el esforzado.

Quando casi todo el mundo
De Moros era ocupado.
En la ciudad de Paris
Gran fiesta se ha celebrado,
La qual dicen de San Jorge,
Patron de Aragón llamado;

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
ORLANDO.

THIS ballad relates the cause of Rinaldo's disgrace, and another treachery of Gafalon's, which drives Orlando into banishment, who becomes General to one of the Moorish Kings, and lays siege to Paris. Rinaldo is then summoned to Charlemagne's assistance.

IN fair France's fertile region,
When King Charles the sceptre held,
And Rinaldo and Orlando
Ev'ry rival Knight excell'd ;

When the Moors, like locusts swarming,
Scarce a nation could withstand,
But in ev'ry quarter spreading,
Far and near o'errun the land ;

To renown'd St. George's honor
Was proclaim'd a royal fête,
Held in Arragon, the patron
Of its fair, illustrious state ;

Hacela el Emperador,
Porque tambien le ha ayudado :
Manda llamar à los grandes
Quantos tiene à su mandado.

Que cada uno viniesse
Segun fuesse su estado ;
Allì vino Oliveros,
Y Roldan el esforzado.

Que de atavios, y galas
Este era el mas señelado ;
Tambien Bettràn Salazar
Con su pompa y su estado.

Y vinieron Don Estolfo,
Y Don Salino su hermano,
Y vinieron tantos grandes,
Que es impossible contarlos.

Quando todos fueron juntos
La fiesta se ha celebrado ;
Nunca vino Don Reynaldos,
Que en Montalvàn no se hallado.

Quando el falso Galalon
Deste fue certificado,
Fuesse al Emperador
Con un rostro mesurado,
Arrodillòse à sus pies,
Desta suerte le ha hablado.

Whose strong arms in war prevailing,
 Help'd to win the glorious day :
 All his Peers the Emperor summon'd,
 All that own'd his royal sway.

Each to come in courtly splendor,
 As his fair estate allow'd ;
 Oliveros and Orlando
 First before his presence bow'd.

In high pomp and costly grandeur
 Never fête did so exceed :
 Bertram Salazar was present,
 Fam'd for many a martial deed.

Count Estolfo, and his brother
 Valiant Count Salino, came ;
 And so many Peers and Nobles,
 More than any tongue could name.

Thus the gallant Peers assembling,
 To the Emperor's court repair ;
 But Rinaldo of Montalban
 Bow'd not with his fellows there.

This false Galalon perceiving,
 To the Emperor's footstool went ;
 And, with looks of serious import,
 On his knees deceitful bent ;

O señor Emperador,
Dios te prospere tu estado,
Y te dexe vèr cumplido
Lo por ti yà descado.

Bien has visto, y conocido
Quien està à tu mandado,
Todos los que estàn en Francia
Han venido à tu llamado.

Sino aquel Don Reynaldos
Que te ha menospreciado,
Que el mandamiento tuyo
Muy poco lo ha estimado.

Porque te ruego, Señor,
Que luego le dës el pago,
Y que en presencia de todos
Por traidor le sea dado.

Allí hablò el Emperador,
Y tal respuesta le ha dado ;
Placeme Don Galalon,
Eso harè yo de grado.

Por hacer à vos placer
Y porque queda castigado,
Allí én presencia de todos
Por traidor le havia dado.

Then in fawning words address'd him,
 " Mighty Sov'reign; deign to hear ;
 " Heav'n in peace preserve your kingdom,
 " Guard the life we hold so dear !

" Joyful we've obey'd the summons
 " Issu'd from your royal throne ;
 " Of your worthy Peers, Rinaldo
 " Disobeys your will alone.

" Ev'ry other Lord is present,
 " All your pleasure is obey'd ;
 " But Rinaldo hath disdain'd you,
 " Hath no just obedience paid.

" Humbly let me then entreat you
 " To avenge this open shame ;
 " That Rinaldo for a traitor
 " On the spot you may proclaim."

Furious rose the angry Monarch,
 What he said you soon shall know :—
 " Galalon, it well becomes you
 " Just resentment thus to shew.

" For my honor's sake chastisement
 " Shall upon th' offender fall ;
 " Count Rinaldo for a traitor
 " I proclaim before you all."

Mucho pesàra à los Grandes,
Que à la sala se han hallado,
Quando aquesta triste nueva
Por Paris se ha divulgado.

Fuesse luego Oliveros,
Y a Don Roldan ha hablado,
Contòle la traycion
Que Galalon havia armado.

Quando el fuerte Don Roldan
Desto fue certificado,
Descavalgò de una mula,
En un caballo ha cavalgado,

Por las calles de Paris
Malamente và enojado ;
Fuesse para el Emperador,
Desta suerte le ha hablado.

Mucho me pesa, Señor,
Desto soy muy enojado,
Que à Reynaldos en ausencia
Tan mal le hayais tratado,

Por el consejo de un traydor
No merecia tal pago,
Debieraseos acordar
De aquesse tiempo passado,

Highly did it grieve the Nobles
 In the royal presence found ;
 Highly did it grieve all Paris,
 When the news was spread around.

Oliveros then withdrawing,
 Valiant Count Orlando sought,
 And related all the treachery
 Galalon had falsely wrought.

Soon as Count Orlando hears it,
 From his mule he lights in haste,
 Mounts his gallant steed, and swiftly
 Through the city streets he pac'd.

To the palace then ascending,
 To the Emperor straitly goes,
 And, in fearless language speaking,
 Thus his indignation shews :—

“ Much I'm griev'd to find Rinaldo
 “ By his foes hath been defam'd,
 “ And, because the Knight is absent,
 “ For a traitor loud proclaim'd.

“ Such a vile perfidious counsel
 “ 'Twas a traitor only gave ;
 “ Sire, to brave Rinaldo's merits
 “ Your attention let me crave.

Quando estabades perdido
De amores appassionado,
De las Infanta Belisarda,
Mora de muy gran estado ;

Y quando èl os vido herido,
Y de amor appassionado,
Puso su vida por vos
Hasta haveros remediado.

Y passò a los sus Reynos,
Y à su padre havia matado ;
Matò tambien tres gigantes,
Que la estaban guardando.

Matò muchos caballeros
Que en su nao havian entrado,
Y à pesar de todo el Reyno
A la Infanta se ha llevado.

Pusola en vuestro poder
Por quitaros de cuidado,
Y allà en Cordova la llana
Recordaos lo que ha pasado,

Que si no fuera por èl
Quedaredes cautivado,
Mas con sus ingenios, y artes
El os hizo libertado.

" When for blooming Beliarda
" Pin'd with love your amorous breast,
" And when night nor day your passion
" Fiercely hurrying let you rest ;

" For the lovely Moorish Princess
" When you felt the tender wound,
" For your sake his life Rinaldo
" Freely risk'd on hostile ground.

" Bravely did he slay her father ;
" Captive then he led the maid,
" By three mighty giants guarded,
" Whom in dust his valour laid.

" In his ship, too, many a Chieftain
" Highly fam'd the hero slew ;
" And, though battling hosts oppos'd him,
" From her realms the Princess drew.

" In your arms his courage plac'd her ;
" For your person well he fought,
" And in Cordova triumphant
" By his deeds your safety wrought:

" Else, a captive there remaining,
" You had sigh'd and sigh'd in vain ;
" Destin'd long to wear in misery,
" And in tears, the galling chain.

Matò à Madama Ruenca,
Reyna de tan gran estado ;
Muchas cosas vos ha hecho,
De todas le dais mal pago.

Mas el falso Galalon
Que tal os ha aconsejado,
Antes que venga mañana
De mi recibirà el pago.

El Emperador con enojo
Un bofeton le havia dado,
Diciendo mal caballero,
Vos haveis de ser osado

En la presencia del Rey
Hablar tan desmesurado.
Yo os juro por mi corona,
Que vos seais castigado.

El bueno de Don Roldan
Malamente se ha enojado,
En un altar que allí havia
Un juramento ha jurado.

De jamàs entrar en Francia,
Hasta que fuesse vengado.

" Did he not slay Queen Ruenca,
 " Queen of such a pow'rful state ?
 " Did he not, too, feats a thousand,
 " More than tongue can e'en relate ?

" Would you, then, so ill requite him,
 " And false Galalon regard ?
 " Ere to-morrow shall his treach'ry
 " Meet from me a just reward."

In a furious rage the Emperor
 Gave the hardy Chief a blow ;
 " Dare you," cry'd he, " in my presence,
 " Dare you this resentment shew,

" And in words so bold address me ?
 " Ill do you respect your king !
 " Hence, Orlando ; fierce chastisement
 " On your head this speech shall bring !"

Stung to madness, brave Orlando
 To an altar instant went,
 And, his hand upon it placing,
 Thus proclaim'd his firm intent :—

" Not till I have ample vengeance
 " For the cruel wrong I've borne,
 " Will I enter this proud palace,
 " Or from foreign lands return."

Estas palabras diciendo
Echò la escalara abaxo,
Fuerase para su casa,
Malamente và enojado ;
Demandò presto sus armas
Y muy apriesa fue armado.
Sin poner pie en el estrivo
En el caballo ha cavalgado ;
Yà se sale de Paris,
Malamente và enojado.

Por sus jornadas contadas
En España fue llegado,
Andando por sus caminos
Su ventura và buscando.

Encontrò con un Morico;
Que la mar està mirando ;
Guarda era de una puente,
Que nadie dexa passar.

Sino por fuerza, ò por grado,
Con èl hay de pelear,
Porque su Señor el Rey
Assi lo fuera à mandar,

Hombre que viniesse armado
No le dexasse passar,
O que dexasse las armas,
Si en el Reyno queria entrar.

Down the steps then instant flying,
To his mansion back he goes,
Quick demands his arms, and quicker
On his stubborn armour throws.

On his steed then fiercely vaults he,
To the stirrup ne'er attends,
But, wild transports frantic breathing,
From the city portal bends.

Many a day he journeys forward
Till he sees the fields of Spain,
On all sides adventures seeking,
Where to vent his mortal pain.

'Twas a Moor he first encounter'd,
Where the distant sea-beach lay,
On a bridge the causeway guarding,
Suff'ring none to pass that way.

From his King command receiving,
If resistance any dar'd,
Forth to stand, and, girt with armour,
Be for all attacks prepar'd.

Loud he shouts to bold Orlando,
"Hence, I warn you, Cavalier!
"Down those arms! it is not suffer'd
"To approach in armour here."

Don Roldan con gran enojo
Que lo havia de escuchar,
Hablòle muy denodado,
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr,
Que por tal hombre como èl
Las armas no ha de dexar,
Que en el mundo no es nacido
Quien las haya de llevar.

Respondierale el Moro,
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr,
Si assi quieres Caballero,
Luego se haya de librar ;

Que yo te las quitarè,
O yo quedarè con mal ;
Luego abaxaron sus lanzas,
Y se fueron à encontrar.

Y à los primeros encuentros
Las lanzas quebrado han ;
Echan manos à las espadas,
De priessa, y no de vagar ;
Tan fuertes golpes se daban,
Que era cosa de mirar ;
Alzò el Moro la su espada,
A Don Roldan fuera acertar,
Encima de su cabeza
Que lo hizo arrodillar.

With deep rage Orlando glowing,
 To the Moor undaunted cries,
 "Moor, thou seest no trembling coward ;
 " I those haughty threats despise.

" Never have I seen the warrior
 " That could make me quit my arms ;
 " Yet unborn is he whose courage
 " Shakes my soul with rude alarms."

Thus the Moor to stout Orlando
 In an equal fury cry'd,
 " Cavalier, ere long your valour
 " In the battle shall be try'd ;

" For, in spite of all that boasting,
 " Will I pluck those arms away."
 Boldly then their lances couching,
 They begin a desp'rate fray.

Lances both were instant shiver'd ;
 Then the Chiefs their sabres drew,
 And, with fiery choler battling,
 Round the sparks like lightning flew.

There the Moor, of force gigantic,
 With his gleaming faulchion see,
 On the head Orlando striking,
 Beat him down upon his knee.

Don Roldan que esto vido
Un tal golpe le fue à dár
Con el tijó de su espada,
Que el cuerpo le fue à cortar.

El Moro que assi se vido
Con herida tan mortal,
Dabale tan grandes golpes
Que à Roldan hacia temblar.

Quando Roldan esto vido
Comenzàra de hablar,
O maldito sea el hombre
Que no siente su mal,
Tiene las tripas colgando,
Y quiera mas pelear !
Respondierale el Moro,
Tal respuesta le fue à dár,
Bien veo que mi vivir
No puede mucho durar,
Mas tu vida, y la mia,
Juntas tienen de acabar,
Baxase à adobar la espuela
Que se la queria quitar,
Desque fuera abaxado
No se pudo levantar;
Muriò luego prestamente,
Sin' mas palabras hablar ;
Quitale luego las armas,
El bueno de Don Roldan
Y quitòle los vestidos,
Los suyos le fue à dexar,
Y vistiòselos al Moro,
Y de sus armas se fue armar.

But Orlando at the Paynim
Aims a deep and deadly blow,
And his trusty sabre buries
In the bowels of his foe.

Well the Moor, with anguish writhing,
Knew he had a mortal wound,
And, about him madly striking,
Whirl'd his sabre round and round.

"Curse on him," exclaim'd Orlando,
"Who ne'er heeds his desp'rate plight,
"But, with bowels pierc'd, still fiercely
"Pants for vengeance in the fight!"

"Wretch!" the Moor cries, "dost thou curse me?
"Since 'tis thus my lot to die,
"Thou shalt not escape my vengeance,
"But beneath my sabre lie:

"Both our lives shall end together."
Now to loose his spur he bends,
But, the moment he was rising,
With a groan his life he ends.

When the Moor was dead, Orlando
Quick his armour pluck'd away,
And, his own alike unbracing,
Soon assum'd the Moor's array:

Y con un pagesito
En Francia le fue à embiar ;
Que le dixesse à su esposa,
Que era su esposo Roldan ;
Y que muy solemnemente
Le hiciesse enterrar ;
El bueno del Pagedito
Hizo luego à su mandar,
Y llevòlo para Francia
A casa de Don Roldan,
Y dicele la embaxada
Que Roldan le fue à mandar.
Con palabras lastimeras
Le empezaba de hablar,
Este es el cuerpo, Señora
De aquel que no tenia par,

El que Moros, y Christianos
Nunca pudieron sobrar.

Desde la triste Doñalda
El cuerpo fue à mirar,
Conociò luego el sayo,
Las armas otro que tal.

Pensà que era su esposo
El esforzado Roldan,
Los llantos que hazia
Dolor era de escuchar.

And, a messenger procuring,
Sends his armour and his clothes,
Bidding him assure his lady
He was slaughter'd by his foes;

Bids him, too, the body shew her
In his own bright armour dress'd :
Rides the courier swift to Paris,
And his errand thus express'd :—

“ Sad the news I bring you, lady,
“ Sad indeed the news I bring !
“ This is brave Orlando's body,
“ In his noble mind a king :

“ In his actions great and gallant,
“ Ne'er did hero so excel ;
“ But, alas ! by Moors o'erpower'd,
“ In the desp'rate fight he fell.”

When the fair Doñalda heard it,
On the corse her eye she cast ;
Knew the armour, knew the helmet,
And with sorrow stood aghast.

Then, with shrieks her loss lamenting,
Sent forth many a piercing cry ;
Tears each other swiftly chasing
From the fountain of her eye.

Dentro de muy pocas horas
Por Paris se fue à sonar,
Por èl lloraban los doce,
El Emperador otro que tal.
Lloraba toda la Corte,
Y el comun en general,
Y en unas solemnes andas
Le llevan à enterrar ;
Arzobispos, y Prelados,
Quantos en la Corte estan,
Con gran pesar, y tristeza
Lo llevan à enterrar.
Don Roldan muy bien armado
De las armas que fue à tomar,
Fuerase para la armada
Do el Rey Moro suele estàr.
El Rey Moro era mancebo
Ganoso de pelear,
Con los doce Pares de Francia
Sus fuerzas queria mostrar.

Pensò que era el Moro valiente,
Que los Reynos solia guardar,
Dixole que buenamente
Havia muerto à Don Roldan,

Y que à la noble de Francia
Su cuerpo fuera à embiar ;
El Rey Moro de alegria
Hizolo su Capitan.

Soon the news was spread through Paris,
 All the Twelve were full of grief;
 Long it was before the Emperor
 From his sorrow found relief.

Ev'ry Chief with anguish weeping
 Slow attends him to the ground;
 Ev'ry Bishop, ev'ry Prelate,
 Was at this sad funeral found.

While this happen'd, brave Orlando,
 In the armour of his foe,
 To the Moorish city wending,
 To the King resolves to go.

Young the King, and long desirous
 To display his dauntless might,
 And with the Twelve Peers so famous
 Enter in the doubtful fight.

When he saw Orlando coming,
 He believ'd it was the Moor,
 Who, his kingdom bravely guarding,
 To him some glad tidings bore.

"Sire, I've slain brave Count Orlando,
 "And his body sent to France."
 "Friend, I will reward thy merit;
 "To a Captain's post advance.

Diòle luego tanta gente
Quanta èl quiso tomar,
Embiòle luego à Francia
Que fuesse à Paris cercar.

Los Moros que vàn con èl
Pensaban à su pensar,
Que era el esforzado Moró
Que los Reynos solia guardar.

Andando por sus jornadas
A Paris vàn à llegar,
Ponen luego su assiento,
Assentaron su Real.

Embiaron mensageros
Que luego se hayan de dàr,
Y si esto no quisiessen,
Que salgan à pelear.

Que èl haria assi de todos
Como hizo de Roldan.

Respondiò el Emperador
Tal respuesta le fue à dàr,
Que le placia de buen grado
De salir à pelear.

" You shall have as many soldiers
" As your heart can wish to take ;
" And to Paris will I send you,
" That proud city's siege to make."

Not a Moor but thought Orlando
Was the Chief whose daring hand
Kept the bridge, and willing marches,
Bowing to his stern command.

On they hie with daring spirits,
And to Paris journey fast ;
Where they pitch'd their tents, and trenches
Round about the city cast.

Furious wrath Orlando breathing
Deeper spreads his fierce alarms,
Threat'ning vengeance if they do not
Soon surrender to his arms ;

That, if any dare to fight him,
Low upon the dusty plain
He would stretch them, like Orlando,
By his arm already slain.

Back the Emperor sends a message,
That without the city wall
On the morrow he would meet him,
For his threats he scorn'd them all.

Otra día de mañana
Salen de la ciudad,
Con èl iba Don Urgèl,
Con èl iba Meriap
Con èl salian los doce
Que à una mesa comen pan ;
Los caballos vàn olgados
Comienzan de relinchar ;

Con una furia muy grande
En los Moros van à dâr,
Haciendo tan cruda guerra,
Que es maravilla mirar,
Mas los Moros eran tantos
Gran gente van cantivar.
Y mucho de los doce Pares,
Que à merced fueron tomar.
El Emperador que esto vido
Empezàra de llorar,
Messando los sus cabellos,
De su barba otro que tal ;
Mandò llamar su consejo,
Todo lo hizo juntar,
Dioxles de esta manera,
Empezòles de hablar :
Parientes, y amigos mios,
A lo que os hizo llamar,
Es que os demando consejo
Que me querais aconsejar,
Que harè de tan gran daño,
Como se ha de reparar ?

Early in the morn then sallying,
 Forth his Chiefs the Emperor drew ;
 Sally'd out the brave Count Urgel,
 Sally'd young Prince Merian too.

All the Twelve fam'd Peers so warlike,
 Who at one round table eat,
 Pant their steeds to join the battle,
 Neigh aloud, and paw their feet.

On the Moors then furious darting,
 Soon the stormy fray begun ;
 But the hostile Moorish squadrons
 Full as soon the skirmish won.

Many a noble pris'ner taking,
 Many a Peer of high renown ;
 Back the Emperor thus was driven
 With his army to the town.

There his hands in anguish wringing,
 Long he beats his wretched breast,
 And, his royal council calling,
 Thus his gloomy fears express'd :—

“ Friends and subjects brave, you're summon'd
 “ Here on urgent need to meet ;
 “ To repair this fatal mischief,
 “ And retrieve our late defeat.

Allí respondieron todos,
Y le fueron aconsejar,
Que embiesse por Reynaldos,
Y lo hiciesse llamar.

Y que èl bastaria solo
Para París descercar,
Y que le haga mercedes,
Y le haya de perdonar.

El Emperador muy contento
Embialo à llamar ;
Contabale todo el hecho,
Y como fuera à passar,
Y que el Moro valiente
Matò à su Primo Roldan.

Yà se sale Don Reynaldos
Con los Moros pelear,
Consigo lleva Doñalda,
La esposa de Roldan.

Mas tambien sabia Reynaldos
Bien sabia la verdad,
Que aquel Moro valiente
Era su Primo Roldan,
Que un tio que tenia
Le dixera la verdad ;

"Speak your thoughts then?" "Sire," they answer,

"To renown'd Rinaldo send,

"And, your anger thus foregoing,

"Make the gallant Chief your friend.

"Soon his valour in the combat,

"As in other trials shewn,

"Shall defend your royal city,

"And defeat the Moors alone.

"Promise favors high to grant him,

"When the Moors are once subdu'd."

Well the council pleas'd the Emperor,

Who this prudent step pursu'd.

When he came, the King imparted

All that pass'd in plaintive strain;

Told him how brave Count Orlando

By the Moorish Chief was slain.

Forth Rinaldo speeds to battle

With the hostile Moorish band,

Brave Orlando's spouse, Doñalda,

Gently leading by the hand.

Well the truth Rinaldo knowing,

That the Moor, who seem'd so bold,

Was his cousin Count Orlando,

As his aged Uncle told;

Por arte de Nigromancia
El le fuera à hallar,
Que Don Roldan era vivo,
Y que està en el Real,
Y el cuerpo que à Paris truxeron
Era un Moro que èl fue à matar.
Quando fue cerca del campo
Reynaldos empezó à llamar ;
Que salga el Moro esforzado
Con èl solo à pelear.
A los primeros encuentros
Los dos conocido se han.
Conocieronse entrambos
En el ayre del andar ;
Quando iban à encontrarse
Las lanzas vàn à baxar,
Y vanse con mucho amor
Los dos Primos abrazar.
Y desque se vieron juntos,
Los Moros manda llamar,
Y desque los tuvo juntos
Empézòles de hablar :
Esforzados Caballeros,
Vosotros vos querais tornar ;
Y decidle al Rey Marfin,
Que yo era Don Roldan,
Y que yo matè al Moro,
Que era su Capitan.

Who, by necromantic figures,
That the Count was living knew,
And the corse interr'd in Paris
Was the Moor Orlando slew.

At the Moorish camp arriving,
Loud he shouts with all his might,
" Let your Chief come forth to meet me,
" And alone attempt the fight."

Nimbly then their steeds they flourish,
Lightly prancing on the ground ;
Both the heroes know each other
By their gait and airy bound.

At the moment of rencontre,
Both their lances couching low,
In each other's arms swift rushing,
In their bosoms raptures glow.

Then the Moors about them calling,
Thus renown'd Orlando cries,—
" Moors, I see you gaze upon us
" With strange marks of deep surprise.

" To Marsilio's court I send you,
" To the Prince return again ;
" Tell him I am Count Orlando,
" And by me his Moor was slain.

Los Moros desque oyeron
Tan triste nueva hablar,
Lleganse unos con otros,
Y hacen un Capitan.

Dicen que los prisioneros
Que se los han de llevar,
Todos se ponen en armas
Para matar à Roldan.
Reynaldos que aquesto vido
Comenzò de pelear,
Y Roldan por otra parte
Muy crudos golpes les dàn.

Mas los Moros eran tantos
Que el Sol querian quitar
Haciendo muy fiera guerra
Los presos vàn à soltar,
Tomaban de aquellas armas
Comienzan de pelear.

Dentro de muy pocas horas
Todos los vàn desharatar,
Quedan señores del campo,
Que no hay con quien pelear.

"That he made me, too, his Captain,

"And I did my duty well."

When the Moors heard this, what sorrow

On their troubl'd bosoms fell !

Then apart awhile consulting,

They a valiant General chuse,

And with hardy speech their pris'ners

To release from bonds refuse ;

And, to arms in concert flying,

Brave Orlando strive to slay ;

But his steed Rinaldo spurring,

Soon begins the bloody fray.

Nobly, too, Orlando battling

Deals round many a vengeful blow ;

Numbers ne'er appal the Chieftains,

Still they rush upon the foe.

First their captive friends releasing,

Arms the noble warriors sieze,

And, with manly courage fighting,

Wound and slaughter as they please.

Thus the field their valor clearing,

Soon the hostile squadrons fly ;

When the Chiefs unite, no longer

They a single foe espy.

Quando vido Doñalda
A su esposo Don Roldan,
De gran placer que tenía
Comenzàra de llorar.

Quando el Emperador supo
Todo la certinidad,
Salelos à recibir
Con mucha solemnidad.

Abrazaba à Don Reynaldos,
Abrazaba à Don Roldan,
Diciendo que tales dos
En el mundo no hay su par.

Y de esta manera entraron
Con gran fiesta en la Ciudad.

When Doñalda clasp'd her hero,
 Brave Orlando, in her arms,
 All her soul with transport melting,
 Long she wept with sweet alarm.

And the Emperor, high rejoicing
 When the happy truth he knew,
 With a noble train attending,
 Tow'rd the gallant Chieftains drew.

Greeting these brave friends and warriors,
 Scarce his praise expression found ;
 "Not the world," he cry'd, "possesses
 "Two such heroes so renown'd."

Thus with pomp the city ent'ring,
 All the bells of Paris ring ;
 Joy prevails in ev'ry quarter ;
 Commons, Clergy, Court, and King.



ROMANCE
DEL CONDE GRIMALTOS,
Y DE
MONTESINOS.

PORTE PRIMERA.

MUCHAS veces le oí decir,
Y à los antiguos contar,
Que ninguno por riqueza
No se debe de ensalzar ;

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
COUNT GRIMWALD,
AND
MONTESINOS.

PART I.

THIS Ballad is not mentioned in Don Quixote, but the name of Count Grimwald's son, Montesinos, is highly celebrated. In the 5th chapter of the 3d volume the Knight visits the cave of Montesinos, in La Mancha, and falls fast asleep within it; but, at his return, gives a wonderful account of his adventures. This is not the only place where Charlemagne's Peers have left their names. In the bay of Almeria, in Granada, there is a remarkable round promontory known by the name of the round table of Orlando. There may be likewise other local memorials which have not come to my knowledge.

OFTEN have I heard it notic'd,
And by sage experience told,
Pride doth not become the bosom,
Though possess'd of store of gold;

Ni por pobreza que tenga,
Se debe menospreciar.

Miren bien tomando exemplo,
Do buenos suelen mirar,
Que el Conde Don Grimaltos,
Que en Francia suelen llamar,
Que llegè en Cortes del Rey,
Pequeño, y de poca edad.

Fue luego page del Rey,
Del mas secreto lugar,
Porque èl era muy discreto,
Y de èl se podia fiar,

Y desde de algunos tiempos,
Quando mas entrò en edad,
Lo mandò ser Camerero,
Y Secretario Real.
Y despues le diò un Condado,
Por mayor honra le dàr :

Y por darle mayor honra,
Y estado en Francia sin par,
Lo hizo Governador,
Que el Reyno pueda mandar,

Por su virtud, y nobleza,
Y grande esfuerzo sin par,
Le quiso tomar por hijo,
Y con su hija le casar.

And that poverty, though humble,
And the man of lowly birth,
Should not be despis'd and counted
As a drug of little worth.

Let Count Grimwald's fair example
Our reflection now engage,
At the Emperor's court arriving
Little, and of tender age.

First a private page of honor
By his royal master made,
And of ev'ry trust found worthy,
Trust that never was betray'd.

Then his Chamberlain, and likewise
Royal Secretary nam'd ;
Next a Count's high title giv'n him,
Still for ev'ry virtue fam'd :

And, to do him greater honor,
And exalt his happy fate,
Regent of the Land appointed,
And high Counsellor of State.

Ev'ry station still became him ;
And his worthy conduct won
All the Emperor's love, who made him,
By a daughter's gift, his son.

Celebraronse las fiestas,
Con placer, y sin pesar ;
Yà despues de algunos dias
De sus honras, y holgar,

El Rey le mandò al Conde,
Que fuesse à governar,
Y poner cobro en las tierras
Que le fuera à encomendar.

Placeme, dixera el Conde,
Pues no se puede escusar.

Yà se ordena la partida,
Y el Rey manda aparejar
Sus caballeros, y damas,
Para haverle de acompañar.

Yà se parte el buen Conde,
Con la Condesa à la par,
Y caballeros, y damas,
Que no le quieren dexar.

Por la gran virtud del Conde
No se pueden apartar,
De Paris hasta Leon
Lo fueron à acompañar.

Many a fête with splendor holding,
All the Court resounded joy,
Till the day the Count was destin'd
To commence his high employ.

"Count," the Emperor cries, "to Lyons
"With the morrow's dawn you go,
"And the trust the State reposes
"By impartial justice shew.

"You shall rule that noble city ;
"Let your high discretion shine."
"Sire," reply'd the Count, "your pleasure,
"Your imperial will, is mine."

Then, yet more to shew his favor,
And his gen'rous love display,
Charlemagne commands his courtiers
To escort him on his way.

From the Emperor's court departing,
See the Count and Countess bend ;
Lords, and princely Peers, and Nobles,
With a gallant train attend.

Such the high respect they bear them,
That to leave 'em each denies,
Till they see the Spires of Lyons
Midst its lovely champaign rise.

Buelvense para Paris,
Despues de placer tomar,
Las nuevas que dàn al Rey,
Es descanso de escuchar.

De como rige à Leon
Y le tiene à su mandar,
Y el estado de su Alteza
Como lo hacia abatar.

De tales nuevas el Rey
Gran placer fuera à tomar ;
No prosigo mas del Rey,
Sino que lo dexo estàr.

Tornemos à Don Grimaltos,
Como empieza à governar,
Bien querido de los grandes,
Sin la Justicia negar.

Trata à todos de tal suerte
Que à ninguno dà pesar.

Cinco años èl estuvo
Sin el buen Rey ir à hablar,
Ni del Conde à èl ir queexas,
Ni de sentencia apelar.

Then, to Paris back returning,
This glad news the courtiers bring,—
Brave Count Grimwald's safe arrival,
With his Countess, to the King ;

That fair Lyons, rich and happy,
Prosper'd hourly more and more,
And its royal master's glory
Ne'er was so upheld before.

With delight the Emperor listens,
Pleas'd his high deserts to feel,
And himself concern no longer
Gives for Lyon's happy weal.

Nobly he begins to govern,
Justice careful to dispense ;
To the poor he proves a guardian,
To the rich gives no offence.

Ne'er the widow nor the orphan
Tell their piteous tale in vain ;
Still he heeds the cry of sorrow,
Still he hears the poor complain.

Thus five years in honor spending,
Though to Court he never went ;
None for fresh decisions seeking,
Long he liv'd in sweet content.

Mas fortuna que es mudable,
Y no puede sossegar,
Quiso serle tan contraria,
Por su estado le quitar.

Fue, que el falso Don Tomillas
Quiso en traycion tocar,
Rebolviòle con el Rey,
Por mas le escandalizar.

Diciendole que su yerno
Se le quiere revelar,
Y que en Villas, y Ciudades
Sus armas hace pintar.

Y por Señor absoluto
El se manda intitular,
Y en las Villas, y Lugares,
Guarnicion quiere dexar.

Quando el Rey aquesto oyera,
Tuvo dello gran pesar,
Pensando en las mercedes
Que al Conde le fue à dòn.

Solo por buenos servicios
Lo pusiera en tal lugar,
Y despues por galardón,
Tal traycion le ordenar ;

But the fickle wheel of fortune,
In a moment shifting round,
Dash'd his former cup of glory,
Unexpected, to the ground ;

For the traitor, false Tomillas,
Thus abus'd the royal ear,
To the king a scandal bearing,
That it griev'd him sore to hear.

His bold son-in-law, he whisper'd,
Had against his pow'r rebell'd,
And from ev'ry town and city
Soon his troops would be expell'd.

O'er the gates his arms were sculptur'd,
Like a monarch's on the throne :
Lord he styl'd himself, and would be
Call'd a sov'reign Prince alone.

When the king heard this, his bosom
Was with cruel pain oppress'd ;
All the favors he had shewn him
Still revolving in his breast.

" What," cry'd he, " have I then plac'd him
" In a seat so rich and high,
" But to trample on my people,
" And my royal pow'r defy !

El ha determinado
De hacerle justiciar.

Dexemos lo de la corte,
Y al Conde quiero tornar,
Que estando con la Condesa
Una noche à bel folgar.

Adurmióse el buen Conde,
Recordàra con pesar,
Las palabras que decia,
Son de dolor, y pesar.

Què te hice vil fortuna,
Porque te quieras mudar,
Y quitarme de mi silla,
En que el Rey me fue à sentar.

Por falsedad de traydores
Causarme tanto de mal,
Que segun yo creo, y pienso
No lo puede otro causar.

A las voces que dà el Conde
Su muger fuè à despartar ;
Recordò muy espantada
De verle assi hablar.

" He shall find it wrong to trifle
" With the honor of my crown,
" For the hand aloft that rais'd him
" Can as shortly pluck him down."

Little of this mischief doubting,
Still the Count his station kept,
Never ought his temper ruffling,
Till one night he soundly slept;

Slept beside his lovely Countess,
When a dream oppress'd his heart,
And, his voice an utt'rance finding,
Did his terrors thus impart :—

" Cruel fortune! why so changeful?
" Why so ill thy victim treat?
" Why by a reverse disgraceful
" Cast me from my regal seat?

" Traitors, that I ne'er offended,
" Falsely have my truth accus'd;
" And, alas! my Lord and Sov'reign
" Is, by their deceit, abus'd!"

Loud he groans; the Countess wakes him,
" Ah! my Lord," she cries, " what mean
" These sad words? Your mind is labouring
" In some strange, unhappy scene.

Y hacer lo que no solia,
Y de condicion mudar.
Què haveis mi Señor el Conde,
En que podeis vos pensar ?

No pienso en otro, Señora,
Sino en cosa de pesar,
Porque un triste, y mal sueño
Alterado me hace estàr.

Aunque en ellos no fiemos,
No si à què parte lo echar ;
Que parecia muy cierto,
Que vi una aguilá volar.

Siete halcones tras ella
Mal aquexandola vãn,
Y ella por guardarse dellos
Retrujose à mi Ciudad.

Encima de una alta torre,
Alli se fuera à sentar,
Por el pico echaba fuego,
Por las alas alquitrán.

El fuego que della sale
La ciudad hace quemar,
A mi quemaba las barbas,
Y à vos quemaba el brial,

- " Ne'er in this wild fashion have I
 " Heard you cry and talk before :
" Tell me, then, what cruel terrors
 " Hard upon your fancy bore ?"
- " Gentle Countess, I was dreaming,
 " And the dream my soul distress'd ;
" Grief wrung hard, and thus I utter'd
 " Those sad accents from my breast.
- " But all dreams are false and fruitless,
 " Each vain terror I defy ;
" Though indeed I saw an eagle
 " Tow'ring in the air on high ;
- " And seven falcons close behind him
 " Vex'd with taunts the noble bird ;
" Though he scorn'd their noisy clamour,
 " Still with grief their mocks he heard.
- " And for refuge to our city
 " Flying to a lofty spire,
" From his beak the black pitch issu'd,
 " From his wings consuming fire.
- " And the flames destroy'd fair Lyons ;
 " Swift from street to street they flew ;
" All my hair and beard close singeing,
 " And your lovely visage too.

Cierto tal sueño como este
No puede ser sino mal.
Esta es la causa, Conde,
Que me sentistes quejar. ,
Bien lo mereceis, buen Conde,
Si dellos os viene algun mal,
Que bien ha los cinco años
Que en corte no os vèn estar.
Y sabeis vos el Conde,
Quien allí os quiere mal.
Que es el traydor de Tomillas,
Que no suele reposar,
Y no le tengo à mucho
Que ordene alguna maldad.
Mas Señor si me creéis,
Mañana antes de yantar
Mandad hacer un pregon
Por toda essa Ciudad,
Que vengan los Caballeros,
Que están à vuestro mandar,
Y por todas vuestras tierras,
Tambien los mandeis Hamar,
Para una jornada cierta,
Todos se hayan de juntar.
Desque todos estén juntos,
Decirles heis la verdad,
Que quereis ir à Paris,
Pasa con el Rey hablar ;

- " Surely such a dream, so dreadful,
" Evil can forebode alone !
" And for this, with horror trembling,
" In my sleep you heard me groan."
- " Count, indeed the world may blame you,"
Thus his gentle lady cry'd ;
" Five long years to Court ne'er bending,
" Careless here you still abide.
- " And of this advantage taking,
" Has perchance Tomillas told
" To our Sov'reign some feign'd story,
" And his love now waxes cold.
- " Long your foe some secret mischief
" In revenge his heart intends ;
" Good, my Lord, then deign to listen,
" Summon all your worthy friends ;
- " Round an invitation sending
" At your palace to appear,
" And, some early day appointing,
" Give them all a welcome here.
- " Then amidst the full assembly
" Gently open your design,
" That you mean to see fair Paris,
" And at Court with splendor shine.

Y que se aperciban todos
Para en tal caso os honrar,
Segun dellos sois querido
Creo no os podrà faltar.

Irosheis con todos ellos
A París essa Ciudad,
Besareis la mano al Rey,
Como la soleis besar ;
Y entonces sabreis, Señor,
Lo que èl os quiere mandar ;
Que si enojo de vos tiene,
Luego os lo demostrarà,
Y viendo vuestra venida,
Bien se le podrà quitar.

Placeme, dixo, Señora,
Vuestro consejo tomar.
Partese el Conde Grimaltos
A París essa Ciudad,

Con todos sus caballeros,
Y otros que èl pudo juntar:
Desque fue cerca Paris,
Bien quinze millas, ò mas,

Mandò parar à su gente,
Sus tiendas mandò plantar,
Hizo aposentar los suyos,
Cada qual én su lugar.

" Tell them much they'll do you honor
" By attending in your train ;
" And, believe me, scarce a Noble
" From pure friendship will refrain.

" Then to distant Paris journey,
" Where your duty bids you go ;
" Kiss the Emperor's hand, and shortly
" All his royal pleasure know.

" Thus, if anger grieves his bosom,
" You will know the cause ere long,
" And the King, your zeal perceiving,
" Will acquit your heart of wrong."

" Countess, wise indeed you've spoken,
" And the counsel strait I'll take."
All the Nobles then he summon'd,
In his journey speed to make.

From fair Lyons then departing,
To the Emperor's Court they bend,
With them many a Noble riding,
Many a brave and gallant friend.

When the Count drew near to Paris,
Miles fifteen, or little more,
There he pitch'd his tents, dispatching
Letters of respect before.

Luego el Rey dèl huvo cartas,
Respuesta no quiso dâr.
Quando el Conde aquesto vido
En Paris se fue à entrar,

Fuerase para el Palacio,
Donde el Rey solia estar,
Saludò à todos los Grandes,
La mano al Rey fue à bèsar.
El Rey de muy enojado,
Nunca se la quiso dâr,
Antes mas le amenazaba
Por su sobrado osar,
Haviendo hecho tal traycion
En Paris osasse entrar.
Jurando, que por su vida
Se debia maravillar,
Como vista la presente
No lo hacia degollar.

Y si no huviera mirado
Su hija no deshonrar,
Que antes que el dia passàra
Lo hiciera justiciar.

Mas por dâr à èl castigo,
Y à òtros escarmentar,
Le mandò salir del Reyno,
Y que en el no pueda estàr.

But though with respect he sent them,
Yet the King deign'd no reply :
Griev'd the noble Count perceiv'd it,
Since he knew no motive why.

But with speed to Paris bending,
In the royal Court he stands ;
First salutes the Peers, requesting
Then to kiss the Emperor's hands.

But the King, enrag'd, withheld them,
And his hardy boldness blam'd ;
" How he dar'd to visit Paris !"
In high wrath his voice exclaim'd ;

Swearing that it much inclin'd him
Off to take his guilty head ;
That it would be barely justice,
And for other traitors' dread.

But that 't would disgrace his daughter,
For whose sake, and whose alone,
He would not assert the honor
Of his highly injur'd throne.

Yet least others might, presuming,
On his clemency rely,
From the peaceful kingdom banish'd,
He must thence for ever fly.

Plazo le dòn de tres dias,
Para el Reyno vaciar ;
Y el destierro es desta suerte,
Que gente no ha de llevar,
Caballeros, ni criados,
No le hayan de acompañar.

Ni lleve caballo, ò mula,
En que puede cavalgar ;
Moneda de plata, y oro,
Dexe, y aun la de metal.

Quando el Conde esto oyera,
Ved qual podia estàr,
Con voz alta, y rigorosa,
Cercado de gran pesar,
Como hombre desesperado,
Tal respuesta le fue à dár.

Por desterrarme tu Alteza,
Consiento en mi desterrar,
Mas quien de mì tal ha dicho,
Miente, y no dice verdad.

Que nunca hice traycion,
Ni pensè en maldad usar ;
Mas si Dios me dà la vida,
Yo harè vèr la verdad.

'Three short days the King allows him ;
If the fourth he finds him stay,
For his disobedience justly
Shall his life the forfeit pay.

And so harsh were the conditions
Of this fatal sentence made,
Friend or servant to attend him
On his way the King forbade.

Neither steed nor mule allows him,
Not the poorest beast to ride ;
Neither money for his service
In his journey to provide.

To this stern decree attending,
Grief his manly bosom wrung,
And these words, in anguish breathing,
Fell impatient from his tongue :—

" Not this banishment afflicts me ;
" Well I may the sentence bear ;
" But that you should think me guilty,
" Drives me, drives me to despair.

" Ne'er have I imagin'd treason
" 'Gainst my sacred Lord and King ;
" And, if God my life shall spare me,
" Time the truth to light shall bring."

Yà se sale de Palacio
Con doloroso pesar,
Fuese à casa de Oliveros,
Y allì hallò à Don Roldan.

Contabales las palabras
Que con el Rey fue à passar,
Despidiendose hasta de ellos,
Pues les dixo la verdad.

Jurando que nunca en Francia
Lo verian assomar,
Hasta que punido fuese
Quien tal cosa fue à ordenar.

Yà se despedia dellos,
Por Paris comienza à andar,
Despidiendose de todos
Con quien solia conversar.
Despidiòse de Baldovinos,
Y del Romano Fincàn,
Y del Gaston Angeleros,
Y del viejo Don Beltràn.
Y del Duque Don Estolfo,
De Malgesi otro que tal,
Y de aquel solo invencible
Reynaldos de Montalvàn ;
Yà se despide de todos
Para su viage tomar,
La Condesa fue avisada,
No tardò en Paris entràr.

From the presence then departing,
Sadly bent he o'er the ground,
And in Oliveros' palace
Valiant Count Orlando found.

To those friends he then repeated
All the angry Emperor said ;
Ev'ry deep affront unbosom'd,
Ev'ry cruel wrong display'd ;

Vowing they should never see him
In the fields of France again,
Till he'd ample vengeance taken
On the author of his pain.

Pressing then their hands most kindly
Through the city streets he bends,
Leave of ev'ry Noble taking
Long he'd number'd with his friends.

Baldwin, and Romano Fincan,
Gaston Angeleros too ;
Old Count Bertran, Duke Estolfe,
Malgesi he bids adieu.

Last Rinaldo of Montalban :
Then disconsolate he goes,
Whilst the Countess flies to Paris,
When the fatal tale she knows.

Derecha fue para el Rey,
Sin con el Conde hablar,
Diciendo, que de su Alteza
Se queria maravillar.

Como el buen Conde Grimaltos
Lo quisiesse assi tratar,
Que sus obras nunca han sido
De tan mal galardonar.

Y que suplica à su Alteza,
Que en ello mande mirar,
Y si el Conde no es culpado,
Que al traydor haga pagar.

Lo que el Conde no merecia
Si aquesse fuesse verdad,
Y assi serà castigado
Quien lo tal fue à ordenar.

Quando el Rey aquesto oyera,
Luego la mandò callar,
Diciendo, que si mal habla,
Como a èl la ha de tratar.
Y que le es muy escusado
Por el Conde le rogar,
Quien por traydor ruega,
Traydor se puede llamar.
La Condesa que esto oyera,
Llorando con gran pesar,

To the palace quick ascending,
Ere she does Count Grimwald seek,
And, before her father bending,
Thus he hears her firmly speak :—

“ O my Lord ! what fatal story
“ Hath deceiv’d your royal ear ?
“ What harsh sentence must your daughter
“ ‘Gainst her noble husband hear ?

“ Let your Highness, I beseech you,
“ Timely to the treason see,
“ And, if no way found transgressing,
“ Then reverse the stern decree.

“ Punish too the wicked traitor
“ Who hath this vile falsehood told.”
But with angry look the Emperor
Did the weeping fair behold.

“ Silence !” cries he ; “ ’tis presumption
“ To defend a traitor’s cause !
“ Well he merits this chastisement
“ Who offends his sov’reign’s laws !

“ Traitors only plead for traitors !”—
Griev’d the lovely Countess hears,
And, her eyes with tears o’erflowing,
In his sight no more appears.

Desciendòse del palacio,
Para el Conde ir à buscar.
Viendose yà con el Conde
Se liègò à le abrazar.
Lo que el uno y otro dicen,
Lastima era de escuchar.
Esto es el descanso Conde
Que me aviades de dar ;
No pensè que mis placeres
Tan poco havian de durar.
Mas en vèr que sin razon,
Por placer nos dàn pesar,
Quiero que quando vais Conde
Quenta della sepais dàr.

Yo os demando una merced,
No me la querais negar,
Porque quando nos casamos
Arras me haviades de dar.
Yo nunca las he havido,
Aun las tengo de cobrar,
Ahora es tiempo, buen Conde,
De haverlas de demandar,

Escusado es la Condesa
Eso aora demandar,
Porque jamás tuvo cosa
Fuera de vuestro mandar.
Que quanto vos demandeis,
Por mi fee de lo otorgar.

From the palace then departing,
 Her dear Lord again she join'd,
 And, a tender kiss bestowing,
 Thus reliev'd her aching mind :—

“ Ah ! my Lord, is this the pleasure
 “ Once we fancy'd to enjoy ?
 “ Little did I think what evils
 “ Would our promis'd bliss destroy !

“ In what scenes shall your fond Countess
 “ Find a solace for her grief,
 “ When she knows how much you suffer,
 “ Hopeless of a kind relief ?

“ One sole favor will I ask you,
 “ Happy then we yet may live :
 “ Oh ! remember, what the dowry
 “ To your wife you swore to give.

“ But till now I never claim'd it,
 “ Though full well your love I know.”
 “ Speak,” cry'd he ; “ oh ! speak, my Countess ;
 “ What your pleasure plainly shew.

“ All we freely shar'd together,
 “ No fond suit did I deny ;
 “ And what yet remains to grant you
 “ With delight will I comply.”

Es, Señor, que donde fuereis
Con vos me ayais de llevar.
Por la fe que yo os he dado
No se os puede negar.

Mas de las penas que siento
Esta es la mas principal,
Porque perderme yo solo,
Al perder llaman ganar.

Y en perderos vos, Señora,
Es perder sin mas cobrar ;
Mas pues assi lo querais,
No lo queramos dilatar.

Mucho me pesa, Condesa,
Porque no podeis andar,
Que siendo niña, y preñada,
Podiades peligrar.

Mas, pues, fortuna lo quiere,
Recibidlo sin pesar,
Que los corazones fuertes
Se muestran en tal lugar.

- " Take me then, my Lord, oh ! take me ;
" Leave me not forlorn behind !
" You have pledg'd your honor ; can you
" Words so lately said unbind ?"
- " Of my sorrows," cry'd Count Grimwald,
" This indeed the chief of all,
" That on you this fatal sentence,
" Not on me alone, must fall ;
- " For in losing you, my dearest,
" Surely I the loss shall feel ;
" What no time, no hope, no pleasure,
" No sweet med'cine, e'er can heal.
- " Oh ! believe me, never can you
" This rude toilsome journey bear ;
" Young, and in a state that ever
" Claims a husband's tend'rest care.
- " Oft, indeed, I know the weakest,
" When true courage fires the breast,
" Can sustain a thousand evils,
" When by cruel wrongs oppress'd.
- " Come then, if with me disdain
" Ev'ry secret treach'rous foe,
" You will tempt rude scenes of danger,
" And to distant regions go."

Tomase mano por mano,
Salense de la Ciudad ;
Con ellos sale Oliveros,
Y esse Paladin Roldan.

Tambien el Dardin Dardaña,
Y esse Romano Fineán,
Y esse Gaston Angleros,
Y el fuerte Merian.
Con ellos va Don Reynaldos,
Y Baldovinos el galan,
Y esse Duque Don Estolfo,
Y Malgesi otro que tal.
Las dueñas, y las doncellas,
Tambien con ellos se van ;
Cinco millas de Paris
Los huvieron de dexar :
El Conde, y la Condesa solos,
Triste se havian de quedar.
Quando partir, se tenian,
No se podian hablar,
Llora el Conde, y la Condesa,
Sin nadie les consolar,

Porque no hai grande, ni chico,
Que estuviesse sin llorar,
Pues las damas, y doncellas,
Que alli huvieron de llegar,

Hand in hand, then, from the city
See the pair in sorrow bond ;
With them sallies many a Chieftain,
Many an ancient worthy friend.

Count Orlando, Oliveros,
Fincan, and Dardeña too,
Angeleros, and Rinaldo,
Pay them ev'ry honor due.

Gallant Baldwin, Duke Estolfo,
And the brave Prince Merian came ;
Many a sweet and lovely damsel,
Many a courteous noble dame.

Two leagues from the royal city
They escort them on their way,
Then, the mourning pair embracing,
Leave with deep regret to stray.

But, whilst they depart to wander,
Not a word their lips could speak,
Though they press'd their hands, and, sighing,
Wept as if their hearts would break.

Gentle dames and lovely damsels,
Pierc'd with bitter anguish, cry,
Not among them all remaining
Free from tears a pitying eye.

Hacen llantos tan estraños,
Que no los osso contar,
Porque mientras pienso en ello
Nunca me puedo alegrar.

Mas el Conde, y la Condesa,
Vanse sin nada hablar.
Los otros caen en tierra
Con la sobra del pesar.
Otros crecen mas sus lloros,
Viendo quan triste se vãn.
Dexo de los caballeros,
Que à Paris quieren tornar,
Buelvo al Conde, y la Condesa,
Que vãn con gran solemnidad,
Por los yermos, y aspereza,
Do gente no suele andar.
Llegado el tercero dia
En un aspero buscage,
La Condesa de cansada
Triste no podia andar.
Rasgaronse sus xervillas,
No tienen yà que calzar
De la aspereza del monte,
Los pies no podia alzar,
Do quiera que el pie ponìa
Bien quedaba la señal.
Quando el Conde aquesto vido
Queriendola consolar,
Con gesto muy amoroso
Le comenzò de hablar,

E'en the bard that tells their story
Feels deep sorrow rend his heart,
Thus forlorn to see them wander,
Forc'd from ev'ry friend to part.

Thus the Count and Countess sadly
Turn their wretched steps along,
Whilst their friends in mournful silence
Still lament the cruel wrong.

Back to Paris bend the Nobles,
Whilst the hapless pair pursue
Night and day their path o'er mountains
That no footstep ever knew.

Wand'ring on the third day, weary,
To a forest rude and wild,
Scarce the Countess through the brambles
On her painful journey toil'd.

Wounded by the flints and bushes,
Both her feet were stain'd with gore ;
Ev'ry step she trod, the herbage
Tracks of deepest crimson bore.

When the wretched Count perceiv'd it,
Thus he strove his spouse to cheer,
Words of gentle pity breathing,
That she yet might comfort hear :—

No desmayedes Condesa,
Mi bien querais esforzar,
Que aqui està una fresca fuente,
Do el agua muy fria està.

Resposaremos Condesa,
Y podrèmos refrescar.

La Condesa que esto oyera,
Algo el passo fue alargar,
Y en llegando à la fuente,
Las rodillas fue à hipcar.
Dio gracias à Dios del cielo,
Que la truxo en tal lugar,
Diciendo, buen agua es esta
Para quien tuviesse pan.

Estando en estas razones
El parto le fue à tomar,
Y alli pariera un hijo,
Que es lastima de mirar,
La pobreza en que se hallan,
Sin poderve remediar.

" Still, my love, the gen'rous firmness
" Of your noble heart display ;
" Lo ! where yonder springs a fountain
" To refresh us on our way :

" There awhile your limbs reposing,
" Shall their wonted strength regain ;
" Strive, then, for so short a distance
" Still to bear this toilsome pain."

Some few rays of comfort cheer'd her
To the fountain when she came ;
Thanks upon her knees she utter'd,
Praising still her Maker's name.

" Fresh," she cry'd, " and sweet the water !
" Had we but some bread to eat,
" This delicious draught would truly
" Be a highly welcome treat !"

In these accents faintly speaking,
Pains of labour fast begun,
And it pleas'd kind Heav'n in safety
To bestow her first-born son.

Oh ! what cruel grief and horror
Such severe distress to see !
Far from help, from comfort distant,
In keen want and misery !

El Conde quando viò el hijo,
Comenzòse de esforzar,
Con el sayo que traía,
Al niño fuera à abrigar.

Tambien se quitò la capa,
Por la madre cobijar ;
La Condesa tomo el hijo,
Par darle de mamar.

El Conde estaba pensando
Què remedio le buscar,
Que pan, ni vino no tienen
Ni cosa de que passar.

La Condesa con el parto
No se puede levantar,
Tomòla el Conde en los brazos
Sin ella el niño dexar.

Subelos en una alta sierra,
Para mas lexos mirar,
En unas breñas muy hondas
Grande humo viò estàr.

Tomò su muger, y hijo,
Para allà les fue à llevar,
Entrando en la espesura
Luego al encuentro le sale

When the Count, with anguish wringing,
Did his infant son behold,
Oft he pluck'd his coat to shield him
From the bitter piercing cold :

Wrapp'd his cloak, too, round the mother,
Whilst the tender babe she press'd,
Heav'n at this sad hour had giv'n her,
To relieve her yearning breast.

All the time the Count was musing
Where he might procure relief,
Bread, nor wine, nor ought possessing,
Sore his heart was torn with grief.

Weak and faint, no more the Countess
Could her toilsome way pursue,
But between his arms he bore her,
And her pretty infant too.

To a lofty hill ascending,
All about he cast his eye,
And beneath within the valley
Chanc'd a rising smoke to spy.

Tow'rd the smoke his steps directing,
Bearing his lov'd burden still,
When he came, with deep amazement,
Did his sight a hermit fill :

Un virtuoso Hermitaño
De reverencia muy grande.
El Hermitaño que los vido
Comenzòles de hablar.

O valgame Dios del cielo,
Quien aqui os fuè à portar ?
Porque en tierra tan estraña,
Gente no suele habitar,

Sino yó por penitencia,
Hago vida en esta valle.
El Conde le respondiò
Con angustia y con pesar.

Por Dios te ruego Hermitaño,
Que uses de caridad.
Que despues havrèmos tiempo
De como vengo à contar.

Mas para esta triste dueña
Dame que la pueda dar,
Que tres dias con sus noches
Ha que no ha comido pan.
Que allà en essa fuente fria
El parto le fue à tomar.

El Hermitaño que esto oyera
Movido de piedad,
Llevòles para la Hermita
Do el solia habitar.

From a thicket, who advancing
Met the fond dejected pair,
And, a rev'rend look possessing,
Spoke with kind and friendly air :—

“ Heav’n preserve me ! what could lead you
“ To this wild deserted place,
“ Where no mortal holds his dwelling,
“ Void of all the human race,

“ Save myself, through painful penance
“ In these gloomy precincts found ?”
Thus the Count his questions answer’d,
While he felt grief’s keenest wound :—

“ Oh ! for God’s sake, Hermit, let me
“ Charity’s kind aid request,
“ And, when time permits, I’ll tell you
“ Why you see us so distress’d.

“ But this poor unhappy lady
“ With your choicest morsels treat,
“ For three days and nights we wander,
“ And have nothing found to eat.

“ Yet the pangs of child-birth seiz’d her
“ By yon pleasant fountain’s side ;
“ Heav’n itself with strength sustain’d her,
“ Or she there had surely died.”

Diòles del pan que tenia
Y agua, que vino no hay :
Recobró algo la Condesa
De su flaqueza muy grande.

Alli le rogò el Conde
Quiera al niño bautizar ;
Placeme dixo de grado,
Mas còmo le llamaràn.

Como quisieredes padre
El nombre le podreis dar ;
Pues nació en asperos montes,
Montesinos le diran.

Passando y viniendo dias,
Todos vida santa hacen ;
Bien passaron quinze años,
Que el Conde de alli no parte.

Mucho trabajò el buen Conde
En haverle de enseñar,
A su hijo Montesinos
Todo el arte militar ;

Còmo ha de jugar las armas,
Y què honra ha de ganar,
El mirar bien el enojo
Que su padre le fuè à dàr.

When the Hermit heard this story,
Pity for their woes he felt,
And towards his cell he led them,
Where in happy peace he dwelt :

Bread and water sat before them,
Wine he had not to bestow ;
Still the Countess fast recover'd
From the thrilling pangs of woe.

Then the good Count begs the Hermit
Will his infant son baptize :
“ What the name you wish to give him,
“ Gentle wand'ers ?” he replies.

“ Montesinos let us call him ;
“ For, in mountains rude and wild,
“ Heav'n was pleas'd, in tender mercy,
“ To bestow our first-born child.”

Days were come, and days were over,
Whilst a tranquil life they led
Fifteen tedious years, nor ever
From the lonely forest stray'd.

To instruct young Montesinos
Sooth'd his noble father's heart ;
With delight he strives to teach him
All the valiant soldier's art ;

Muestrale leer, y escribir,
Lo que le puede mostrar ;
Muestrale jugar à tablas,
Y cebar un gavilàn.

A veinte y quatro de Junio,
Dia era de San Juan,
Padre y hijo paseando
De la Hermita se vàn.

Encima de una alta sierra
Se suben à razonar,
Quando en alto se vido,
Viò à Paris la gran ciudad.

Tomò al hijo por la manò,
Comenzòle de hablar,
Con lagrimas y sollozos
No dexa de suspirar.

What bright honor it became him
To achieve in well fought fields,
Marking in his son the pleasure
Tale of glorious battle yields.

Then to read and write he shew'd him,
And the jav'lin high to poise ;
As his son instruction gathers,
Hourly reaps he fairer joys.

E'en at chess too did he teach him
Ev'ry skilful move to know,
That his son, each science learning,
Might no awkward ign'rance shew.

June it was the four and twentieth,
On St. John's auspicious day,
When the valiant son and father
From the cell pursu'd their way :

To a lofty mountain bending,
Where the eye might Paris reach ;
When the Count afar beheld it,
Thus did he begin his speech :

By the hand his brave son taking,
Breathing forth a tender sigh,
Whilst, with recollection streaming,
Tears bedew'd his glist'ning eye :—

ROMANCE
DE LA
MISMA HISTORIA.

—
PARTE II.
—

CATA Francia Montesinos
Cata París la ciudad,
Cata palacio del Rey
Tu abuelo natural.

Cata tu casa Don Tomillas
Mi enemigo mortal,
Que por la su mala lengua,
Me mandaron desterrar.

Do he pasado à causa desto
Mucha sed, calor y hambre,
Aguas, nieves, y ventiscos,
Por estos asperos valles.

Tu madre te parió en una fuente,
Sin tener en que te echar.
Yo triste quité mi sayo,
Por poderte cobijar.

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
COUNT GRIMWALD,
AND
MONTESINOS.

PART II.

“ LOOK at France, brave Montesinos ;

“ Look at Paris so renown'd ;

“ At the palace, where the Emperor

“ Sits with royal splendor crown'd.

“ Look where false Tomillas, also,

“ My base foe, maintains his pow'r,

“ Through whose perfidy I suffer'd

“ Dire distress in evil hour.

“ By his wicked counsels banish'd,

“ Thirst and hunger, cold and heat,

“ Rain and winds, and cruel tempests,

“ Did we in these mountains meet.

“ By a fountain side your mother,

“ In affliction, brought you forth ;

“ Nought except my vest to shield you

“ At the moment of your birth.

Otras mil angustias tristes,
Que yo no quiero contar,
El traydor Don Tomillas,
Todo esto fue à ordenar :
Mas si Dios me diesse vida,
Yo lo entiendo de vengar.

Montesinos que esto oyera
A sue padre fue à mirar,
Las rodillas puso en tierra,
Por la mano le besar.

Pidiò le diesse licencia,
Que à Paris quière llegar,
Porque havia oïdo decir
Que sueldo acostumbran dàr
A los buenos caballeros
Que lo quisiessen tomar,

Por esso os ruego señor,
Do ello no tomeis pesar,
Que si sueldo del Rey tomo,
Todo se podrá vengar.
Viendo el Conde su deseo
La benedicion le fue à dàr ;

" E'en a thousand keener miseries,
" More than tongue can well relate,
" Vile Tomillas has engender'd,
" Through his never-ceasing hate,

" But I vow'd, and sure as Heaven
" Gives me life, my wicked foe,
" Ere another year hath circl'd,
" Shall my fiery vengeance know,"

To his noble father turning,
Montesinos lowly bent,
And, his hand in duty kissing,
Thus proclaim'd his heart's intent :—

" Sire, your kind permission give me
" Tow'rds yon city to depart,
" And no longer let vexation
" Prey upon your gen'rous heart.

" I have heard that valiant soldiers
" From their sov'reign pay receive,
" And, if I become a soldier,
" Let not that your bosom grieve ;

" For I will assert your honor,
" And abundant vengeance take :
" Father, then bestow your blessing ;
" Give it for that honor's sake !"

Partiendose Montesinos,
A su padre fue à rogar,
Que haya por encomendada
A la Condesa su madre,
Y de su parte le diga,
Que a Tomillas và à buscar.
Placeme dixera el Conde,
Hijo por te contentar.

Ya se parte Montesinos
Para en París entrar,
Y en entrando por las puertas,
Luego quiso preguntar,
Por los palacios del Rey,
Que se los quieran mostrar.
Los que se lo oyen decir
De èl se empiezan de burlar.
Viendole tan mal vestido
Piensan que es loco, ò truan.

En fin muestran le el palacio
Por vèr què quiere buscar,
Sube arriba al palacio
Entrò en la sala Real.

Hallò que comia el Rey,
Don Tomillas à la par,
Mucha gente està en la sala,
Por èl no quiere mirar.

When the Count bestows his blessing,
Thence the son departs in haste ;
To his mother sent his duty,
And his path to Paris trac'd.

Long the Count, with pleasure glowing,
Did his gen'rous son behold ;
Then, o'erjoy'd, his dauntless valor
To the gentle Countess told.

Now to distant Paris circling
Where the gates and turrets lay,
Montesinos, for the palace
Loudly asking, seeks his way.

All that heard him laugh'd and wonder'd
Such a young and simple lad
To the Emperor's court should journey,
In so poor a vesture clad.

But, at length, the way they shew'd him,
Just to mark what there he'd do ;
Then the rich saloon he enter'd,
Where he did the Emperor view.

At the table was he seated,
With Tomillas by his side ;
All the room was full of Nobles ;
None of these his fury ey'd.

Desque huvieron yantado
La xedrèz vàn à jugar,
Solo el Rey, y Don Tomillas,
Sin nadie à ellos hablar.

Si no fuera Montesinos
Que llegò à los mirar ;
Mas el falso Don Tomillas,
En quien nunca hubo verdad,

Jugàra una treta falsa,
Donde no pudo callar,
El noble de Montesinos
Y publicò su maldad,

Don Tomillas que esto oyera,
Con muy gran riguridad,
Levantàra la su mano
Por un bofeton le dàr.

Montesinos con el brazo
El golpe le fue à tornar,
Y con el otro el tablero,
A Don Tomillas fue à dàr,

Un tal golpe en la cabeza,
Que lo hubo de matar.
Murì el perverso dañado,
Sin valerle su maldad.

When the royal feast was over,
Count Tomillas and the King,
By themselves to play repairing,
Bid the pages tables bring.

Near them as they play'd, observant,
Montesinos stood alone ;
But the traitor false Tomillas,
In whose heart no truth was known,

When he thought no eye perceiv'd him,
With deceit began to play ;
But the youth aloud proclaim'd it,
Pointing where the tables lay.

In a furious rage Tomillas
From his seat impatient rose,
And upon the face to strike him
With his hand revengeful goes.

On his arm brave Montesinos
Caught the blow, and nothing said,
But, the tables instant raising,
Dash'd them on the traitor's head.

Such a furious blow he struck him,
That it fell'd him to the ground ;
Nought his foul deceit availing,
Death upon the spot he found.

Alborotanse los Grandes
Quantos en la sala estàn.
Prendieron à Montesinos,
Y queriendole nuatar,
Sino que el Rey mandò à todos
Que no le hiciessen mal,
Por èl queria saber
Quien le diò tan gran osar,
Que no sin algun mysterio
El tal fuera à pensar.
Quando el Rey le interrogò,
El dixera la verdad :
Sepa tu Real Alteza,
Que soy tu nieto carnal ;
Hijo soy de tu hija,
Que la hicistes desterrar,
Con el Conde Don Grimaltos,
Vuestro servidor leal,
Y por falsa informacion
La quisistes maltratar.
Mas ahora vuestra Alteza
Dello se pudo informar,
Que el falso de Don Tomillas
Sepan si dixo verdad.
Y si pena yo merezco,
Buen Rey mandadme la dar,
Y tambien si no la tengo,
Que me mandes soltar.

All the Nobles round him gath'ring,
Quick the youthful hero sieze ;
But aloud the Emperor shouting,
Bids the sudden tumult cease.

" Not without some secret myst'ry
" Would the youth have done this deed ;
" Let us, then, before we punish,
" Hear him his excuses plead."

Montesinos then was question'd,
And the truth he boldly told ;
" Sire," he cries, " your duteous grandson
" At your royal feet behold :

" Son of that illustrious daughter
" Whom you banish'd from your sight ;
" Than her husband, brave Count Grimwald,
" Lives not a more loyal Knight ;

" But, bely'd by this vile traitor,
" Ill you did my father treat :
" Let your Highness seek with candor
" If the truth I now repeat ;

" And, if I deserve chastisement,
" Let it fall upon my head ;
" But receive us to your favor,
" If the truth alone I've said.

Y el buen Conde, y la Condesa,
Mandes señor tornar,
Y que les bolvais las tierras,
Que èl solia gobernar.

Quando el Rey aquesto oyera,
No quiso mas escuchar,
Aunque viò ser el su nieto
Quiso saber la verdad.

Suponese que Don Tomillas
Ordenò aquella maldad,
Porque tuvo embidia al Conde,
Viendose en prosperidad.

Quando el Rey la verdad supo
Al Conde mandò buscar.
Gente de à pie, y de à caballo
Vàn por le acompañar.

Damas para la Condesa,
Como solia llevar.

" Let the Countess and my Father
 " To their native home return,
" And no longer sore neglected
 " In distressful sorrow mourn.

" To his honors, Sire, restore him,
 " All that he before enjoy'd ;
" For his heart was true and loyal,
 " Ne'er in treach'rous arts employ'd."

When the Emperor heard this story,
 He resolv'd to seek the truth ;
Not his grandson e'en believing,
 Whom he saw in this brave youth ;

And 'twas found that false Tomillas
 Had the noble Count betray'd,
At the royal favor aiming,
 Had his prey through envy made.

When the truth was full unfolded,
 Horse and foot, a splendid train,
Sent he to escort Count Grimwald
 To his ancient seat again :

Ladies to attend the Countess,
 As in days when fortune smil'd,
When the wishes of her bosom
 Were with pleasing care beguil'd.

Llegados juntos à París
Dentro no quieren entrar,
Porque quando del salieron
Los dos fueron à jurar,

Que las Puertas de París
Nunca las verian passar.
Quando el Rey aquello supo,
Luego mandò derribar

Un pedazo de la cerca,
Por do pudiesse passar,
Sin quebrar el juramento
Que ellos fueron à jurar.

Llevaronles à palació
Con mucha solemnidad,
Hacenes muy grandes fiestas,
Quantos en la Corte están.

Caballeros, Dueñas, Damas,
Las vienen à visitar,
El Rey delapte de todos
Por mayor honra les dàr.

Les dixo que havia sabido
Como era todo maldad
Lo que dixo Don Tomillas
Quando le hizo desterrar.

At the city gates arriving,
They refus'd to enter through ;
But the Emperor, when the motive
Of this firm resolve he knew,

That, when erst from Paris banish'd,
Each an oath most sacred swore
Never through the gates to enter
Of that hated city more ;

Willing sent his royal mandate
Down to break a length of wall,
That their oaths with truth observing
Might no more their minds appal.

To the palace then proceeding,
All the court and city round
Rung with shouts of joy and gladness,
Rung with music's sweetest sound.

Ladies, Cavaliers, and Damsels,
Pleas'd a friendly welcome pay ;
And the King, to do them honor,
Kindly meets them on the way.

Highly he bewail'd the treach'ry
Which the false Tomillas feign'd,
Cause of all the fatal mischief
By the noble pair sustain'd.

Y porque sea mas creído
Allí los tornò à firmar
Todo lo que antes tenían,
Y el Gobierno General.

Y que despues de sus dias,
El reyno haya de heredar
El noble Montesinos,
Así lo mandò firmar.



**But, a just amends to make them,
All that they enjoy'd before,
Ev'ry title, rank, and honor,
Did the gracious King restore ;**

**And ordain'd, whenever heaven
Should the noble father call;
That his brave son Montesinos
Should alike inherit all ;**

**Should both Governor and Regent
Of the royal State be made,
And the right should to his children
Be by firm decree convey'd.**

~~—————~~

ROMANCE
DEL CONDE
DE
IRLOS.

ESTABASE el Conde de Irls
Sobrino de Don Beltràn,
Assentado està en sus tierras,
Deleytandose en cazar ;

Quando le vinieron cartas
De Carlos el Emperante,
De las cartas placer huvo,
De las palabras pesar ;
Que lo que las cartas dicen,
A èl parece muy mal.

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
COUNT IRLOS.

THE utmost we can expect in these Ballads is some foundation for the stories they relate. On looking into Mæzeray we find this paragraph in the life of Charlemaine: "All the princes of the earth either feared or loved Charlemaine. Alphonso, King of Galicia and the Asturias, writing or sending to him, would be called no other but his man, or vassal. The haughty Aaron, King of Persia, who despised all other princes in the world, desired no friendship but his: he this year (801) sent him jewels, silks, and spices, and one of his largest elephants. Withal understanding that he had a great devotion for the Holy Land, and the city of Jerusalem, he gave him the propriety of them, reserving to himself only the title of his lieutenant in that country."

But the true origin of the story of this early expedition of the French to the East is, I suspect, to be traced to an old Romance called '*La Conquête de l'Empire de Trebizonde*, par Renaud de Montauban.'

As Count Irlos, Bertram's nephew,
Of a great and noble race,
Was at his fair seat, enjoying
The diversions of the chase;

Letters from his Lord, the Emperor,
Came, and well the letters pleas'd,
But, the moment that he read them,
Grief his manly bosom seiz'd.

Rogaros quiero sobrino,
El buen Francès natural,
Lleveis vuestros caballeros,
Los que comen vuestro pan ;

Darles heis doblado sueldo
Del que le sueleis dàr ;
Dobles armas, y caballos,
Que bien menester lo han,

Darles heis el campo franco
De aquello que ganaren ;
Partirosheis à los Reynos
Del Rey Moro Aliarde.

Desafiamiento me ha hecho
A mi, y a los Doce Pares ;
Grande mengua me seria,
Que todos hayan de andar.

No veo caballero en Francia
Que mejor pueda embiar,
Sino a vos el Conde de Irls,
Esforzado en pelear.

El Conde que aquesto oyò,
Tomò tristeza, y pesar,
No por miedo de los Moros,
Ni menos de pelear.

"Count," he writes, "my pleasure wills you
"Forth to lead your warlike train,
"Vassals at your table feasting,
"Vassals of your fair domain.

"Troops, that are to pay accustom'd,
"Let them double pay receive ;
"Change of arms, and change of horses,
"To each valiant soldier give.

"And besides you'll freely grant them
"All their conqu'ring arms may win ;
"For the Moor Aliarde's kingdom
"You will then your march begin.

"Me to battle hath he challeng'd,
"And the Twelve bold Peers defy'd ;
"Low indeed will be our honor,
"If the challenge be deny'd !

"Not a hero France possesses
"Like Count Irlós, great in fight ;
"Foes shall tremble at his valor,
"And their safety find in fight."

Highly did these tidings grieve him,
Not but he disdain'd the Moor ;
Oft in fields of glory fighting,
Oft the victor's palm he bore ;

Mas tiene muger hermosa,
Moza, y de poca edad,

Tres años anduvo en armas
Para con ella casar ;
El año era cumplido
Della la manda apartar.

Desque en estò èl pensaba
Tomò della gran pesar,
Triste estaba, y pensativo,
No cessa de suspirar.

Despide los falconeros,
Monteros manda pagar,
Despide todos aquellos,
Con quien solia deleytar.

No burla con la Condesa
Como solia burlar,
Mas muy triste, y pensativo,
Siempre le veian andar.

La Condesa que esto vido,
Llorando empezó de hablar :
Triste estades vos el Conde,
Triste y lleno de pesar,

But a wife both young and lovely
Pressing in his happy arms,
He enjoy'd the sweetest treasure
Heav'n could give him in her charms.

Three whole years by deeds of valor
Ere he won his blooming bride ;
Scarce a year his own to leave her,
All his pleasure, all his pride,—

Hard indeed ! and, deeply musing,
Deeper still it mov'd his grief ;
To his heart, with anguish bleeding,
Nothing could bestow relief.

Huntsmen, falconers discharging,
All at once he sends away ;
In the chase no more delighting,
Pleasure gives no cheering ray.

No more with his lovely Countess
Does he laugh, and toy, and jest,
But to melancholy musing,
And to sorrow, yields his breast.

“ Ah ! for why ?” his lovely lady
To her Lord impassion'd cries,
“ Ah ! for why ? your gen'rous bosom
“ Ev'ry blissful joy denies,

Deste tan triste partida,
Para mi' de tanto mal.
Partiros quereis el Conde
A los Reynos de Aliarde :

Dexaisme en tierras ajenas
Sola, y sin quien me acompañe :
Quantos años el buen Conde
Haceis cuenta de tardar ?

Y bolverme he à las tierras,
A las tierras de mi padre,
Vestirme he de un paño negro,
Esse serà mi llevar.

Maldecirè mi hermosura,
Maldecirè mi mocedad,
Maldecirè el triste dia,
Que con vos quive casar.

Mas si vos queriades Conde,
Yo con vos queria andar ;
Mas quiero perder la vida,
Que sin vos della gozar.

El Conde desque esto oyera
Empezòla de mirar,
Con una voz amorosa
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr.

" Is it true, then, must you wander

" To the Moorish realms afar ?

" Must you leave your faithful lady

" For rude scenes of cruel war ?

" Ah ! how many years of absence

" Must my breast in sorrow mourn !

" In a foreign land forsaken,

" From my Lord so early torn !

" To my native home returning,

" Deep distress my heart shall know ;

" And, the robe of sorrow wearing,

" Feel its only joy in woe.

" I cou'd freely curse my beauty,

" Curse my youthful blooming age,

" Ev'ry charm that first attracting

" Did your gen'rous love engage.

" But if leave you kindly grant me,

" Ev'ry toil I'll willing share ;

" And, to distant climes attending,

" With a cheerful mind repair."

When he heard his gentle lady,

As in accents mild she spoke,

With a tender look replying,

Silence in these words he broke :—

No lloredes vos Condesa,
De mi vida no hayais pesar.
No quedais en tierra agena,
Vuestra es, y a vuestra mandar.
Que antes que yo me parta
Todo vos lo quiero dár.
Podreis vender qualquier Villa,
Y empeñar qualquier Ciudad,
Como principal señora,
Que nada os puedan quitar.

Quedareis encomendada
A mi tio Don Beltrán,
Y a mi Primo Don Gayferos,
Señor de Paris la grande.
Quedareis encomendada
A Oliveros, y a Roldan,
Al Emperador, y los Doce,
Que à una inesa comen pan.

Porque los Reynos son lexos
Del Rey Moro Aliarde,
Cerca està de la Casa santa
Allende del nuestro mar.

Siete años la Condesa,
Todos siete me esperad ;
Si a los ocho no viniere,
A los nueve vos casad.

- " Weep not so, my gentle Countess,
" Here forlorn you shall not stay ;
" All that I possess I give you
" Ere I wander far away.
- " You shall part with town or city,
" Or what lands soe'er you please ;
" As their true and lawful lady,
" Freely shall you reckon these.
- " And, besides, I'll strait commend you
" To my uncle Bertram's care,
" To my cousin, Prince Gayferos,
" Lord of Paris, rich and fair.
- " Oliveros, brave Orlando,
" And the Emperor, I'll entreat,
" And the Twelve that at one table
" Of the same rich viands eat ;
- " Their protection kind to grant you,
" For the kingdom of the Moor,
" Near the Holy House, lies distant
" From my much-lov'd native shore.
- " Seven years, my lovely Countess,
" Shall you my return await ;
" If the eighth you do not see me,
" Take at nine the wedded state.

Sereis de veinte y siete años,
Que es la mejor edad.
Quien con vos case, señora,
Mis tierras sean su ajuar,
Gozará muger hermosa,
Rica, y de poca edad.

Bien es verdad la Condesa,
Que conmigo os queria llevar ;
Mas yo voy para batalla,
Y no cierto para holgar.

Caballero que và en armas
De muger no ha de curar,
Porque con el bien que os quiero
La honra havia de olvidar.

Mas aparejar Condesa,
Mandad vos aparejar,
Ireis con migo à las Cortes
A París esse Ciudad.

Toquen, toquen, mis trompetas,
Mandad luego aparejar ;
Yà se parte esse buen Conde,
La Condesa otro que tal.

" You will then be sev'n and twenty ;

" Can there be a fitter age ?

" Happy he whose tender service

" Shall your gentle love engage !

" He will have a spouse so lovely,

" Towns and cities large and fair,

" And a thousand thousand blessings

" In your sweet possession share.

" Fain, indeed, shou'd you attend me,

" But my errand is not joy ;

" War and all its horrid tumults

" Will my future hours employ.

" Ill, indeed, does tender dalliance

" Suit the bold advent'rous Knight,

" Who by honor led to glory

" Hopes to triumph in the fight.

" But prepare, my gentle Countess,

" To the Court prepare to go ;

" To the Emperor firm obedience

" We're in duty bound to shew.

" Sound, my trumpets sound, and forward

" March my gallant troops in haste !"

Trav'ling now, the Count and Countess

From their home in sorrow pac'd;

La buelta vàn de París
Apriessa, y no de vagar,
Quando son à una jornada
De París la gran Ciudad.

El Emperador, que lo supo,
A recebir se los vò,
Con èl sale Oliveros,
Con èl sale Don Roldan ;

Y con èl Dardin Dardena,
Y Urgel de la fuerza grande,
Con el Infante Guarinos,
Almirante de la mar.

Con èl sale el esforzado
Reynaldos de Montalvàn,
Con èl vàn todos los Doce
Que à una mesa comen pan ;

Sino el Infante Gayferos,
Y el buen Conde Don Beltràn,
Que salieron tres jornadas
Mas que ninguno adelante.

No quiso el Emperador,
Que huviessen de aposentar,
Sino en su Real Palacio,
Posada les mandò dâr.

And, the road to Paris taking,
To the city bend their way ;
But, when from its turrets distant
Not above a single day,

Forth the Emperor comes to meet them
With a fair and splendid train ;
Oliveros and Orlando
Foremost riding on the plain.

And the brave Dardin Dardena,
Urgel too for strength renown'd,
And the Admiral Guarinos
On the seas with vict'ry crown'd.

Stout Rinaldo of Montalban,
Fam'd for many a gallant deed ;
And the Twelve at one round table,
Who the same rich viands feed.

But the valiant Prince Gayferos,
And Count Bertram, call'd the Old,
Far before the Emperor riding,
Three days journey forward hold.

In the royal palace only
Would the Emperor let them rest,
And with courtly pomp and splendor
Made the noble Count his guest,

Luego empiezan su partida
Apriessa, y no de vagar ;
Dale diez mil Caballeros
De Francia la principal,

Y sin otra demàs gente,
Gran exercito Real ;
El sueldo les paga juntos,
Por siete años, y mas.

Yà tomadas buenas arinas,
Cavallos otro que tal,
Endereza su partida,
Comienza de caminar.

Mas el buen Conde de Irlós,
Ruega mucho al Emperante,
Que èl, y todos los Doce
Se quisiessen ajuntar.
Quando todos fueron juntos
En la gran sala Real,
Entrò èl, y la Condesa,
Mano por mano se van,
Quando son en medio de ellos,
El Conde empezó de hablar :
A vos lo digo mi tío,
El buen viejo Don Beltran,
Y à vos Infante Gayferos,
El mi buen primo carnal.
Y este delante de todos
Lo quiero mucho rogar ;

For departure then preparing,
Lo! the gallant troops advance ;
Cavaliers at least ten thousand,
All the noblest sons of France.

And, moreo'er, a royal army,
Many a Chief in bright array :
When they all were thus assembl'd,
For sev'n years receiving pay.

Swords and lances highly temper'd
For their service they provide ;
Tents, provisions, all that's needful
With the noblest steeds to ride.

But, ere he departs, Count Irlos
Begs the King his Peers to call,
And, when round in order seated,
Thus he speaks before them all ;

(As he held his dearest Countess
Gently by her loving hand,
And as in the midst advancing,
Side by side they graceful stand :—)

“ To you do I speak, my Uncle,
“ Prince Gayferos, speak to you ;
“ All the worthy Peers around me
“ In their turn address them too.

Y al muy alto Emperador
Que sepa mi voluntad :
Como villas, y castillos,
Ciudades, y lo demás,

Que lo dexò à la Condesa
Nadie lo pueda quitar.
Por principal heredera
En ellas pueda mandar:

Y vender qualquiera Villa,
Y empeñar qualquier Ciudad,
De aquello que ella hiciere
Todos se han de agradar.

Si à tiempo yo no viniere,
Royoos la querais casar,
Al marido que tomare
Mis tierras dè en ajuar.

Y à vos la encomiendo tio,
Como à su marido, y padre,
Y encomiendola à los Doce,
Y à Carlos el Emperante.

A todos les place mucho,
De aquello que el Conde hace ;
Yà se parte el buen Conde
De París la gran Ciudad.

“ To our high and honor’d Emperor
“ Likewise let my will be known ;
“ All my towns and all my cities
“ Shall the Countess call her own.

“ To her are they freely giv’n,
“ Ought let no one take away ;
“ As their mistress, I command them
“ Her sole pleasure to obey.

“ She may part with town or city,
“ Or what land she best may please ;
“ She’s their true and lawful mistress,
“ All her own possessions these.

“ And in case heav’n shall not bless me
“ With a kind and prosp’rous fate,
“ Chuse her then some Lord that’s worthy
“ To enjoy my fair estate.

“ To you, Uncle, I commend her,
“ Be you like a father kind ;
“ In the Twelve and in the Emperor
“ Let her sure defenders find.”

Highly ev’ry Knight commended
What they heard Count Irlos say ;
From fair Paris then departing,
Forward he pursues his way.

La Condesa que ir lo vido,
Jamàs lo quiso dexar
Hasta el mar, y sus orillas,
Do se havia de embarcar.

Con èl và el esforzado
Reynaldos de Montalvan,
Y otros muchos Caballeros
De Francia la principal.

Tan triste es la despedida
Que el uno al otro han,
Que si el Conde iba triste,
La Condesa mucho mas.

Palabras se estan diciendo,
Que era dolor de contar,
El conorte que se daban,
Era continuo llorar.

Con gran dolor mandò el Conde
Hacer vela, y navegar ;
Viendose sin la Condesa,
Navegando por la mar.

Movido de muy gran saña,
Y lleno de gran pesar,
Diciendo por ningun tiempo
Della lo havia de apartar.

But the Countess never leaves him
Till she sees her dearest Lord,
And his noble train of warriors
Safe their lofty barks aboard.

Brave Rinaldo of Montalban
To the shore the Count attends ;
Many a Knight of France rides with him,
All his firm and faithful friends.

From his dear beloved Countess
Hard indeed the task to part ;
If the Count was sad and pensive,
More it rent her tender heart.

Words they spoke so fond and piercing
That it mov'd one's grief to hear :
Comfort 'twas in vain to seek for ;
All their comfort was a tear.

Now the Count the signal giving,
O'er the swelling waves they ride :
When no more he saw his lady
Fondly seated by his side,

Fierce distraction seiz'd his bosom,
Loud and bitter was his rage ;
While the tortures that he suffer'd
No allurements could assuage.

Juramento tiene hecho
Sobre un libro Missal,
De jamás bolver en Francia,
Ni en ella comer pan,
Y que nunca embierà carta,
Porque de èl no sepan mas.

Navegando sus jornadas
Por la tempestuosa mar,
Llegado ha à los Reynos
Del Rey Moro Aliarde.

Este gran Soldan de Persia,
Con muy gran ademan,
Yà le estaba aguardando
A las orillas del Mar.

Quanto vino cerca tierra,
Las naveo mandò llegar,
Con esfuerzo denodado
Los empieza de esforzar.

O esforzados Caballeros,
O mi compañía leal,
Acuerdeseos que dexamos
Nuestra tierra natural :

Dellos dexados mugeres,
Y dellos hijos, y padres,
Solo para ganar honra,
Y no para ser cobardes.

Not to see his native country
In an angry mood he swore ;
Never to send tidings thither,
With it correspond no more.

Thus on seas tempestuous sailing,
Swift the ships their course pursue,
Till the kingdom of Aliarde
Far in foreign lands they view :

Persia's brave redoubted Soldan,
On the borders of the sea,
With his warlike train expects them,
All in martial gallantry.

To the shore at length approaching,
As they drew towards the beach,
Thus the gallant Count address'd them
In this bold and manly speech :—

“ O, ye brave undaunted warriors
“ Of my fair illustrious train,
“ Recollect your native country
“ Have we left renown to gain ;

“ Have we left our wives and children,
“ All our friends and parents dear,
“ Not to play the fearful cowards,
“ But to conquer bravely here.

Pues esforzados caballeros,
Esforzados en pelear,
Lllevaré la delantera,
Y no me queráis dexar.

La Morisma eran tanta,
Tierra no dexan tomar ;
El Conde era esforzado,
Y discreto en pelear.

Mandò toda la artilleria
Encima barcas passar
Con ingenios que trala,
Empezòlas de tirar ;
Los tiros eran tan fuertes,
Por fuerza hacen lugar,
Veriais sacar los caballos
Muy apriessa cavalgar,
Muy fuerte dan en los Moros
Tierra les hacen dexar.

En tres años que el buen Conde
Entendio en pelear,
Ganados tiene los Reynos
Del Rey Moro Aliarde.

Con todos sus caballeros
Parte por iguales partes,
Tan triste vida hacia,
Que no se puede contar.

" Therefore on, my valiant soldiers,
" From the combat ne'er recede ;
" In the front of battle marching,
" I the daring squadrons lead."

Num'rous was the Moorish army,
Hosts the gallant Chief oppose,
But the Count prepares to thunder
With his engines on the foes.

Stones and arrows, darts and jav'lins,
From the barks like lightning flew ;
Close beside the shore the vessels
Nigh the Moorish squadrons drew.

With tremendous slaughter routed,
Long th' attack they dare not stand,
But desert the beach, and suffer
All the hostile train to land.

In three years by hard-fought battles,
From the day he first begun,
In three years Ajiarde's kingdom
By his arms Count Irlos won.

All amongst his noble warriors
Freely the rich spoils he shares,
But a cheerless life he passes,
Full of sorrows, full of cares.

El Soldan le hace tributo,
Y Reyes de allende el mar ;
De los tributos que daban,
A todos hacia dâr.

Hace mandamiento à todos
Y à los mayores jurar,
Que ninguno sea osado
Hombre en Francia embiar.
Y al que cartas embiasse,
Luego lo haria matar.

Quince años el Conde estuvo
Siempre allende el mar,
Que no escribió à la Condesa,
Ni à su tio Don Beltràn.

Ni tampoco à los Doce,
Ni menos al Emperante ;
Unos dicen que eran muertos,
Otros anegados en el mar.

Tribute does the Soldan pay him,
And the kings beyond the sea ;
Ev'ry tribute still dividing
With his train of chivalry.

But he begs them, as they own him
For their best and steadfast friend,
Neither letter, nor yet tidings,
Home to distant France to send ;

And he makes them swear, moreover,
Death shou'd be the certain pain,
That whoe'er should disobey him
By his fellows shou'd be slain.

Years fifteen the Count remaining
Thus beyond the seas unknown,
To the Countess never writing,
Nor the Emperor on his throne ;

Neither to his Uncle Bertram,
Or the Twelve bold Peers, they thought
Seas and winds tempestuous raging
Had his sure destruction wrought.

But he spent his time in sorrow,
No sweet ray of comfort knew ;
In one same dull listless languor
Months and years unheeded flew.

Las barbas, y los cabellos
Nunca los quiso afeytar,
Tienelos hasta la centa
Muy largos, y aun mas.

La cara mucho quemada
Del muy grande Sol, y Ayre,
Con el gesto demudado
Muy feroz, y espantable.

Los quince años cumplidos
Diez y seis querian entrar,
Acostaràse en su cama
Con deseo de holgar.

Pensando estaba pensando
La triste vida que ha ;
Està pensando aquel tiempo,
Que solia festejar;

Quando justas, y tornèos
Por la Condesa solia armar.

Durmiòse con pensamiento
Y empezará de holgar,
Quando hace un triste sueño,
Para èl de gran pesar :

And his hair, he never cut it ;
And his beard, he let it grow,
Till, to frightful length descending,
E'en it reach'd his waist below.

And his countenance, grown frightful
By the sun and parching wind,
Such a look ferocious darted,
Scarce he seem'd of human kind.

Years fifteen were now accomplish'd,
And the sixteenth had begun,
When upon his hard couch, restless,
Of the past his fancy run.

Present hours of grief comparing,
And the wretched life he led,
With his ancient days of glory,
Days of joy so swiftly fled ;

When in fêtes and gallant tourneys
For his lovely Countess' sake,
Many a spear in manly trials
He was wont with Knights to break.

In these thoughts to sleep retiring,
Scarce his head the pillow press'd,
When a dream most dire and dreadful
His affrighted soul oppress'd ;

Que veía à la Condesa
En brazos de un Infante ;
Salto diera de la cama
Con un pensamiento grande.

Gritando con altas voces,
No cessando de hablar,
Toquen, toquen mis trompetas,
Mis gentes manden llegar.

Pensando que havia Moros,
Todos llegados se han ;
Desque todos son llegados,
Llorando empezó de hablar.

O esforzados Caballeros,
O mi compañía leal,
Yo conozco aquel exemplo,
Que dicen, y que es verdad,

Que todo hombre nacido,
Que es hecho de hueso, y carne,
El deseo mayor que tiene,
Es en sus tierras holgar.

Yà cumplidos son quince años,
Diez y seis quieren entrar,
Que somos en estos reynos,
Y estamos en soledad.

For he thought he saw his Countess
In some youthful Prince's arms:
From his couch he leapt in terror,
Shouting loud with strange alarms.

All his people calling round him,
"Soldiers, from your couches rise!
"Sound my trumpets, sound a levy,"
Thus in dreadful voice he cries.

Fast the soldiers flock about him,
Thinking 'twas the Moorish train:
When he saw them, thus he utter'd,
In a bold determin'd strain:—

"Valiant cavaliers and soldiers,
"Ye whose courage side by side,
"In the fields of glory fighting,
"Oft has been in battle try'd;

"I have heard, and from experience
"Well indeed the truth I know,
"Each one to his native country
"Seeks at last in peace to go.

"Years fifteen are now accomplish'd,
"And the sixteenth is begun,
"Since in Aliarde's kingdom
"We a prosperous course have run.

Quien dexò muger hermosa,
Vieja la ha de hallar ;
El que dexò hijos pequeños,
Hallaràlos hombres grandes,

Sin conocer padre à hijo,
Ni el hijo menor al padre.

Hora es mis caballeros,
De ir à Francia à holgar,
Pues llevamos mucha honra,
Y dineros mucho mas.

Lleguen, lleguen luego naves,
Mandalas aparejar,
Ordenemos capitanes,
Para las tierras guardar.

Yà està todo aparejado,
Yà empieza de navegar ;
Quando todos son llegados,
A las orillas del mar,

Llora el Conde de sus ojos,
Y les empieza de hablar ;
O esforzados caballeros,
O mi compañía leal,
Rogaros quiero una cosa,
No me la querais negar.

" He that left a wife so lovely
 " Now shall find her chang'd with age ;
" He that left his children infants,
 " Find them tread the manly stage,

" Son and father to each other
 " For a time shall rest unknown,
" From a length of years so distant
 " Out of recollection grown.

" To the realms of France returning,
 " Let us now our track explore ;
" Full of honor, fame, and glory,
 " And with riches ample store.

" To prepare his ship so gallant
 " Let not each bold captain fail ;
" Some shall keep the lands we've conquer'd,
 " Some shall with the vessels sail."

Ev'ry gallant ship then launching,
 High aloft the streamers fly ;
At the sea-beach when arriving,
 Thus the Count, with tearful eye :—

" Valiant Cavaliers and soldiers,
 " One small favor let me claim,
" This my wish, that to no stranger
 " You will ever breathe my name.

Quien secreto me tuviere,
Le he de galardonar,
Que en parte alguna que sea,
No me hayaís de nombrar.

Porque en el gesto que traygo,
Nadie me conocerà,
Viendome con tanta gente,
Y con exercito Real.

Si os pidieren quien soy yo,
No les digais la verdad :
Decid que soy mensagero
Quien viene allende el mar

Que và con una embaxada
A Carlos el Emperante,
Porque he hecho un mal sueño,
Y quiero vèr si es verdad.

En el alegría que llevan,
De à Francia se tornar,
Todos hacen juramento
De tenerle puridad.

Embarcanse muy alegres,
Empiezan de navegar ;
El ayre tiene muy fresco,
Que placer es de mirar.

" He that kindly keeps the secret,
" Surely I'll reward him well ;
" In this guise they ne'er shall know me,
" If my name you do not tell.

" But when with our royal army
" On the shores of France we land,
" If they question ought about me,
" You shall answer their demand ;

" That from some far distant country
" 'Tis an embassy I bring
" To our great and warlike Emperor,
" To our sov'reign Lord and King.

" I have had a dream of horror,
" And I go to learn the truth ;
" I have seen my lovely Countess
" In the arms of princely youth."

In the joy of home returning,
 Freely ev'ry soldier swore
Ne'er to breathe his name to strangers
 When they landed on the shore.

Then, with lightsome hearts embarking,
 Soon a pleasant friendly breeze
Wafts the ships in concert sailing
 Gently o'er the swelling seas.

Allegados son en Francia,
En su tierra natural,
Quando el Conde yà partià,
Empieza de caminar.

No và buelta de las Cortes
De Carlos el Emperante,
Mas la buelta de sus tierras,
Las que solìa mandar.

Y llegado que es à ellas,
Por ellas comienza à andar :
Andando por su camino,
Una villa fue à hallar.

Llegadoseha cerca della,
Por con alguno hablar,
Alzò los ojos en alto,
A la puerta del lugar.

Y llorando de sus ojos
Comenzàra de hablar,
O esforzados Caballeros,
De mi duelo aved pesar,

Que armas que mi padre puso,
Mudadas las vèò estar.
O es casada la Condesa,
O mis tierras vàn à mal.

Thus in France ere long arriving,
In their much-lov'd native soil,
Whence in absence long they'd suffer'd
Years of hard and bitter toil.

To the court Count Irlos goes not,
Nor to Paris bends his way,
But to his estates he travels
In the province where they lay.

There, when he arriv'd, he journey'd
Round the country far and near,
Till within his ken a city
With its tow'rs he saw appear.

To the gate his eyes uplifting,
Thus with trembling speech he said,
And with briny torrents flowing
From the fountain of his head :—

“ Valiant Cavaliers and Soldiers,
“ Pity my distress severe,
“ For the arms my father planted,
“ Lo! no more I see them here.

“ Sure, my Countess must be marry'd,
“ Or my lands to ruin doom'd !
“ Else what mischief hath befall'n them:
“ Who hath this sad change presum'd ?”

Allegòse à las puertas,
Con grande enojo y pesar ;
Y mirando por entre ellas
Gente de armas vido estar ;
Llegado à uno de ellos,
Mas viejo en antigüedad,
De la mano le tomàra,
Y empiezele de hablar ;
Por Dios te ruego Portero,
Me digas una verdad,
De quien son aquestas tierras ?
Quien las solìa mandar ?
Placeme dixo el Portero,
De deciros la verdad :
Eran del Conde de Irlos,
Señor de aqueste lugar ;
Ahora son de Celinos,
De Celinos el Infante.
El Conde que aquesto oyera
Buelto se le ha de la sangre,
Con una voz demudada,
Otra vez le fuera hablar.
Por Dios te ruego hermano,
No te quieres enojar,
Que esto que ahora me dices,
Algun tiempo ha de pagar.
Dime, las heredò Celinos,
O si las fue à mercar ?
O si en juego de los dados
El las viniera à ganar ?

At the gates at length arriving,
Full of grief and madding rage,
Folks he saw, and one he question'd
Of a grave and goodly age :

By the hand he kindly takes him,
And begins this gentle speech ;—
“ Tell me, friend, who owns this country ;
“ Whose it was, too, I beseech ?”

“ You shall learn the truth,” the Porter
In a like mild accent cries :
“ It belong'd to good Count Irlos ;
“ Well he did this city prize.

“ But at present to Celinos,
“ To the Prince belongs the town.”
This alarming news distracts him,
Sore it casts his spirits down.

But again he asks the Porter,
“ Friend,” he cries, “ I more would hear ;
“ Answer then my questions kindly,
“ Nor a grateful blessing fear.

“ How does this same Prince enjoy them ?
“ Did he these fair regions buy ?
“ Or by gaming basely win them
“ By the fatal cast of die ?

O si las tenia por fuerza,
Que no las queria tornar ?
El Portero que esto oyera,
Presto le fue à hablar.

No las heredo, Señor,
Ni vinieron de linage,
Que hermano tiene el Conde,
Aunque le querian mal.

Y sobrinos tiene muchos,
Que las podian heredar ;
Ni menos las ha mercado,
Que no las basta pagar.

Grandes Villas hay en ellas,
Que mucho son de estimar ;
Cartas hizo contrahechas
Que al Conde muerto han ;

Por casar con la Condesa,
Que era rica, y de linage,
Y ella no casàra cierto,
Sino contra voluntad,

Y por fuerza de Oliveros,
Y à porfia de Roldan,
Y à ruegos de Carlo Magno,
De Francia Rey Imperante.

" Or does he by force retain them,

" And refuses to restore ?"

Thus the trusty Porter answer'd,

" Freely will I tell you more.

" Signor, he does not enjoy them

" As their true and lawful heir,

" For Count Irlos has a brother,

" And they would become his share.

" He has many a nephew, likewise,

" Who might first a claim pursue :

" Neither has he bought them ; riches

" More they'd take than e'er he knew.

" Cities great there are amidst them,

" That to endless sums amount ;

" But he forg'd deceitful letters,

" Dead they spoke the noble Count,

" All to gain the lovely Countess,

" In her birth and lineage fair ;

" But the Countess scorn'd to listen,

" And did thus her will declare ;

" Till by force bold Oliveros

" And Orlando both combin'd,

" And the King, our potent Emperor,

" Thus proclaim'd his royal mind :

Por casar bien à Celinos,
Y ponerlo en buen lugar ;
Mas el casamiento han hecho
Con una condicion tal,
Que no llegue a la Condesa,
Ni à ella haya de llegar ;
Mas por èl se desposasse
Esse Paladin Roldan.
Ricas fiestas les hicieron,
De Irlos esse Ciudad,
Gastos, galos y tornèos
Muchos de los Doce Pares.
El Conde que aquesto oyera,
Buelto se le ha la sangre,
Por mucho que dissimula,
No cessa de suspirar,

Diciendo, hermano mio,
No te enojas de contar,
Quien fue en estas bodas,
Y quien no quiso estàr ?

Señor, estuvo Oliveros,
El Emperador, y Roldan,
Belardos, y Montesinos,
El gran Conde de Grimaltos,

" ' Let her wed young Prince Celinos,
" ' But with these conditions wed,
" ' Count Orlando shall be proxy,
" ' He ne'er seek the marriage bed.'

" Many a fête in this fair city
" Have of late the twelve Peers held,
" Where, in jousts and costly tourneys,
" Ev'ry noble Knight excell'd."

When Count Irlos heard this story,
In his veins the blood ran cold ;
Though he strove to hide his feelings,
Yet deep sighs his anguish told ;

And again he asks this question,
" Friend, there's more I wish to hear ;
" Tell me who was at these nuptials,
" Nor my further blessing fear :

" Tell me likewise who was absent,
" For all this I long to know ;
" And I will requite your patience,
" And no trifling favors shew.'

" Oliveros and Orlando,
" And our King, renown'd in fame ;
" Montesinos, and Belardos,
" And the good Count Grinwald, came.

Y otros muchos caballeros
De los francos Doce Pares,
Pesò mucho à Don Gayferos,
Pesò mucho à Don Beltràn,

Y à otros muchos caballeros,
Y al fuerte Merian.

Yà que eran desposados,
Missa les querian dàr,
Allegò un Falconero,
A Carlos el Emperante.

Que venia de aquellas tierras,
De allà de allende el Mar ;
Dixo que el Conde era vivo,
Y que de èl traia señal.

Plugò mucho à la Condesa,
Y mucho pesò al Infante,
Porque en las grandes fiestas
Huvo grandes disparates.

Allà traen grande pleyto,
En Cortes del Emperante,
Por lo qual rebuelta es Francia,
Y todos los Doce Pares.

Ella dice, que un año
Pidiò antes de desposar,
Por embiar mensageros,
Muchos allende de la mar.

- " Many another noble Chieftain
" Of our warlike Cavaliers ;
" But Gayferos and Count Bertram,
" It distress'd those worthy Peers.
- " Much too did it grieve Prince Merian,
" When the marriage words were read ;
" But a Falconer arriving,
" Came before the mass was said :
- " From a distant country landing
" Far beyond the bord'ring sea ;
" ' Brave Count Irlos still is living,'
" Thus before the Peers cry'd he.
- " Highly it rejoic'd the Countess,
" But the Prince was griev'd with pain ;
" In these fêtes fierce quarrels rising,
" Scarce they could from blows refrain.
- " Fore the Emperor at this moment
" They pursue the weighty cause ;
" France is all in deep confusion ;
" Tow'rds the issue as it draws :
- " One whole year demands the Countess,
" Till the news can back arrive,
" While she sends to learn for certain
" If the Count be yet alive ;

Si el Conde era muerto
Fuese la boda adelante ;
Si era vivo bien sabia,
Que ella no podia casar.

Por ella habla Don Gayferos,
Y el buen viejo Don Beltràn ;
Por Celinos, Oliveros,
Y esse Paladin Roldan.

Creemos que es dada sentencia,
O que se queria dàr,
Porque ayer huvimos cartas,
De Carlos el Emperante.

Que quitando aquellas armas,
Pongan las naturales,
Y que guardemos las tierras
Por el Conde Don Beltràn ;

Que ninguno de Celinos
En ellas no puede entrar.

El Conde que aquesto oyera,
Movido de gran pesar,
Buelve riendas al Caballo,
En la villa no quiso entrar.

" And if dead he prove, these nuptials
" Shall be then immediate held;
" If he lives, she scorns the union,
" For her heart has ne'er rebell'd.

" Brave Gayferos and Count Bertram
" In her cause with ardor plead;
" Oliveros and Orlando
" For Celinos intercede.

" But we think the final sentence
" Hath been issu'd, or draws near;
" Letters yesternorn arriving
" From the royal hand came here,

" That we must take down the blazon
" You have seen above the gate,
" And for good Count Bertram only
" Hold this spacious fair estate ;

" And that neither Prince Celinos,
" Nor a soldier of his train,
" Shall presume within this country
" E'er to set his foot again."

All this heard the noble warrior,
And his heart was sore oppress'd;
Then his steed immediate checking,
In the town he wou'd not rest ;

Mas allà en un verde prado,
La gente mando assentar,
Con una voz muy humilde
Les empezò de hablar :

O esforzados Caballeros,
O mi compañía leal,
Del consejo que os pidiere,
Bueno me le querais dâr.

Si me aconsejais que vaya
A Cortes del Emperante,
O que mate à Celinos,
A Celinos el Infante.

Bolverèmos allende,
Y allì seguros estàr :
Caballeros que esto oyeron,
Presto tal respuesta dãn.

Callede, Señor, callede,
Señor no digais lo tal,
No mireis à vuestra gente,
Mas mirad à Don Beltràn.
Y à esos buenos Caballeros,
Que tanta honra os hacen.

Si vos matais à Celinos,
Diran que fuistes Cobarde ;

But a spacious pleasant meadow
For his valiant soldiers chose,
Where in mild voice gently speaking
Thus he did his mind disclose :—

“ Valiant cavaliers and soldiers
“ Of a brave redoubted race,
“ Let your counsels now befriend me,
“ And your counsels I’ll embrace.

“ Shall I to our Lord the Emperor
“ At his court pursue my way ;
“ Or seek out the Prince Celinos,
“ And for his presumption slay ?

“ Then we may return for safety
“ To the kingdom whence we came.”
Thus the gallant captains answer,
Thus their leader gently blame :—

“ Speak not thus, my Lord, oh ! speak not
“ Words that make your soldiers mourn,
“ But your eyes to good Count Bertram,
“ And the friends that love you, turn.

“ If you slay young Prince Celinos,
“ Will they not impeach your worth ?
“ He is of a race illustrious ;
“ You, too, are of noble birth.

Sino que vais à las Cortes
De Carlos el Emperante,
Y vereis quien bien os quiere,
Y quien os queria mal.
Por bueno que sea Celinos,
Vos sois de tan buen linage,
Y teneis vos tantas tierras,
Y dinero que gastar ;
Nosotros prometemos
Con juramento en verdad.

Somos diez mil caballeros,
Y Franceses naturales,
De por vos perder la vida,
Y quanto habemos gastar.

Quitado el Emperador,
Contra qualquier otro grande.

El Conde que aquesto oyera
Respuesta ninguna hace,
Dà de espuelas al Caballo ;
Y empieza de caminar,
La buelta vâ de Paris,
Como aquel que bien lo sabe.

Quando fue à una jornada,
De Cortes del Emperante,
Otra vez llegó à los suyos,
Y les empieza de hablar.

" Go then to our Lord the Emperor,
" To his court your way pursue ;
" There you'll learn who seeks your vantage,
" Who has sought your mischief too.

" Lands you have, and fair possessions,
" And abundant wealth to spend ;
" And, moreo'er, your faithful soldiers
" Will your honest cause defend.

" We are full ten thousand warriors
" Of a bold determin'd race ;
" And for your sake ev'ry danger
" With a gen'rous zeal we face.

" Save the Emperor's royal person,
" Ev'ry other Chief we scorn ;
" Never shall our minds ignobly
" Stoop to any mortal born."

This bold speech the good Count hearing,
Not a single word reply'd,
But, his steed with ardor spurring,
Tow'rds the royal city hied ;

And, when one day's journey distant
From the Emperor and his court,
To his valiant soldiers speaking
Thus did he again resort :—

Esforzados caballeros,
Quiero una cosa rogar,
Yo tomè vuestro consejo,
El mio querais tomar.

Que si entro en París
Con exercito Real,
Saldrà por mi el Emperador,
Con todos los principales ;

Si en verme no me conoce,
Conocermeha en el hablar.
Y assi sabrè por cierto
Todo mi bien, y mi mal.
Al que no tiene dineros
Yo le darè en que gastar.
Los unos buelvan à zaga,
Otros passan adelante,
Otros al rededor poseen
En las villas y ciudades.

Solo con cien caballeros
Entrarè en la ciudad,
De noche yà escurecida
Nadie de mi sabrà parte.

Vosotros en ocho dias,
Podeis poco à poco entrar,
Hallereisme en los palacios
De mi tio Don Beltràn.

" Gallant cavaliers and soldiers,
" Once more listen for my sake ;
" Now that I your counsel follow,
" Mine with like persuasion take.

" Shou'd our army to fair Paris
" Thus its stately march pursue,
" Forth the King will come to meet us,
" And his train of nobles too ;

" And though none may know my person,
" Yet my speech will sure bewray :
" Let me, then, entreat in friendship
" Some few troops behind to stay ;

" And let others journey forward
" To the towns and cities round ;
" Thus I soon shall know my fortune,
" If with good or evil crown'd.

" With a hundred friends to guard me
" Will I to the city go ;
" In the dark night boldly ent'ring,
" None our persons thus shall know.

" And in eight days' space unnotic'd
" You may by degrees repair
" To my uncle Bertram's palace,
" Sure to find me station'd there.

Apparejareos posadas
U* dineros que gastar,
Todos fueron muy contentos,
Pues al Conde assi le place.

Noche era escurecida,
Cerca diez horas, ò mas,
Quando entrò el Conde Irlos
En Paris esse Ciudad.

Derecho và à los Palacios
De su tio Don Beltràn,
Para el qual atravesaban
Por medio de la Ciudad.

Vido assomar tantas hachas,
Gente de armas mucho mas,
Por donde èl passar havia,
Por allì vàn à passar.

El Conde desque los vido,
Los suyos mandò apartar ;
Desque todos son passados
El postrero fue à llamar.

Por Dios te ruego escudero,
Me digas una verdad :
Quien son esta gente de armas,
Que ahora vàn por la Ciudad ?

* The single U is a very obsolete word for ò in old Spanish.

" I shall carefully prepare you
 " Quarters, and the best of food."
All his friends the speech approving,
 Judg'd the counsel wise and good.

On a night when stars appear'd not,
 When 'twas ten o'clock and more,
Brave Count Irlos tow'rd's the city
 With his guards undaunted bore.

To his uncle Bertram's palace
 Forward he pursu'd his course,
Through the very midst of Paris
 Riding on his noble horse.

When on all sides torches blazing,
 And a soldier train he spies,
Who pursue the way where wending
 Brave Count Irlos' passage lies ;

When the valiant Count perceiv'd them,
 All his troops he drew aside ;
Let them pass, and to the hindmost
 Thus in gentle accents cry'd :

" Cavalier, for heav'n's sake, tell me
 " What these warlike people mean,
" Who in arms amidst the city
 " At so late an hour are seen ?"

El escudero que esto oyera,
Tal respuesta le fue à dar ;
Señor la Condesa de Irlós
Viene del Palacio Real,

Sobre un pleyto à contrastar :
Oliveros y Roldan,
Son los que en medio la llevan,
Reynaldos, y Don Beltràn.

Aquellos que vãn postreros,
Donde tantas luces vãn,
Son el Infante Gayferos,
Y el fuerte Merian.

El Conde que aquesto oyera
Se sale de la Ciudad,
Debaxo de una espesura
Muy cerca se fue à posar.

Diciendo està à los suyos,
Que no es hora de entrar,
Que desque sean apeados
Tornaràn à cavalgar.

Yo quiero entrar en tal hora,
Que de mi no sepan parte ;
Allì estaba razonando
De armas, y hechos grandes.

Thus the Squire his question answer'd,—

“ Signor, you shall briefly hear ;

“ Countess Irlos from the palace

“ Comes with many a noble Peer.

“ Oliveros and Orlando

“ Guard her first on either side ;

“ Brave Rinaldo and Count Bertram

“ In the rear together ride.

“ And where all those num'rous torches

“ Mid the streets resplendent blaze,

“ Prince Gayferos and Prince Merian

“ Onward jointly bend their ways.”

When the Squire his speech had ended,

Back the Count returning goes,

And awhile without the city

Midst a thicket seeks repose.

“ Friends, it is too soon to enter,

“ Let our noble train alight ;

“ And the torches be extinguish'd,

“ That too much illume the night.

“ At midnight we'll gain the city,

“ When we best may pass unknown.”—

Now, of gallant feats conversing,

Two full hours were shortly flown.

Hasta la media noche,
Los Gallos querian cantar,
Buelven riendas à los Cavallos
Y entrase en la Ciudad,

La buelta de los Palacios
Del buen Conde Don Beltràn,
Antes de llegar à ellos,
De dos calles, y aun mas ;

Tantas cadenas hay puestas
Que ellos no pueden passar,
Lanzas le ponen al pecho
No cessando de hablar.

Buelta, buelta, Caballeros,
Que por aqui no hay passar,
Que aqui estàn los Palacios
Del buen Conde Don Beltràn,

Enemigo de Oliveros,
Y enemigo de Roldan,
Enemigo de Velardos,
De Celinos el Infante.

El Conde que aquesto oyera
Presto tal respuesta hace ;
Ruegote el Caballero
Que me quieras escuchar :

Midnight 'tis, and hark ! the watchful
Cock the early matins crows,
To the city with his Captains
Back the Count advent'rous goes :

To his uncle Bertram's palace
Riding bends without delay,
But two streets before he reach'd it
Chains he found to bar the way.

To his breast a sharp lance pointing,
Loudly does some Guard exclaim,
" Cavalier, turn back, you pass not ;
" Back with speed, then, whence you came !

" This is good Count Bertram's palace,
" And he bade us guard it well ;
" We obey, and none shall enter
" Till his errand first he tell.

" Oliveros and Orlando,
" And Belardos, are his foes ;
" These fierce Knights, and Prince Celinos,
" We by his command oppose."

These same welcome accents hearing,
Gently thus the Count reply'd,
" Friend, I pr'ythee deign to listen ;
" Whilst I speak with patience, hide.

Anda vè, y dile luego
A tu Señor Don Beltràn,
Que aqui està un mensagero,
Que viene de allende el mar,
Con cartas del Conde de Irlós,
Su buen sobrino carnal.
El hidalgo con placer
Comienza de aguijar,
Presto las nuevas le daba
Al buen Conde Don Beltràn.

En la camara le hallò,
Que se queria acostar ;
Desque tal nueva oyera,
Tornò à vestir, y calzar.

Caballeros al rededor
Trécientos trae por guarda,
Muchas hacas encendidas,
Al patio hace baxar.

Y mandò que al mensagero
Solo dexassen entrar ;
Quando fue en el patio,
Con la mucha claridad,
Mirandole està mirando,
Viendole como salvage,
Como el que està espantado,
A èl no se ossa llegar.
Baxito el Conde le habla,
Dandole muchas señales ;

" You shall tell my Lord Count Bertram
" That I have some tidings brought
" From his nephew, brave Count Irlos,
" Who in distant regions fought."

Pleas'd to hear it, to his palace
Quick the soldier speeds his way,
And, this happy news relating,
Does in joyous sounds display.

On his couch he found him resting ;
When the welcome tale he heard,
In his lightest garments dressing,
From his chamber he appear'd.

All his Knights and Squires attending,
Full three hundred, round him go,
And with torches briskly burning
To the court descend below.

" Let no other," cry'd Count Bertram,
" But the messenger alone,
" Gain admittance:" then Count Irlos
Was by torchlight plainly shewn.

Such a savage wild appearing,
Not a soul would venture near ;
Low he speaks to good Count Bertram,
Accents he rejoic'd to hear.

Don Beltràn le conociò
Entonces en el hablar :
Y con brazos abiertos
Corre para le abrazar,
Diciendole està sobrino
Con alegre suspirar.
El Conde le està rogando,
Que nadie dèl sepa parte ;
Embia presto à las plazas
Carniceriàs otro que tal,
Por mercarles de cena
Y mandòla aparejar ;
Mandà que sus Caballeros
Todos les dèxen entrar.
Que los tomen los caballos,
Y los hagan bien pensar ;
Abren muy grandes estudios,
Mandanlos aposentar.
Entra el Conde, y los suyos,
Ninguno otro puede entrar,
Porque al Conde no conozcan,
Ni que dèl supiesen parte.
Vereis todos en palacio,
Unos con otros hablar ;
Si es este el Conde Irlos,
O quien otro puede estàr,
Segun el recibimiento
Que le ha hecho Don Beltràn.
Oido ha la Condesa
Las grandes voces que dèn,
Mandò llamar sus doncellas,
Y comenzòlas de hablar.

In his arms then fondly rushing,
 "Welcome," cry'd he, "welcome home!
"Nephew, in a happy moment
 "Back to France you truly come."

"Uncle, let me first entreat you
 "None may our arrival know;
"Free admittance to your palace,
 "To my people then bestow."

Now a noble feast commanding,
 Bertram hastes a splendid cheer,
No attendant with his nephew,
 Or his warriors suff'ring near.

All their steeds too in his stables
 Good Count Bertram next receives;
Hay, and corn, and cleanly litter,
 To the noble chargers gives.

In amazement all the palace
 This reception friendly see;
"If 'tis not renown'd Count Irlós,
 "Who then can the stranger be?"

When the Countess heard the tumult,
 Silence thus aloud she broke;
Round her all her damsels calling,
 As with hasty words she spoke:—

Què es aquesto mis doncellas ?
No me lo querais negar,
Que esta noche tanta gente
Per palacio sienta andar.

Decidme, no es el Señor
El mi tio Don Beltràn ?
Si quizà dentro en mis tierras
Roldan ha hecho algun mal ?

Las doncellas que lo oyeron,
Tal respuesta vàn à dár ;
Lo que vos sentis, Señora,
No son nuevas de pesar.

Porque un hombre ha venido
En figura de salvaje ;
Con èl muchos caballeros,
Gran acatamiento le hacen,
Muy rica cena le guisa
El buen Conde Don Beltràn.
Uno dice es mensagero,
Que viene de allende el mar ;
Otros, que es el Conde Irlos,
Nuestro señor natural.

Allà se han encerrado,
Que nadie no puede entrar :
Segun vèn el aparejo,
Creen todos ser verdad.

" Tell me, gentle damsels, tell me,
" What does all this tumult mean ?
" Why this sudden train of warriors
" In my uncle's palace seen ?

" Has Orlando and his Captains,
" With a bold presumptuous hand,
" From his mansion driv'n my uncle ;
" Mean they, too, to seize my land ?"

" What you hear," the damsels answering
To the Countess, thus exclaim,
" Are no plaintive notes of sorrow,
" But some joyous news proclaim.

" Hither like a savage 'countred
" Has some Knight admittance found,
" And a banquet is preparing
" For himself and Captains round.

" Some suppose him but a courier
" Come from countries o'er the sea ;
" Others that 'tis brave Count Irlos,
" In this savage guise comes he.

" But so close the door is fasten'd,
" Entrance is to all deny'd :
" What the truth at last may tell us
" Careful, for a time, they hide."

La Condesa que esto oyera,
De la cama fue à saltar,
Apriessa pide el vestido,
Apriessa pide el calzar.

Muchas dueñas y donzellas
Empiezan yà de aguijar,
A las puertas de la quadra
Grandes golpes manda dàr.

A Don Beltràn llama apriessa,
Que dentro la dexe entrar.
No queria el Conde Irlos,
Que la dexassen entrar ;

Don Beltràn saliò à la puerta,
No cessando de hablar ;
Què es esto, señora prima,
No tengais priessa tan grande ;

Que aun no saben las nuevas
Que el mensagero me trae,
Porque es de tierras ajenas,
Y no entiende el language

When the wond'ring Countess heard it,
From her couch she leap'd in haste,
And, her robes about her throwing,
From her chamber instant pac'd.

Round her march her lovely damsels ;
Tow'rds the fair saloon they bend ;
Where the Cavaliers are sitting,
There her hasty steps attend.

For admittance loudly knocking,
To her uncle " Hark !" she cries ;
But Count Irlos not consenting,
He the humble boon denies.

To the door went noble Bertram,
And the Countess thus address'd,
" Why so hasty ? let me beg you
" Not to break the hours of rest,

" Yet unknown to us the tidings
" By this trusty courier brought :
" Niece, when we have learnt his story,
" You shall be immediate sought,

" Trust me, 'tis a stranger only
" From a distant foreign land,
" And his rude and barb'rous language
" None of us can understand."

Mas la Condesa por esso
No quiso sino entrar,
Que à mensagero del Conde
Ella lo quiere honrar.
De la mano la entràra
Esse Conde Don Beltràn ;
Desque ella estuvo dentro,
Empezòle de mirar,
Meneando la cabeza,
No cessa de suspirar ;
Mas el Conde se cubria
Con los cabellos la faz :
Desque la Condesa vido
Que nadie osaba hablar,
Con una voz muy humilde
Empieza de razonar :
Por Dios os ruego mi tio,
Por Dios os quiero rogar,
Pues que aqueste mensagero
Es de tan leños lugar,
Que si no trae dineros,
Ni tuviesse que gastar,
Decid si algo le falta,
Lo dexe de demandar :
Pagar le hemos su gente,
Y darle hemos que gastar,
Pues viene por mi Señor,
Y no le puedo faltar
A el, y à todos los suyos,
Aunque fueron muchos mas.

But the Countess persevering,
Would not this denial take ;
" 'Tis my Lord's own trusty courier,
" Whom I'll honor for his sake."

By the hand the Count then led her ;
Round she cast a timid eye,
And, her head in anguish shaking,
Drew a long distressful sigh ;

For Count Irllos hid his visage
With his flowing tressy hair :
When the Countess found all silent,
Thus spoke she with gentle air :—

" Uncle, for heav'n's sake I beg you,
" And I beg you o'er again,
" Since so distant comes this courier,
" Crossing o'er the stormy main ;

" With him if he brings no money,
" All that he may wish to spend,
" You will let him lack for nothing,
" But most kindly stand his friend :

" Though the train that here attends him
" Were ten times as many more,
" You will let him have abundance
" From our unexhausted store."

Estas palabras hablando,
No cessaba de llorar,
Mancibilla à su marido,
Con el grande amor que ha.

Pensando de consolarla
Acordò de la abrazar,
Y con los brazos abiertos,
Iba para la tomar.

La Condesa espantada
Pusose tras Don Beltràn,
Mas el Conde con suspiros,
Comenzòle de hablar.

No huyades la Condesa,
No os querais espantar,
Que yo soy el Conde Irlos,
Vuestro marido carnal.

Estos son aquellos brazos,
En que solias holgar ;
Con las manos se apartàra,
Los cabellos de la faz.

Conociòle la Condesa
Entonces en el hablar,
En sus brazos ella se echa,
No cessando de llorar.

Weeping then approach'd she near him,
Wishing well to view the mien
Of the stranger, that so lately
Had her much-lov'd husband seen.

He, with love that moment melting,
Open throws his eager arms,
In a warm embrace to clasp her,
But with sudden fear alarms.

Close behind her uncle Bertram
Fast for refuge see she flies,
Whilst Count Irls, softly sighing,
In these soothing accents cries:—

“ Fly not, gentle Countess, fly not ;
“ No wild savage do you see,
“ But behold your lov'd Count Irls,
“ Your own faithful Lord, in me.

“ These the arms in whose embraces
“ Once you took such sweet delight.”
From his face the hair then smoothing,
Now she had a perfect sight.

By his voice at once she knew him,
Tears of sweetest joy she shed ;
To his arms transported flying,
On his face she lean'd her head.

Què es aquesto mi Señor,
Quien vos hizo ser salvage ?
No es este aquel gesto
Que vos teniades antes.

Quitenvos aquestas armas,
Otras luego os quieren dâr,
Traygan de aquellos vestidos
Que soliades llevar.

Yà les paraban las mesas,
Yà les daban à cenar,
Quando empezó la Condesa
A decir assi, y hablar.

Cierto parece señor,
Que lo haremos muy mal,
Que estando el Conde en su tierra
Y su heredad natural,
A los que su honra miraron,
No embiemos avisar.

No lo digo por Gayferos,
Y su hermano Merian,
Sino por el esforzado
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.
Bien sabedes señor tio,
Quanto se quiso mostrar,
Siendo siempre conocido
Con ira, y saña Roldan.

" Ah ! my Lord, what foe has driv'n you

" To embrace this savage state ?

" Not thus was I wont to see you ;

" Hard, indeed, has been your fate !

" Once, in manly beauty blooming,

" None with equal glory shone ;

" Then you woo'd my heart, and won it,

" And it cherish'd you alone.

" This vile garb, off let me take it,

" And your better vests prepare,

" That in days of happier fortune

" You were wont with pride to wear.

" But, my noble uncle Bertram,

" It becomes us sure to send

" News of my dear Lord's arrival

" To each faithful, valu'd friend.

" Those that long have done us honor,

" Not for Prince Gayferos' sake,

" Or his noble brother Merian,

" Who will kind excuses take ;

" But Rinaldo's of Montalban,

" Well his gen'rous worth we know,

" For his aid was nobly granted

" When Orlando was our foe."

Llamaron dos caballeros,
De aquellos muy principales ;
Uno embian à Gayferos,
Otro al de Montalvàn.

Apriessa viene Gayferos,
Apriessa, y no de vagar,
Desque vido la Condesa
En brazos de aquel salvage,

A ellos presto se allega,
Y empezòles de hablar.
Desque el Conde allì lo vido
Levantòse à le abrazar.

Y desque se han conocido,
Gran acatuniento le hace.

Yà puestas eran las mesas,
Yà les daban de cenar,
La Condesa lo servia,
Y estaba siempre delante,
Quando llegó Don Reynaldos,
Reynaldos de Montalvàn,

Cavaliers then two dispatching,
To Rinaldo one they sent,
And the second to Gayferos
With a friendly message went.

All in haste arrives Gayferos,
Wond'ring in such savage arms
Unreserv'd to see the Countess
Yield her fair unblemish'd charms.

To the noble pair still nearer
Then with hasty step he drew,
And his ancient friend Count Irlos
In a happy moment knew.

With what joy their bosoms throbbing
Swiftly to each other spring,
And awhile in mutual transport
Round each other fondly cling!

Now the tables amply spreading,
Soon they saw the festive board
With abundant wines and viands,
And the choicest dainties, stor'd.

On her Lord the Countess waiting,
More and more his presence cheer'd,
Till Rinaldo of Montalban
In the banquet-room appear'd.

Y desde que el Conde lo vido,
Huvo un placer muy grande ;
Con una voz amorosa,
Le emperà de hablar :
O esforzado Conde Irlos
Vuestra venida me place,
Porque ahora vuestros pleytos
Mejor se podrán librar.
Mas si yo fuera creído,
No hubiera que pleytear,
O no halleredes à mi vivo,
O al Paladin Roldan.
El Conde que aquesto oyera,
Grandes mercedes le hace ;
Juramento dice he hecho
Sobre un libro Missal,
De jamàs quitar las armas,
Ni con la Condesa holgar,
Hasta que haya cunplido
Toda la su voluntad.
El concierto que ellos tienen
Por mejor, y natural,
Es, que en el otro dia,
Quedando, y ante el Emperante,
Vaya el Conde al Palacio,
Por la mano le besar ;
Toda la noche passaron
Descansando en hablar.
Quando vino el otro dia,
A la hora de yantar,
Cavalgà el Conde Irlos,
Muy reales armas trae.

Boundless was the hero's pleasure
When the noble Count he view'd ;
Many a tender welcome giving,
His kind speech he thus pursu'd :—

“ O ! a thousand times it glads me
“ To behold my worthy friend ;
“ All the tedious suits his absence
“ Caus'd shall now for ever end.

“ Yet to me had others listen'd,
“ There had been no tedious suit,
“ Or my death, or Count Orlando's,
“ Soon had ended the dispute.”

“ Thanks, my friend !” cry'd brave Count Irllos,
And upon the mass-book swore
Straitly to pursue his counsels,
Nor to quit his arms before.

Then agreed the Chiefs Count Irllos
With the early morn shou'd go,
And his person to the Emperor
In his audience-chamber shew.

All the night in converse sitting
Did the gallant warriors spend,
And towards the royal palace
At the hour of council bend.

Y encima un collar de oro,
Y una ropa rozagante,
Solo con cien caballeros,
Que no queria mas llevar.

A la izquierda Don Gayferos,
A la diestra à Don Beltran,
Vienense à los Palacios
De Carlos el Emperante.

Quantos Grandes allí hallan
Acatamiento le hacen,
Por honra de Don Gayferos,
Que era suya la ciudad.

Quando entrò en la gran sala
Hallan allí al Emperante.
Assentado està à la Mesa,
Que le daban de yantar.

Con èl està Oliveros,
Y con èl està Roldan,
Con èl està Baldovinos,
Y Celinos el Infante.

Richly drest, a collar wearing
Round his neck of well-wrought gold,
Goes the Count in crimson vesture,
Like a monarch to behold.

Round him guards a hundred walking,
(For he chose to take no more ;)
At his left hand, Prince Gayferos,
Bertram at his right he bore.

At the royal gates arriving,
When his train the Courtiers saw,
And the Count with other Chieftains
Tow'rds the presence-chamber draw ;

For the honor of Gayferos,
Lord of Paris so renown'd,
Highly noble was the greeting
From the gallant Peers he found.

When the rich saloon they enter'd,
They perceiv'd the Emperor there,
At the breakfast table seated,
Eating of his sumptuous fare.

Near him valiant Oliveros,
And Orlando first they view ;
Baldwin, that illustrious chieftain,
And the Prince Celinos too.

Con èl están Grandes muchos
De Francia la natural,
Y entrando por la sala
Grande reverencia hacen.

Al Emperador saludan,
Los tres juntos à la par.
Desque Don Roldan los vido
Presto se fue à levantar,
Apriessa à Celinos llama,
No cessando de hablar.
Cavalgar presto Celinos,
No esteis mas en la ciudad,
Que quiero perder la vida,
Si bien mirais la señal.
Si aquel no es el Conde Irlos,
Que viene como salvage,
Yo quedarè por vos, primo,
Si algo querràn demandar.

Yà cavalga Don Celinos,
Y sale de la ciudad,
Con èl và gran gente de armas,
Por haverle de guardar.

Y el Conde, y Don Gayferos
Elegaronse al Emperante,
La mano besar le quieren,
Y èl no se la quiere dàr.

Many another Knight was present
Of th' imperial court of France ;
Lowly makes the Count obeisance,
Forward as his steps advance :

First salutes the royal Emperor,
Then the three that sat beside ;
But when Count Orlando saw him,
To Celinos swift he cry'd,

" Haste thee, haste thee from the city,
" If a safe retreat you choose ;
" But a single moment wasting,
" Life itself you surely lose !

" Yonder comes renown'd Count Irilos,
" Like a savage wild attir'd ;
" I shall answer ev'ry question
" You, perchance, may be requir'd."

From the city rides Celinos,
Justly mov'd at this alarm ;
Many a warrior rides forth with him,
To defend his life from harm.

But the Count and Prince Gayferos
To the Emperor jointly go ;
And, to kiss his hand requesting,
He wou'd not his hand bestow.

Mas està maravillado,
Diciendo, quien puede estar ?
El Conde que assi lo vido
Empezòle de hablar.

No se admire vuestra Alteza,
Que no es de maravillar,
Que quien dixo que era muerto
Mintió, y no dixo verdad.

Yo, señor, soy el Conde Irls,
Vuestro servidor leal ;
Mas los malos Caballeros,
Siempre presumen lo mal.

Conocido le han todos
Entonces en el hablar,
El Emperador se levanta,
Y empezòle de abrazar.

Y mandò salir à todos,
Y las puertas bien cerradas ;
Solo queda Oliveros,
Y el Paladin Roldan,

El Conde Irls, y Gayferos,
Y el buen viejo Don Beltràn,
Assentòse el Emperador,
Y à todos mandò assentar.

Highly marv'ling within him
Who this stranger Chief cou'd be ;
Thus the Count, when he so plainly
Did the Emperor's wonder see,—

“ Let not thus your Highness marvel
“ To behold me safe once more ;
“ Those that call'd me dead deceiv'd you,
“ And a wicked falsehood swore.

“ I'm your loyal Knight Count Irlos ;
“ I'm your servant firm and true :
“ Evil light on those whose falsehood
“ From my absence mischief drew !”

Ev'ry Knight then present knew him,
For his voice the Chief bewray'd ;
When the Emperor, instant rising,
Ev'ry mark of joy display'd.

From the presence-chamber bending,
Ev'ry other Knight retires ;
Oliveros and Orlando,
These the King alone requires :

Old Count Bertram, Prince Gayferos,
And Count Irlos so renown'd ;
When, his seat the Emperor taking,
Bids the nobles sit around ;

Entonces con voz humilde
Le empezó de hablar.
Esforzado Conde Irlos,
Vuestra venida me place.

Aunque de vuestro enojo
No es de tener pesar.
Porque no hay cargo ninguno,
Ni vergüenza otro que tal,

Que si casò la Condesa,
No cierto à su voluntad,
Si no à porfía mia,
Y à ruegos de Don Beltràn ;

Y con tantas condiciones,
Que es muy largo de contar,
Porque siempre ha mostrado
Teneros amor muy grande.

Si ha errado Celinos,
Hizolo con mocedad,
En escribir que erades muert
Pues no era verdad.

And, with mild complacence looking,
Silence thus he gently broke,
But to brave Count Irllos chiefly
In the kindest accents spoke.

“ Valiant and illustrious Baron,
“ Your arrival gives me joy ;
“ Fain would I within your bosom
“ Ev’ry source of pain destroy.

“ On your lovely, faithful Countess
“ Can no foul reproach be laid,
“ Since ’twas still against her pleasure
“ With the youthful Prince to wed.

“ ’Twas alone at my entreaty ;
 (“ Though I let Count Bertram make
“ What conditions best might please him
“ For the gentle Countess’ sake.)

“ Ever have I highly lov’d you,
“ Lov’d with friendship most sincere ;
“ Doubt not, then, how much it griev’d me
“ Your untimely death to hear.

“ Kindly overlook his error ;
“ And impute it to his youth,
“ That Celinos feign’d those letters,
“ Erring from the happy truth.

Mas por esse nunca quise
A ella dexar tocar,
Menos à los desposorios
A èl no dexa estàr.

Mas por el fue presentado
Este Paladin Roldan.
Mas la culpa Conde es vuestra,
Y à vos la debeis dàr,

Para ser vos tan discreto,
Esforzado, y de linage.
Dexastes muger hermosa,
Moza, y de poca edad ;

Si no de vista, por cartas,
La debierais visitar ;
A saber que à la partida
Lleavades gran pesar,

No embiàra à vos el Conde,
Que à otros pudiera embiar ;
Por ser vos bueno Caballero,
Solo à vos quise embiar.

" Though no more I thought you living,
" Yet my gen'rous bosom spurn'd
" Ev'ry forc'd unfriendly influence
" When with love Celinos burn'd.

" And, if noble Count Orlando
" Undertook the Prince's cause,
" Thus a hateful suit pursuing
" In the common course of laws ;

" Recollect, good Count, that surely
" For this suit you're most to blame :
" One so noble, one so prudent,
" One so high-born, it became,

" When a wife most fair and lovely
" At so young an age he left,
" If of presence, not of letters,
" Years to leave her quite bereft.

" Surely when from her you parted
" With such deep distressing grief,
" Now and then you might have sent her
" News of joy and sweet relief ;

" Some brave Cavalier or Chieftain
" Of your own illustrious band,
" Since before the rest I chose you
" On a foreign shore to land."

El Conde que aquesto oyera,
La tal respuesta le hace ;
Calle, calle vuestra Alteza,
Buen señor no diga tal,
Que no le escuse à Celinos
Por ser de tan poca edad.

Que con tales Caballeros,
Yo no me acostumbro honrar,
Por èl està aqui Oliveros,
Por èl està Don Roldan,
Qué son buenos caballeros,
Y los tengo yo por tales ;
Consentir estos tal carta,
Consentir tan gran maldad,
O me tenian en poco,
O à lo menos por cobarde,

Que sabiendo que era vivo,
No les osàra demandar,
A vuestra Alteza suplico,
Campo me quiera otorgar.
Pues por el pleyto tomaban,
Campo pueden aceptar
Si no quieren uno à uno,
Los dos juntos à la par.
Sin perjudicar los mios,
Que hay muchos en mi linage,
Que à esto, y mucho mas que esto
Recando bastan à dàr,

At this speech the Count, indignant,

Rising made a prompt reply ;—

“ These excuses for Celinos,

“ I, my Lord, shall pass them by.

“ Thoughtless, sad experience tells us

“ Is the tender age of youth,

“ Yet an inward guide convicts us,

“ When we leap the bounds of truth.

“ To him then no more alluding,

“ What can Oliveros say ?

“ Or Orlando, for consenting

“ To this base unmanly way ?

“ When they knew how false the letters,

“ Me they held in poor esteem :

“ Could they better than a coward

“ Him they so dishonor'd deem ?

“ Conscious that I still was living,

“ To deceit 'twas mean to yield ;

“ Let me then, my liege, entreat you

“ To accord me open field.

“ Nor to parents, nor to kindred,

“ Ought neglectful I intend ;

“ Well I know I have amongst them

“ Many a true and valiant friend.

Porque entiendan que parientes,
Y amigos no han de faltar,
Llevarè al esforzado
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.

Don Roldan que esto oyera
Con gran enojo, y pesar,
No por lo que el Conde dixo
Que con razon lo við estàr.

Mas en nombrarle à Reynaldos,
Buelto se le ha la sangre,
Porque los que mal le quieren,
En quererle hacer pesar,

Luego le dàn por los ojos
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.
Movido de muy gran saña
Luego habló Don Roldan.

Soy contento Conde de Irlos,
Y este mi guante tomad,
Y agradeced que venistes
Tan presto, y sin mas tardar,

Que à pesar de quien pesàra,
Yo los hiciera casar,
Sacando à Don Gayferos
Sobrino del Emperante.

" Ev'ry one would stand forth freely,
 " Wish'd I but to claim his aid ;
" But Rinaldo of Montalban
 " Is the choice my soul has made."

Highly did it grieve Orlando
 When this daring speech he heard,
Not for what the Count first mention'd,
 Where the truth so plain appear'd ;

But because he nam'd Rinaldo,
 All his angry blood boil'd o'er,
For the Chiefs had view'd each other
 With a jealous eye before.

And it cut him to the bosom,
 When he heard his rival nam'd :
Rising in a furious passion,
 Thus in answer he exclaim'd :—

" I consent, then ; let Count Irlos
 " From the ground my glove uptake,
(" Thankful that he came so timely ;)
 " But for Prince Gayferos' sake

" Surely they had now been wedded,
 " Spite of ev'ry other Chief :
" Well I know to fight, if fighting
 " Gives the angry Count relief !"

Callede dixo Gayferos,
Don Roldan no digais tal,
Por sobervio, y descortès
Los Doce os quieren mal,

Que otros buenos como vos,
Defenderàn la otra parte,
Que yo faltar no le puedo,
Ni dexar passar lo tal.

Aunque mi primo es Celinos,
Hijo hermano de mi madre,
Bien sabeis que el Conde Irlós
Es hijo hermano de padre.

Por ser hermano de padre
No le tengo de faltar,
Porque no pases la vuestra,
Ni os podais aventajar.

Tomò el guante el Conde Irlós,
Y de la sala se sale,
Tras èl aguija Gayferos,
Y tras èl và Don Beltràn.

Triste và el Emperador,
Haciendo llantos muy grandes,
Viendo à Francia rebuelta,
Y à todos los Doce Pares.

" Silence ! silence !" cry'd Gayferos,

" Never boast you car'd for me ;

" Ill indeed the Twelve esteem you,

" Griev'd your haughty ways to see.

" Yet there's many a Knight as valiant,

" Many a one as worthy too ;

" Well indeed the thought would please me

" In the field to cope with you.

" Prince Celinos is my cousin

" By my much-lov'd mother's side ;

" By my father's, brave Count Irl0s ;

" Such my honor, such my pride.

" For his sake, then, this bold challenge

" I myself would freely take,

" And for all the injuries done him

" You should quick atonement make."

Up the glove Count Irl0s taking,

In high choler leaves the hall ;

Him brave Prince Gayferos follows,

And Count Bertram last of all.

Highly did it grieve the Emperor

These distressful broils to see ;

France invol'd in wild confusion,

And the Twelve Peers disagree.

Desque Reynaldos lo supo
Huvo della placer grande,
Palabras decia al Conde
Mostrandole voluntad.

Esforzado Conde de Irlos,
Lo que haveis hecho me place,
Y mucho mas en el campo,
Contra Oliveros, y Roldan.

Rogaros quieris una cosa,
No me la querais negar.
Si es principal Oliveros,
No menos es Don Roldan ;

Sin agraviar vuestra honra,
Con qualquier podeis lidiar.
Pelead con Oliveros,
Y dexadme à Don Roldan.

Placeme, dixo el Conde,
Reynaldos, pues à vos place.

Desque supieron las nuevas
Los Grandes, y Principales,
Que es venido el Conde de Irlos,
Y que està en la ciudad,
Vereis parientes, y Amigos,
Que grandes fiestas le hacen.

But, renown'd Rinaldo hearing
What had pass'd, his joy express'd,
And, to brave Count Irlos turning,
Thus his hardy speech address'd:—

“ Valiant and approv'd Count Irlos,
“ Know my soul feels sweet delight,
“ Oliveros and Orlando
“ Thus to meet in vent'rous fight.

“ One thing I alone entreat you,
“ And with gen'rous ardor press ;
“ Stout and brave is Oliveros,
“ Nor is proud Orlando less.

“ If it will not wound your honor
“ In the field a choice to see,
“ Take thou valiant Oliveros,
“ And Orlando leave to me.”

“ I'm content,” renown'd Count Irlos
To his friend Rinaldo cry'd ;
“ They shall own two stouter warriors
“ Ne'er fought better side by side.”

When the noble Count's arrival
Was about the city spread,
Forth went many a Lord to see him,
By pure friendship freely led.

Los que à Roldán mal quieren,
 Al Conde vãn à hacer parte,
 Por lo qual toda la Francia
 En armas vercis estàr;

Mas si los Doce quisieran
 Bien lo pueden remediar;
 Mas ninguno en paz les pone,
 Todos en parcialidad,

Sino el Arzobispo Turpin,
 Que es de Francia Cardenal,
 Del Emperador sobrino,
 En esfuerzo principal.

Aquel solo se ponía,
 Si los podia apaciguar;
 Ellos escuchar no quieren,
 Tanto se querian mal.

El Emperador que lo supo,
 Muy grande llanto dello hace,
 Por pérdida dà à Francia,
 Y à toda la Christianidad.

Whilst his parents and his kindred
In his honor fêtes display,
All that ill esteem Orlando
To the Count obeisance pay.

Thus all France was in confusion,
Ev'ry Chief appear'd in arms ;
But the Twelve, had they been watchful,
Might have check'd these rude alarms.

No one peace would make between 'em,
Not a Noble interfer'd ;
None but good Archbishop Turpin
In this gen'rous cause appear'd.

Turpin, royal Charles's nephew,
Lord High Cardinal of France,
He alone this friendly office
Strives sincerely to advance.

But he finds his efforts fruitless ;
Not a Prince his ear will lend ;
Ev'ry one to mild entreaty
Thinks it a disgrace to bend.

When the worthy Emperor knew it,
Deep his gen'rous grief appear'd ;
Not the loss of fair France merely,
But all Christendom, he fear'd ;

Dicen que una, y otra parte
Con Moros se iràn à juntar,
Triste iba, y pensativo,
No cessa de suspirar :

Mas los buenos consejeros
Valen en necesidad.
Al Emperador aconsejan
El remedio que ha de dàr,

Que mande tocar trompetas
Y à todos mande juntar.
Y èl que luego no viniere,
Por traydor le mande dàr.

Que la quitarà las tierras,
Y mandará desterrar.
Y con este mandamiento
Todos juntado se han.

El Emperador en medio,
Llorando empezó à hablar ;
Esforzados Caballeros,
Y los primos carnales,

Si diferencias teneis,
Vosotros os las buscais ;
Todos sois muy esforzados,
Todos primos de linage :

For each party, fierce contending,
Threatens with the Moors to join :
Deeper ev'ry hour his sorrow
In his face appears the sign.

Long he mus'd, till this wise counsel
Was by some good mind inspir'd,
" That each Chief, at sound of trumpet,
" In the hall should be requir'd ;

" And whoever duteous came not,
" Should be as a traitor held,
" Forfeit lands and goods, accounted
" One that openly rebell'd."

At this dread imperial mandate
In the council all unite ;
When thus speaks the gracious Emperor,
Weeping in his Nobles' sight ;—

" Valiant Cavaliers and Chieftains,
" Peers, and loyal Cousins, too,
" If a diff'rence reign among you,
" On yourselves the wrong you drew.

" You are all renown'd and valiant,
" Kinsmen too of lineage fair ;
" Cease then, cease these fatal bick'rings,
" And remember what you are.

Acuerdeseos del morir,
Y que à Dios haceis pesar,
En perderos à vosostros,
Y à toda la Christiandad.

Rogaros quiero una cosa,
No os querais enojar,
Que sin mi licencia en Francia
Campo no se puede dàr.

Del campo no soy contento,
Porque causa no la hay,
Ni à mi servicio me place,
Que se haga cosa tal.

Ni hay agravio, ni injuria,
Que à nadie se pueda dàr ;
Ni al Conde han enojado
Oliveros, ni Roldan,

Ni el Conde à ellos menos,
Porque se hayan de matar,
De ayudar à sus amigos,
Yà es la usanza tal,

Si Celinos ha errado,
Con amor, y mocedad,
Pues no tocò à la Condessa,
No ha hecho tanto mal,

" Death remember, and your honor,
" And that heav'n you much offend ;
" Ev'ry christian highly grieving,
" You the Moorish-cause befriend.

" I will ask, and you shall answer,
" Let not then the question grieve :
" Can the field in France be sanction'd,
" If the Sov'reign grant not leave ?

" Ill the licence now then suits me ;
" For no cause I see so great,
" Nor an injury half so weighty,
" As to move this rancorous hate.

" Oliveros and Orlando
" Have not griev'd the Count so high ;
" And the Count has less offended :
" Why shou'd either seek to die ?

" Rather let me see sweet friendship
" Reign amongst the Peers again ;
" Then no longer shall my bosom
" Groan beneath a load of pain.

" If Celinos err'd, have pity
" On his inexperience'd youth ;
" Since he has not harm'd the Countess,
" Though he feign'd a vile untruth.

Que dello merezca muerte,
Ni que se haya de dàr,

Ya sebemos que es el Conde
Esforzado, y de linage,
Y de los grandes señores
Que en Francia comen pan.

Y que de quien le enojàre
Se basta à desenojar,
Aunque sea el Caballero
Que en el mundo mejor hay.
Mas porque sea escarmiento
A otros hombres de linage,
Que ninguno sea osado,
Ni que pueda hacerlo tal,
Si èl estimàre su honra,
En esto no osarà entrar,
Que amenguemos à Celinos,
Por villano, y no leal.
Que entre los Doce Pares,
No se haya de contar,
Ni quando el Conde estè en Cortes,
Celinos no puede estàr.

Ni do fuera la Condesa
El no pueda haviar,
Y esta honra el Conde de Irlos
Para siempre se os darà.

- " Death he merits not, but surely
 " Some chastisement less severe ;
" Therefore, listen to this sentence,
 " Ev'ry word with patience hear.
- " Well you know the Count is valiant,
 " And of an illustrious birth ;
" That amongst our gallant Nobles
 " None can boast superior worth.
- " That whoever dares offend him,
 " Dares do much, and seeks his harm,
" Since a better Knight ne'er lifted
 " Buckler on his manly arm.
- " That it may, too, serve for warning
 " To all Knights of noble race,
" Not by such deceitful actions
 " To incur deserv'd disgrace ;
- " Henceforth shall no more Celinos
 " Rank the Twelve bold Peers among,
" Nor, when'er the Count is present,
 " Shine amidst the courtly throng.
- " Neither shall he range the purlieus
 " Where he finds the Countess dwell :
" We shall guard Count Irllos' honor,
 " We his friends that love him well."

Don Roldan que aquesto oyera
Presto tal respuesta dà ;
Mas quiero perder la vida,
Que tal haya de pasar.

El Conde desque lo oyera
Presto se fue à levantar,
Y con una voz muy alta
Empezàra de hablar.

Pues Don Roldan yo esquiero
Por mi, y el de Mentalvàn,
Que dentro de los tres dias
En campo hayais de estar,
Sino à vos y à Oliveros
Daros homes por cobardes.

Placeme dixo Roldan,
Y aun si queredes antes.

Vereis hantos en Palacio,
Que al cielo quieren llegar ;
Dueñas, y grandes señoras,
Casadas, y por casar,

When Orlando heard the Emperor,
 In a furious mood he cry'd,
 " Rather life itself I'd forfeit
 " Than by this sword abide !"

When the noble Count perceiv'd him,
 In a fury too he rose,
 And, with voice disdainful answer'ing,
 Thus his fierce resentment shews :—

" Think not tamely, Count Orlando,
 " To your madness we shall yield ;
 " With my gallant friend Rinaldo
 " I will meet you in the field.

" Three days hence be sure we meet you :
 " If your angry hearts wax cold,
 " Henceforth you and Oliveros
 " We shall errant cowards hold."

" Three days hence," reply'd Orlando,
 " Or before, we'll fearless meet ;
 " Doubt not but our trusty sabres
 " Soon shall lay you at our feet."

Dismal shrieks now rend the palace,
 Shrieks that to the heav'ns ascend ;
 Husbands, brothers, wives, and children,
 Each applies to some dear friend ;

A pies de maridos, y hijos,
Las vereis arrodillar.
Gayferos fue el primero
Que ha mancilla de su madre,

Y assimismo Don Beltràn,
De su hermana carnal,
Y Don Roldan de su esposa,
Que tan tristes llantos hace.

Retiranse entonces todos
Y vanse à assentar,
Los valedores hablan
A altas voces sin parar.

Mejor será caballero
Haverlo de apaciguar,
Pues no hay cargo ninguno,
Y todo lo hayais de dexar.

Don Roldan entonces dixo,
Que es contento, y que le place,
Con aquesta condicion,
Y esto se quiera actuar.

Que Celinos es muchacho,
De quinze años, y no mas,
Y no es para las armas,
Ni aun para pelear,

Humbly at their feet imploring
These disgraceful feuds to heal :
To her son the noble mother
Of Gayferos first to kneel.

To Count Bertram pleads his sister,
To Orlando pleads his wife,
Who, with piteous sighs lamenting,
Begs him to preserve his life.

To their seats again returning,
Loudly many a Chieftain cries,
" Cavaliers, attend to reason,
" Let not this wild fury rise.

" Yet there is no cause for combat,
" Rather for a mutual peace ;
" Once more, then, let ev'ry Baron
" This disgraceful rancour cease."

Count Orlando then uprising,
To the Peers this speech address'd,
" That alone on these conditions
" Should his fierce contention rest :

" Since the youthful Prince Celinos
" Counts at most but years fifteen,
" Ne'er till now stout armour wearing,
" Nor in manly combats seen ;

Que hasta veinte y cinco años,
Y hasta en aquella edad,
Que en cuenta de los Doce
No se haya de contar,

Ni en la mesa redonda
Menos pueda comer pan,
Ni do el Conde, y la Condesa,
Celinos no puede estar.

Desque fuera de veinte años,
O puesto en mayor edad,
Si estimarè su honra,
Que lo pueda demandar.

Y que entonces por las armas
Lo defienda cada qual,
Porque no diga Celinos
Que es de menor edad.

Todos fueron muy contentos,
Y à mas partes les place,
Entonces el Emperador
A todos doce abrazar ;
Todos quedan muy contentos,
Quedan todos muy iguales.
El Emperador otro dia
Muy ricas salas les hace
A damas, y caballeros,
Combidòlos à yantar.

"Till such time as age maturer
"Numbers five and twenty years,
"He shall not again be counted
"With the Twelve illustrious Peers ;

"Neither shall he at their table
"Of the same rich viands eat ;
"Neither with the Count and Countess,
"Where they are, shall take his seat.

"But when twenty years he reckons,
"If he thinks his arm so strong,
"And believes his honor wounded,
"Pining at the grievous wrong,

"Let him boldly bid defiance
"To what Knights he best may please ;
"And, if none appear to meet him,
"Let it the offence appease."

This just speech from either bosom
Ev'ry seed of rancour chas'd ;
When the Emp'ror, joyous rising,
All the noble Twelve embrac'd.

On the morrow splendid banquets
For his Nobles he prepares ;
Many a Lord and many a Lady
Of the feast delighted shares.

El Conde afeyta la barba,
Cabellos otro que tal,
La Condesa en las fiestas
Sale muy rica, y triunfante.

Quando huvieron yantado,
Antes de nadie danzar,
Se levantò el Conde de Irios
Delante todos los Grandes.

Y al Emperador entregò
De las Villas, y Lugares,
Las llaves de lo ganado,
Del Rey Moro Aliarde.

Por lo qual el Emperador
Dello le dà muy gran parte,
Y èl à sus caballeros
Grandes mercedes les hace.

Los Doce tenian en mucho
La gran victoria que trae,
De allí quedò con gran honra,
Y mayor prosperidad.

Fin del Tomo Primero.

Then, his hair and beard divesting,
Gallantly the Count appears ;
Whilst the Countess, dress'd as richly,
Sits triumphant with the Peers.

When the royal feast was ended,
Ere they join'd the mazy dance,
See Count Irlos to the Emp'ror
With a graceful step advance ;

And the keys of all the cities
Of the Moor Aliarde's land,
By his dauntless valor conquer'd,
Place them in his sov'reign's hand.

Highly pleas'd, on brave Count Irlos
He the largest share bestows ;
Who alike rewards his warriors
For their vict'ry o'er his foes.

All the Twelve his courage praising,
And his conquest bravely gain'd ;
In abundant wealth and honor,
Peace and glory, he remain'd.

J. Compton, Printer, Abchurch Lane,
Cloth Fair, London.

Ancient Spanish Ballads,
RELATING TO THE
TWELVE PEERS OF FRANCE,
MENTIONED IN
DON QUIXOTE,
WITH
ENGLISH METRICAL VERSIONS,
By THOMAS RODD.

PRECEDED BY A
HISTORY OF CHARLES THE GREAT AND ORLANDO,
TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF SPANHEIM.
IN TWO VOLUMES.



VOL. II.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY BOOSEY AND SONS, 4, BROAD STREET, EXCHANGE;
AND RODWELL AND MARTIN, NEW BOND STREET.
1821.

CONTENTS TO VOL. II,

OF THE

Spanish Ballads.

<i>The Ancient Ballad of Montesinos and Oliveros.</i>	1
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Palmer or Pilgrim...</i>	33
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Prince Baldwin.....</i>	44
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Marquis of Mantua,</i> Part I	55
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Marquis of Mantua,</i> Part II.....	123
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Marquis of Mantua,</i> Part III.....	163
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Marquis of Mantua,</i> Part IV.....	179
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Gayferos.....</i>	185
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Count Claros of Mont-</i> <i>alban</i>	237
<i>Ancient Ballad of Montesinos, &c. Part I.....</i>	275
<i>Ballad of Montesinos and Durandarte, Part II.</i>	281
<i>Ballad of Montesinos and Durandarte, Part III.</i>	289
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Montesinos and Belerma,</i> Part IV.....	293
<i>Ballad of Belerma, Part V.....</i>	301
<i>Ballad of Bertram's Father.....</i>	305
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Battle of Roncesvalles.</i>	309
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Cid and Moorish</i> <i>King, who lost Valencia.....</i>	325

ERRATUM.

Page 197, line 15, for

"With his hand Bayarte harness'd,"

read

"Brillador himself he harness'd."

Brillador was the name of Orlando's horse, Bayarte of Rinaldo's.

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
MONTESINOS AND OLIVEROS.

THIS Ballad records a battle between two Knights about a Lady, who might, for ought I know, be a very modest woman ; a matter that seems, indeed, perfectly indifferent to our modern Knights, who frequently squabble about ladies that have no pretensions to the title.

ROMANCE de la BATALLA

DE

MONTESINOS Y OLIVEROS.



EN las salas de París,
En el palacio sagrado
Donde està el Emperador
Con su Imperial estado ;
Donde están todos los Doce,
Que à una mesa se han juntado ;

Obispos y Arzobispos,
Y una Patriarca honrado.
Despues que huvieran comido,
Y las mesas se han alzado,

Yà se levanta la gente,
Todos se iban paseando
Por una sala muy grande,
Unos con otros hablando.

Unos hablan de batallas,
Que les han acostumbado,
Hablaban otros de amores,
Los que son enamorados.

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
MONTESINOS AND OLIVEROS.

IN the rich saloons of Paris,
Where the Emp'ror holds his seat,
And the Twelve, at one round table
Who the same rich viands eat ;

Where Archbishops sit and Bishops,
And an honor'd Patriarch too ;
After they had din'd in splendor,
From the banquet they withdrew.

Then, in sev'ral parties joining,
Through the fair saloon they walk,
And, a thousand subjects starting,
Long in friendly converse talk.

Martial deeds of fame and glory
Please the ancient warrior's ear ;
But the charms of love and beauty
Amorous youth delights to hear.

MONTESINOS Y OLIVEROS.

Montesinos, y Oliveros
Mal se quieren en zelado,
Con palabras injuriosas
Oliveros ha hablado :

Las palabras que decia
De esta suerte ha comenzado,

Montesinos, Montesinos,
Quanto hà que os he rogado,
Que de amores de Aliarda
No taviesses cuidado ?

Que no sois para servirla,
Ni para ser su criado,
Sino por el Emperador,
Ya os hubiera castigado.

Montesinos, que esto oyera,
Tuvo se por injuriado ;
La respuesta que le diò
Era de hombre esforzado.

Buen caballero Oliveros,
Mucho estoy maravillado,
Siendo hombre de linage,
Y entre buenos bien criado,

Two amongst these noble Barons
With a jealous passion burn,
When, to Montesinos speaking,
Thus does Oliveros turn ;

These injurious accents breathing,—
“ Patience now is nighly o’er ;
“ You must think of Aliarda,
“ Of the lovely maid, no more.

“ Montesinos, Montesinos,
“ Long I’ve begg’d you to desist,
“ But I see for mild entreaty
“ Little does your bosom list.

“ All unfit to be her servant,
“ Dares your heart to love aspire ?
“ But that I respect the Emp’ror,
“ You had felt my sharpest ire.”

When the warrior heard this insult,
Sore it mov’d his gen’rous breast ;
Like a brave man boldly answ’ring,
Thus his choler he express’d :—

“ Well I know you are a Chieftain
“ Of high valour and renown,
“ And that you are deem’d an honor
“ To our gracious Emp’ror’s crown.

MONTESINOS Y OLIVEROS:

**Deshonrarme vos à mi
Podia ser escusado,**

**Que si yo tuviera espada,
Como vos teneis al lado,
La palabra que haveis dicho
Bien la huvierades pagado.**

**Oliveros que esto oyera,
A la espada puso mano,
Fuese para Montesinos,
Como hombre muy ayrado.**

**Montesinos no tiene armas,
Baxò luego del palacio,
Los ojos puestos al cielo
Juramento iba echando,**

**De nunca vestir loriga,
Ni subir en su caballo,
Ni comer pan en manteles,
Ni nunca entrar en poblado,**

" Once I thought your courteous breeding

" Answer'd to your noble birth,

" But this rude behaviour lessens

" All your former fancy'd worth.

" What could move you to affront me

" In this base injurious way ?

" Can you think that manly courage

" Such insulting words display ?

" Had I but a sword, believe me

" Soon I would the wrong chastise,

" And henceforth another's valour

" Teach you better how to prize."

Uprose fiercely Oliveros,

And his sword resentful drew ;

Then, to Montesinos turning,

Like a man distracted flew.

Montesinos idly stays not,

For, unarm'd, he cou'd not fight ;

But, the palace steps descending,

Up to heav'n directs his sight ;

Not to change his garments swearing,

Nor ride forth to take the air ;

Bread to eat in town or village,

Or be seen in gala there ;

MONTESINOS Y OLIVEROS.

**Y de no afeytar sus barbas,
Ni de oír Misa en sagrado,
Ni llamarse Montesinos,
Hijo del Conde Grimaltos,**

**Hasta que venga la mengua
Que Oliveros le ha causado.**

**En llegando à su posada
Se ha prestamente armado,
Pone el yelmo en la cabeza,
Vístese un arnés trenzado ;**

**Mandò sacar una lanza,
Que tenia en apartado,
Que la asta era muy fuerte,
Y el hierro bien acerado.**

**Yà es armado Montesinos,
Yà se sube en un caballo,
Las cartas que tenia escritas
A un Page las haya dado,
Que las lleve à Oliveros,
Y que à èl las haya dado,
Y le diga que le aguarda
Montesinos en el campo,
Armado de todas armas,
Y el caballo encubertado.**

Ne'er to let a razor touch him,
 Nor the sacred mass to hear ;
 Or by name of Montesinos,
 As Count Grimwald's son appear ;

Till he had aveng'd the insult
 Oliveros dar'd to give ;
 For he thought, while thus dishonor'd,
 'Twas a foul disgrace to live.

At his palace gates arriving,
 Soon he shines in armour bright,
 Fits his helmet, sword and harness
 Girding round his waist to fight.

Then his lance he takes, that careful
 From all others he conceal'd ;
 Strong and stubborn was the handle,
 And the temper'd point well steel'd.

On his steed then lightly vaulting,
 Letters by a Page he sent,
 That, to Oliveros writing,
 Thus proclaim'd his firm intent :—

“ Arm'd at ev'ry point, I hasten
 “ Forth to meet you in the field
 “ On my steed ; and, to chastise you,
 “ High the poizing lance I wield.”

Yà se parte el mensagero.
Con las cartas que le ha dado,
En el Palacio Real
A Oliveros ha hallado,

Con muy grande reverencia
El Page le ha llamado.
Oliveros es discreto,
Y hombre muy bien criado,
Apartòse con el Page
En un lugar apartado,
Preguntòle què queria,
O quien le havia embiado.
El Page quando esto oyò,
Las cartas le huvo dado,
Oliveros, que las vido,
Dixo que èl daria el recaudo.
Yà se parte el Pagecito,
Yà se sale de palacio.
El plazo que Montesinos
A Oliveros huvo dado,
Fue quatro horas de tiempo,
Que le aguardarà en el campo,
Y si al plazo no viniere,
Por traydor serà llamado.

El acudiò de tal suerte,
Que seis horas han pasado,
Tanto aguarda Montesinos,
Que estaba yà enojado.
Mientras en el campo anda
A Oliveros esperando,
Allì vino un caballero.
Que llamaban Don Reynaldos ;

Now to Oliveros bending,
 Swift the Page pursues his way,
 At the royal palace finds him
 Sitting unconcern'd and gay.

Lowly then he bows before him.
 When he saw the Page appear,
 Oliveros, briskly rising,
 Did apart his errand hear.

" Montesinos sends this letter,
 " And an answer prompt requires."
 " I myself," cries he, " will bear it,
 " And attend as he desires."

Four hours distance from the city
 Was the destin'd spot assign'd ;
 In that time did Montesinos
 His appointed presence bind.

If he came not, for a coward
 He wou'd then his honor blast ;
 But so slow was Oliveros,
 That full six were come and past.

High enrag'd rides Montesinos,
 Thus to find his patience try'd ;
 But, while waiting fast toward him,
 Some approaching Knight espy'd.

Que de linage era su primo,
Y en la voluntad hermano;
Las palabras que le dixo
Este tenor han llevado :

Montesinos, Montesinos,
Què haceis mi primo hermano,
Que segun del modo os veo,
Vos estais muy enojado

Alguno os desafiò,
Y vos lo estais esperando,
Y yo no siento otra cosa
Para que assi esteis armado.

Montesinos, que esto oyera,
Tal respuesta le huvo dado ;
La causa que assi me balleis,
Y os la contarè de grado ;
Un presente me traxeron,
Y en èl vino este caballo,
El primer dia que viene
Ha de ser muy bien probado.
Yo por ver que tal es este,
He subido en èl armado.
Don Reynaldos que esto oyera,
Esta respuesta le ha dado ;
Montesinos, Montesinos,
Vuestro hablar es escusado,
Vos à mi no me negueis,
Porque estais desafiado.

'Twas his cousin, brave Rinaldo,
 And in love no friend so dear :
 What he said to Montesinos
 When he spoke you soon shall hear.

" Montesinos, great my wonder
 " Thus alone to see you stray !
 " Something must have sore displeas'd you,
 " For your motions wrath display.

" Have you sent some Knight a challenge,
 " And is this th' appointed place ?
 " As I find you arm'd, it strikes me
 " This must surely be the case."

Thus reply'd the gallant warrior,
 When Rinaldo he address'd,—
 " I receiv'd a noble present,
 " And this steed among the rest ;

" And it is my constant custom,
 " When I have a charger new,
 " Forth to ride equipp'd in armour,
 " Just to prove what he can do."

" Ah ! my friend," to Montesinos
 Brave Rinaldo thus reply'd,
 " Such excuses falsely making,
 " May I not in justice chide ?

Montesinos entendiò
Que se lo ha barruntado,
Luego sin mas dilacion
La verdad le hubo contado :

Vos sabreis mi Señor primo,
Que yo dentro del palacio,
Yo, y vuestro primo Oliveros,
Andabamos paseando,

Y de unas à otras razones,
El me ha mal injuriado,
Diciendo que de Aliarda
No tuviese mas cuidado,

Que no era para servirla,
Ni para ser su criado.
Que si mirado no hubiera
Al gran Emperador Carlos,
Que per enojo que le hice,
Yà me hubiera castigado.

Yo le dixe que hablaba
Mal, y muy desmesurado,
El su manto se embarazò,
Y su espada hubo sacado.

" Plainly do I see some challenge
 " Leads you forth with courage bold."
 Montesinos then replying,
 All the truth precisely told.

" In the palace Oliveros
 " And myself together walk'd,
 " When in high injurious language
 " On a sudden thus he talk'd :

" ' Montesinos, Montesinos,
 " ' Patience now is nearly o'er ;
 " ' You must think of Aliarda,
 " ' Of the lovely maid, no more.

" ' All unfit to be her servant,
 " ' Dares your heart to love aspire ?
 " ' But that I respect the Emperor,
 " ' You had felt my sharpest ire.'

" ' What,' cry'd I, ' can make you treat me
 " ' In this base injurious way ?
 " ' Can you think that manly courage
 " ' Such insulting words display ?

" Uprose he in bitter fury,
 " And his sword resentful drew ;
 " Then towards me like a maniac
 " With a desp'rate purpose flew.

Yo hallandome sin espada,
Baxeme del Real Palacio,
Fuime para mi posada
Muy triste, y mas enojado.

Armeme con estas arinas
En que me hallais armado,
Cartas le embiè à Oliveros
Que le aguardaba en el campo.

Quatro horas le di de tiempo
Que le estaria aguardando,
Y si en estas no viniese,
Por traydor seria llamado.
Passados son quatro horas,
Y aun dos han pasado.

Don Reynaldos, que esto oyò,
Tal respuesta le ha dado :
Si quereis vos Montesinos,
Yo irè presto à llamarlo :

Si no lo quiere oír de boca,
Se lo dirè con las manos.
Y si no quiere venir
Para vos, y mi sean quatro.

Ellos estando en aquesto,
Oliveros ha llegado,
No como hombre de pelea,
Sino como enamorado.

" I, forsooth, no sword possessing,
 " Did not chuse t' await the blow,
 " But, towards my palace turning,
 " Sent a challenge to the foe.

" Then I arm'd, as now you see me,
 " Mounting on my gen'rous steed,
 " And, th' appointed distance measuring,
 " Did in timely hour proceed.

" Four hours ride did I allow him,
 " Or I shou'd his honor blast :
 " In this spot have I been waiting,
 " And full six are come and past."

When Rinaldo heard the story,
 What he said will soon appear :
 " Montesinos, if you wish me,
 " I myself will bring him here ;

" Or if he refuse to listen,
 " I will call him no true Knight :
 " He will then appoint some warrior,
 " And we shall be four to fight."

Whilst the cousins were conversing,
 Oliveros came in view ;
 Not indeed equipp'd for battle
 Seem'd his robes of warlike hue :

MONTESINOS Y OLIVEROS.

El viene muy gentil hombre,
Mas tambien muy bien armado ;
En llegando à Montesinos,
Desta suerte le ha hablado :

Montesinos, Montesinos,
Què es de ti traydor probado,
Que la fe que tu me diste
Hasmela muy mal guardado.
Dixiste estarias solo,
Y hallote acompañado.

Montesinos que esto oyò,
Tal respuesta le huvo dado,
Oliveros, Oliveros,
Desto no esteis enojado ;

Que si compañía tengo,
Vos cierto lo haveis causado :
Si vinierades à tiempo
Del plazo que os huve dado,
La compañía que tengo
No la huvieredes hallado.

Que por cosa de desdicha
El me hallò aqui armado :
El me preguntò, què havia ?
Yo bien me huve escusado.

Mas por importunacion,
Sabed que le he contado
Lo que està entre vos, y mi,
Y el caso como ha passado.

But beneath his silken vesture
 Arms of mighty strength he wore ;
 And thus cry'd to Montesinos,
 When the Chief he stood before :—

“ Who's the traitor now, confess it ?
 “ Who hath thus his falsehood shewn ?
 “ Company he brings, yet promis'd
 “ I should find him here alone.”

“ Oliveros,” cry'd the warrior,
 “ Let not this your choler move ;
 “ That I am no base-born traitor
 “ Shall both words and actions prove.

“ Had you but attended better
 “ At th' appointed time and ground,
 “ Nor Rinaldo, nor another,
 “ But me, only, had you found.

“ When he saw me arm'd, he question'd
 “ What strange cause had led me there ;
 “ And, at first the truth denying,
 “ I reply'd some other care.

“ But, importunately asking
 “ From his questions to be free,
 “ I related all the matter
 “ That hath pass'd 'tween you and me.

Mas yo harè juramento
Dende vos querais tomarlo,
Que por esta compañía
No sereis perjudicado ;

Sino que èl se irá à París,
Quedemonos en el campo.
Placeme dixo Oliveros
Desto que haveis hablado.

Reynaldos se entrò en París,
Y ellos quedan en el campo,
Ibanse de par en par,
Y juntos lado por lado,
Hasta llegar à la huerta,
Donde el campo se havia dado.

Despues que dentro se vieron,
Montesinos ha hablado ;
Ahora es tiempo Oliveros
Se vea el mas esforzado.

Vase el uno para el otro,
Recios encuentros se han dado,
Los golpes han sido tales,
Que entrambos se han derribado.

Media hora y mas estuvieron,
Que ninguno ha hablado ;
Yà despues que esto passò
Montesinos levantado
Para Oliveros se fue,
Desta suerte le ha hablado.

" But I swear that from his presence

" Shall no secret injury rise :

" Knight that can so far be guilty,

" Ev'ry bosom must despise.

" Let him, then, return to Paris,

" And let us remain alone."

" Be it so," cry'd Oliveros,

" Then our courage shall be known."

Back to Paris speeds Rinaldo,

While the warriors, side by side,

Gallop to the field of battle,

Where their valor must be try'd.

" Now then," Montesinos boldly

To his fellow Chief exclaim'd ;

" Now's the time to prove your courage,

" Long in arms so highly fam'd !"

Furious then they joust together

With so rude and fierce a blow,

That, each other firmly striking,

Thund'ring to the ground they throw.

Half an hour it was and better

Ere recov'ring either spoke ;

Till at length brave Montesinos

Rising, thus the silence broke :—

Buen caballero no esteis
Por tan poco desmayado ;

Echemos manos à las hachas,
Pues las lanzas se han quebrado.
Oliveros, que esto oyera,
Muy presto fue levantado ;

Danse muy terribles golpes,
Que presto se han desarmado.
Las piezas de los arneses
Vereis rodar por el campo.

Oliveros que esto vido,
Desta suerte le ha hablado :
Echad mano à vuestra espada,
Pues que yà estais desarmado.
Montesinos que esto oyera,
Presto la espada ha sacado ;

Danse tan crueles golpes,
Que se han mal aparejado,
Ellos estando en aquello
Un cazador ha llegado
Quiso ponerse entre ellos,
Y hanle mal amenazado,

Que si entre ellos se pusiesse,
Serìà muy maltratado.
El cazador que esto oyera,
Medio muerto, y espantado,
Se partiò para Paris,
Grandes voces iba dando,

“ Oliveros, vaunt no longer
 “ You’re so bold a Cavalier,
 “ If this trifling fall dismay you,
 “ And your bosom sink with fear.

“ As our lances both are shiver’d,
 “ To our axes we’ll repair.”

At these words stout Oliveros
 Does again the combat dare.

Forth their axes fly, and desp’rate,
 Rude, and fearful, are the blows,
 Till their armour, hew’d to pieces,
 All the ground in fragments strews.

From their hands the axes flying,
 “ Now,” cry they, “ let valor shine !
 “ Chief, draw forth thy gleaming faulchion,
 “ As thou seest me draw forth mine.”

Thus, with savage fury fighting,
 Ne’er was such a combat seen ;
 When by chance a Hunter, passing,
 Would have thrust himself between ;

But, a furious threat receiving,
 On the spot he dar’d not stay,
 And, towards the city posting,
 To the palace bent his way.

Que es de ti el Emperador,
Oy pierdes todo tu Estado,

Oy entre los Doce Pares
Veo gran ruido armado,
Y el Imperio de París
Todo está escandalizado.

Oyòle el Emperador,
Aunque estaba en su palacio;
Mandò luego que llamasen
Al que lo tal iba hablando,

Y à do está el Emperador,
El cazador ha llegado,
Las palabras que le dice,
Con gran temor las ha hablado.

Señor, sepa vuestra Alteza,
Que yo andando cazando,
En la huerta de San Dionis,
Acaso yo he hallado

A Montesinos, y Oliveros
Que se havian desafiado,
La sangre que de ellos corre
Tíne las yervas del campo :

To the Emp'ror loudly shouting,
 Thus th' affrighted Hunter cries,
 " Noble King, the news I bear you
 " Will your royal ear surprise.

" This fair kingdom's near its ruin,
 " For its Peers are met in arms:
 " Paris, at the tumult grieving,
 " Rings with deep and dire alarms."

In his palace sat the Emp'ror,
 But the Hunter's voice he heard;
 Who, before his presence summon'd,
 With a trembling step appear'd.

" Friend," demands the Emp'ror, " tell us
 " Why these strange alarms you spread ?"
 " Let your Highness deign to listen,"
 Humbly then, the Hunter said.

" Near St. Denis, whilst pursuing
 " The diversions of the chase,
 " Two of your brave Peers were battling,
 " Fierce as lions on the place.

" Montesinos one, the other
 " Oliveros, high renown'd ;
 " Streams of blood about 'em flowing,
 " Stain with crimson all the ground.

Y si ellos no son ya muertos
Serán mal aparejados.

El Emperador en oírlo
Presto en caballo ha puyado,
Con todos los caballeros,
Que presentes se han hallado.

De Oliveros iba un primo,
Y también iba su hermano,
Y el Padre de Montesinos,
Esse Conde Don Grimaltos.

Cada qual tiene parientes,
Iban escandalizados.
El Emperador, que esto vido,
Pregonar luego ha mandado,

Que de mano, ni de lengua
Ninguno sea osado
De tratar descortesía,
Ni hacer desaguisado ;

Y el que question rebolviesso
Fuesse luego degollado.

" If not slain since there I left them,
 " They are now in desp'rate plight,
 " For the eye hath never witness'd
 " Such a cruel bloody fight."

For his steed the Emp'ror shouting,
 Gallops off with double speed ;
 All the other Nobles present
 With him to the spot proceed.

First rides Oliveros' cousin,
 And his gallant brother too ;
 Next rides Montesinos' father,
 And towards St. Denis flew.

Friends and parents deeply grieving
 At this new disaster rag'd ;
 But the Emp'ror, calmly arguing,
 Soon their mutual wrath assuag'd ;

And aloud proclaim'd that no one
 Should by speech or deed repair
 To rude wrangling for this mischief,
 But with gentle love forbear ;

That, too, whosoe'er transgressing,
 Should this scene of scandal spread,
 And again recur to battle,
 Shou'd that instant lose his head.

Por miedo de aquel pregon,
Cada qual es bien criado ;
En llegando à la huerta
El Emperador ha entrado ;

Por el rastro de la sangre
Los caballeros ha hallado,
Caído à una parte el uno,
Y el otro al otro lado.

Llamò à sus caballeros,
Que lo han acompañado :
Quando la gente los vido
Comenzò hacer gran llanto ;

Unos dicen, hay mi primo,
Otros dicen, hay mi hermano,
El Conde Grimaltos dice,
Hay mi hijo tan amado.

Quando el Emperador viò
Su pueblo escandalizado,
Mandò que traxassen andas
En que lleven à recado
Aquellos dos caballeros
Que tan mal se havian parado :
Y los lleven à Paris,
Dentro el Real Palacio ;
Doctores y Cirujanos,
Que vengan luego à curarlos.

Thus preventing future quarrels,
 When they heard him thus exclaim,
 Riding in a mass together,
 Near the spot the Nobles came.

By the tracks of blood the Emp'ror
 Soon the bleeding warriors found,
 Close beside each other lying
 Helpless on the hostile ground.

Each brave Cavalier attending,
 Then aloud he summon'd near;
 Grief afflicts their gen'rous bosoms
 When the mangl'd Knights appear.

" O my brave son, Montesinos!"
 Weeping, good Count Grimwald cry'd;
 " O my cousin! O my brother!"
 Oliveros' friends reply'd.

When he saw the fatal bloodshed,
 Sore it griev'd the Emp'ror's heart,
 And, two litters then commanding,
 Either Chief was laid apart.

To his palace he permits them
 Both the wounded Chiefs to bear,
 Where, their dismal gashes viewing,
 Skilful surg'ons dress with care ;

Fue la voluntad divina,
Que à poco tiempo passado
Les hallan gran mejoría,
Que se han mucho remediado.

Yà sanos los caballeros,
Porque Dios les ha ayudado,
Mandò el Emperador Carlos,
Que amigos hayan quedado.

Casados con sendas damas
Las mas lindas de palacio,
Y pusoles grandes penas,
Que ninguno sea osado
De hablar con Aliarda
En público, ni en celado.

Y à quien esto quebrantasse,
De la vida sea privado ;
Assi quedaron amigos,
Y el Imperio sossegado.

Luego Aliarda casò
Con un caballero honrado,
Todos quedaron contentos
Con mucha paz en su estado.

Such the will of heav'n, that neither
 Of these hardy Knights shou'd die,
 But, ere long their wounds recov'ring,
 Join in friendship's happy tie :

For the Emp'ror, interposing,
 Future quarrels to restrain,
 When he saw them both recover'd,
 And in peace abroad again ;

Marry'd each to some sweet lady
 Of the noblest, young and fair,
 And to speak to Aliarda
 Bade them on their lives forbear ;

That whoever disobey'd him,
 Might his sure displeasure dread,
 And for his audacious boldness
 Lose at once his guilty head.

Aliarda then was wedded
 To a brave and noble Knight ;
 Thus sweet peace, on all sides reigning,
 Gilds the hours from morn to night.



ROMANCE

DEL

PALMERO.



De Merida sale el Palmero
De Merida essa Ciudad,
Los pies llevaba descalzos,
Las uñas corriendo sangre.

Una esclavina trae rota,
Que no vale un real,
Y debaxo lleva otra,
Que bien vale una Ciudad.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD

OF

THE PALMER OR PILGRIM.

THESE Ballads run counter to true history in allowing Charlemagne but one son and one daughter, as he left seven daughters behind him, and one legitimate son, Lewis the Debonnaire, who succeeded him in the kingdom and empire. Charles and Pepin, to each of whom he had given the regal dignity, as well as to Lewis, both died three years before him, in the year of our Lord 811.

FORTH the youthful Palmer sallies
From fair Merida the strong ;
Both his feet with blood are streaming,
As unshod he walks along,

All in rags ; a garment wearing
In its value nought esteem'd,
But beneath it one concealing
Worth a royal city deem'd :

Que ni el Rey, ni Emperador
No alcanzaban otro tal ;
Camino lleva derecho
De París essa Ciudad.
No pregunta por Meson,
Ni menos por Hospital ;
Pregunta por los palacios
Del Rey Carlos donde està.
Un Portero està à la puerta
Comenzòle de hablar,
Decidme tu el Portero,
El Rey Carlos donde està ?
El Portero que lo vido
Mucho maravillado se ha,
Como un Romero tan pobre
Por el Rey và a preguntar.
Digasmelo Señor,
De esso no tengais pesar :
En Missa esta el Emperador,
Allà en San Juan de Letrán.
Que dice Missa un Arzobispo,
Y predica un Cardenal.
El Palmero que lo oyera,
Ibase para San Juan ;
En entrando por la puerta,
Bien oïreis lo que hará.
Humillòse a Dios del Cielo,
Y à Santa Maria su Madre ;
Humillòse al Arzobispo,
Humillòse al Cardinal,
Porque decia la Missa,
Sacrificio Celestial.

King nor Emperor could buy it.
To fair Paris strait he bends ;
Inn nor hospital he asks for,
Only where the King attends.

At the palace gates arriving,
To a Porter he exclaim'd,
" Tell me, Porter, where's the Emp'ror,
" Where the King so highly fam'd ?"

Long the Porter stood admiring
What the message he cou'd bring,
Wond'ring that so poor a Palmer
Should request to see the King.

" Be not so surpris'd," good Porter,
" Let my dress unnotic'd pass."
" At the Lat'ran is the Emp'ror ;
" An Archbishop says the Mass ;

" And a Cardinal is preach'g."
Now behold the Palmer go ;
When the holy church he enter'd,
What he did you soon shall know.

To his God he bent right humbly,
And the Virgin Mother too,
To the Cardinal and th' Archbishop,
Who the holy rites pursue.

Humillòse al Emperador,
Y à su corona Real,
Humillòse a los Doce,
Que à una mesa comen pan.

No se humilla à Oliveros,
Ni menos à Don Roldan,
Porque un sobrino que tiene
Entre los Moros està,

Y pudiendolo hacer
No le vàn à rescatar.
Como aquesto oyò Oliveros,
Y el buen Paladin Roldan,

Sacan ambos las espadas
Para el Palmero se vàn,
Con su bordon el Palmero
Su cuerpo fuera à guardar.

Allí habló el Emperador,
Bien olerais lo que dirà,
Tate, tate Oliveros,
Tate, tate Don Roldan,
O este Palmero es loco,
O viene de sangre Real.

Tomàrale por la mano
Y comenzòle de hablar;
Dígame tu el Palmero,
No me niegues la verdad,
En que año, o en qué mes
Pasastes aguas del mar?

To the crown he made obeisance,
Bowling at the Emp'ror's feet ;
And to the Twelve Peers illustrious,
Who at one round table eat.

But to Oliveros bow'd not,
And to brave Orlando less ;
For the Moors enslav'd their nephew,
And they left him in distress :

Means they had enough to free him,
But his ransom never sought.
Oliveros and Orlando
Were to sudden fury wrought.

Both their swords were drawn to slay him,
When this open scorn they saw ;
But his staff the Palmer raises,
Whilst the glitt'ring blades they draw.

"Peace!" the King cries, "Oliveros ;
"Peace ! Orlando too," he says ;
"Or this youth has lost his senses,
"Or the royal blood betrays."

By the hand the Emp'ror takes him ;
"Tell me, Palmer," now cries he,
"In what year, (and answer truly)
"Or what month, you cross'd the sea?"

Señor, en el mes de Mayo
Las fuera yo à passar,
Porque yo me estaba un dia
A las orillas del mar,
En el huerto de mi Padre
Por haverme de holgar.
Cautivaronme los Moros,
Passaronme allende el mar,
A la Infanta de Sansueña
Me fueron à presentar.

La Infanta desde me vido
De mi se fue à enamorar ;
La vida que yo tenia,
Rey, os la quiero contar.

En la su mesa comia,
Y en su cama me iba à echar ;
Allì hablàra el buen Rey,
Bien oleréis lo que dirà.

Tal cautividad como essa
Quien quiera la tomarà,
Digasme tu el Palmero,
Si la iria yo à ganar.

No vades allà el buen Rey,
Buen Rey no vades allà,
Porque Merida es muy fuerte,
Bien se ós defenderà.

" In the month of May I cross'd it :

" 'Tis indeed a grief to tell,

" Walking in my father's garden,

" This unkind mischance befel :

" Moors in evil moment seiz'd me,

" Led me o'er the distant wave,

" To the Princess of Sansueña,

" Where I humbly bow'd her slave.

" When the gentle Princess saw me,

" All her bosom wak'd to love ;

" And the life I led, to know it

" Will your wonder strangely move.

" At her table was I feasted,

" Freely did I share her bed."

Thus reply'd the gallant Emp'ror,

You shall soon hear what he said.

" Such captivity, so pleasing,

" Who would not delight to share !

" Tell me, Palmer, shou'd I gain it,

" Were I but to venture there ?"

" Go not, King, oh ! go not thither,

" If a friend you deign to hear :

" Merida's a pow'rful city,

" Never hath it bow'd to fear.

Trecientos castillos tiene,
Todos cesa de mirar,
Que el menor de todos ellos
Nunca le podeis tomar.

Allí hablarà Oliveros,
Y hablarà Don Roldan,
Miente Señor el Palmero,
Porque no dice verdad.

Que no tiene cien castillos,
Ni noventa à mi pensar ;
Y estos que Merida tiene,
No hay quien los defender
Que ni ellos tienen Señor,
Ni menos quien los guardar.
El Palmero que esto oyò,
Movido de gran pesar,
Levantò su mano derecho,
Por herir a Don Roldan.

Allí hablàra el buen Rey,
Bien oleréis lo que dira,
Tomadle la mi justicia,
Y llevadlo à ahorcar.

Yà lo toma la justicia,
Yà lo vàn à justiciar,
Allà al pie de la horca,
El Palmero fue à hablar.
O mal huviesses Rey Carlos,
Dios te quiera hacer mal :

" It has full three hundred castles,
" And a strong and stubborn wall ;
" And the least of all these castles
" To your arms will never fall."

Thus cry'd fiercely Oliveros,
Thus Orlando cry'd, " This youth,
" This bold Palmer, would deceive us,
" For he does not speak the truth.

" It has not a hundred castles,
" Not e'en ninety can it boast ;
" Never a Moor in all the city
" Like a soldier guards his post :

" And they lack a valiant captain
" Forth to lead them to the fight."
This reply the Palmer hearing,
Lifts his vengeful hand, his right,

And attempts to strike Orlando.
" Seize the Palmer !" shouts the King ;
" Let the Judge condemn his rashness,
" And his head to forfeit bring !"

In an instant seiz'd, behold him
On the scaffold thus exclaim,—
" God, O King, no good intends you ;
" Highly do you merit blame !

Que solo un hijo que tienes,
Esse mandas ahorcar.
Oídolo havia la Reyna,
Que se salió à mirar.
Dexadeslo la justicia,
No le querais hacer mal,
Que si èl era mi hijo,
Encubrir no se podrá,
Que en un lado ha de tener
Un estremado lunar.
Yà lo llevan à la Reyna,
Yà se lo vàn à llevar ;
Desnudanle una esclavina,
Que no valia un real,
Y le desnudaban otra
Que valia una Ciudad.
Hallado le han al Infante,
Hallado le han el señal ;
Alegrias se hicieron,
No tienen cuento, ni par.

" But, one son alone possessing,
" Would you now that son destroy ?"
To the Queen his words related,
She approach'd with trembling joy.

" If the youth's my son," she utter'd,
" Find the mark upon his side."
In her presence then appearing,
On the spot the proof was try'd.

Off they take his tatter'd garment,
In its value nought esteem'd,
And disrobe him of the second,
Worth a royal city deem'd ;

By the marks the Prince discov'ring
On the side he haply bore :
All the Court rejoices highly,
Never so rejoic'd before.

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
PRINCE BALDWIN.

THIS Ballad is not mentioned in Don Quixote, but refers to an incident in the Ballad of Calainos; and, as Prince Baldwin marries Sybilla, connects that Ballad with the one following of the Marquis of Mantua. We cannot present our readers with the Spanish copy, not being in our collection.

PENSIVE sat the noble Baldwin,
For his late defeat he wept;
Nights and days together musing,
Ne'er his eyes for sorrow slept.

" From a worthless Moor in combat
" Have I suffer'd deep disgrace?
" Where is all the ancient glory
" Of my great and gallant race?

" Thus to live in foul dishonor,
" Life becomes a bitter pain;
" I will seek by deeds of valor
" To efface the hated stain.

" Saddle me the milk-white charger
 " Mantua's noble Marquis sent :
 " Bring my arms! my soul no longer
 " Is on sloth inglorious bent.

" Bravely will I die, or conquer
 " Like a hero in the field ;
 " These same Moors in stormy battle
 " Shall beneath my prowess yield."

Forth rides he, his Squire attends him,
 And to fair Sansueña goes ;
 Round on all sides Baldwin seeking,
 But he finds no hostile foes.

Proud rejoicings in the city
 Ent'ring at the gates he hears,
 Where the Princess of Sansueña
 With a lovely train appears.

" O well might the Moor Calaines
 " For so rare a beauty fight!
 " Never yet did fairer damsel
 " Meet fond youth's enamour'd sight !"

To a low balcony bending,
 See where sits the lovely maid ;
 So amidst the sky all-glorious
 Shines the radiant sun display'd.

Hark ! the martial trumpets sounding,
For the gallant fête prepare ;
Many a Knight in shining armour
Shews his dauntless prowess there.

In the lists Prince Baldwin enters,
Prancing on his milk-white steed ;
Highly beats his noble bosom
To achieve some gallant deed.

To the Princess lowly bending,
Then with gentle speech he cries,
" To the conqu'ror in these tourneys
" Would thou wert the lovely prize !

" What the sword, the spear, the helmet,
" When compar'd with beauty's charms !
" Beauty all victorious triumphs,
" Though it boasts the softest arms.

" In thy name, sweet maid, permit me
" In the glorious lists to shine ?
" Though the Knights may shew their valor,
" Quickly shall they yield to mine."

Sweetly smiles the lovely Princess
When she hears this soft address ;
And, her heart to love first waking,
Thus she does her thoughts express :—

" Go, brave youth, oh ! go and conquer ;
" And, when fighting in my name,
" Your's be valor's highest blazon,
" Your's the fairest wreath of fame !"

Low bow'd he, and swift as lightning
Forward spurr'd his fiery steed ;
Not so swift the nimble roebuck
Urges in the chase his speed.

Ev'ry rival chief o'erturning,
Dealing many a blow severe,
Soon he sees the lists before him
From a host of champions clear.

More and more the lovely Princess
Feels the dauntless hero's worth ;
" Sure," cries she, " a Knight so gallant
" Springs alone of royal birth !"

But her father, brave Almanzor,
Instant to the square descends ;
And, a noble train attending,
To the youthful warrior bends.

" Where the proud unconquer'd hero
" Ever shone in arms so great ?
" Come with me, and I'll exalt you
" To a high illustrious state.

" Knight, if yet thy noble bosom
" Is from love's soft trammels free,
" Fair Sybilla will I give thee,
" And embrace a son in thee."

In his eyes sweet pleasure sparkling,
To this speech Prince Baldwin cries,
" O brave King ! what Chief could combat,
" And desire a lovelier prize !"

" Sound the brazen trumpets bravely !"
Shouts the noble Moorish King ;
" Let the city songs of gladness,
" And triumphant vict'ry ring !"

By the hand he takes Prince Baldwin,
Praising still his matchless deeds ;
And to meet his lovely daughter,
To the fair Sybilla leads.

O what blushes softly glowing
Did her beauteous cheeks disclose !
Never yet with bloom so lovely
Shone the full-blown damask rose.

Lowly, with a look respectful,
On his knees he graceful bent ;
" Wilt thou, Lady," cries the Chieftain,
" Ev'ry tender wish prevent ?

- " Wilt thou deign (for, lo ! thy father
 " Doth our union thus approve)
" Wilt thou deign to hear, sweet Princess,
 " Vows of never-ceasing love ?
- " Then, though Fortune frown malignant,
 " I shall scorn her fickle pow'r :
" Mine the purest bliss of heaven
 " From this dear auspicious hour."
- " Youth," exclaims the gentle Princess,
 " Thou art sure of royal line ;
" Valour and transcendent merit
 " In thy words and actions shine.
- " But if not, since my lov'd father
 " Doth the nuptial rites allow,
" Pleas'd will I accept the offer,
 " Breathe a true eternal vow."
- " I am Baldwin, Dacia's monarch
 " For my royal sire I own ;
" To the Emp'ror only bowing,
 " Seated on his royal throne.
- " O that peace between thy father
 " And my honor'd King might reign,
" And no more our arms in battle
 " Dye with blood the hostile plain !"

" I consent," cries brave Almanzor ;
" Sanguine war shall ever cease ;
" My lov'd daughter shall between us
" Form the gentle bond of peace."

Now a costly feast preparing,
See the friendly tables spread,
Where the guests, in order seated,
Are with choicest dainties fed.

From the Princess, sweet Sybilla,
Scarce his eyes can Baldwin move ;
But with fond delight he gazes,
Drinking deeper draughts of love.

Oft, too, at the blooming hero
Steals the maid a look unseen ;
Much admires his noble stature,
Much his gallant princely mien.

When Almanzor saw their passion,
Soft he breath'd a pensive sigh,
And a tear, though none perceiv'd it,
Glisten'd in the Monarch's eye.

Back to days of youthful glory,
And of love, his view he cast ;
And he dwelt for some short moments
With regret upon the past ;

When the fair Sybilla's mother,
Now, alas ! on earth no more,
From a thousand envying rivals
His triumphant valour bore.

But the King, by kind attention
To his guests, forgets his pain :
" In the festive hour the bosom
" Should from bitter thoughts refrain."

From the splendid banquet rising,
To the dance they now repair,
Where, the lovely Princess leading,
Baldwin shines the gayest there.

All around the blazing torches
A refulgent light display ;
In the palace of Almanzor
Night is turn'd to brightest day.

Then, the marriage-contract signing,
Soon the nuptial rites succeed ;
From the rich saloon the Princess
Bridal maids to dress her lead.

Sev'n times to the softest music,
Whilst he sits beside the King,
See the bride before the bridegroom,
Clad in diff'rent robes, they bring.

First cerulean blue adorns her,
Round her waist a lovely zone ;
On her head an azure turban,
Thick with stars of silver, shone.

Purple next ; a robe of satin
Fring'd and loop'd with shining gold :
On her head white feathers waving,
Does th' enamour'd Prince behold.

Each time rising he salutes her ;
Now she comes in lively green ;
Round her head a wreath of emeralds
Of the brightest lustre seen :

Next pale straw her dress engaging,
On her head a tuft of flow'rs :
Light she trips along, and beauty
Shines in all its softest pow'rs.

Then she comes in pink and silver,
Ev'ry plume is vary'd too ;
Some are white, and some carnation,
Some a pale inviting blue.

Next in brown, her head a crescent
Of the finest gold displays ;
In the centre a carbuncle
Throws around a glorious blaze.

Last in white she comes, and loosely
Down in ringlets floats her hair.
“ Ah !” exclaims the Prince, “ what beauty !
“ Ne’er was Princess half so fair !”

Then he takes her hand ; before them
Fifty lovely damsels sing ;
To the nuptial chamber bending,
Soon the lovely pair they bring.

At Almanzor’s court a season,
With the sweet Sybilla blest,
Spends the Prince, and long the Monarch
For his stay a wish express’d ;

But at length to France escorts him,
Whilst a noble train attends :
Highly did it please the Emp’ror
When he found the Moors were friends.

But again the happy nuptials,
As the church directs, were held ;
Where in many a tilt and tourney
Gallant Baldwin still excell’d.

For his sake his dear Sybilla
Soon the Christian faith embrac’d :
Thus from Baldwin’s mind for ever
Was his late defeat effac’d.

ROMANCE

DEL

MARQUES DE MANTUA.

This Ballad is mentioned more than any of the preceding : the subject, however, as Cervantes says, is altogether apocryphal ; namely, the murder of Prince Baldwin by Carloto the Emperor's son. Turpin tells us that he and Theodoric alone escaped of the French nobility from the battle of Roncesvalles, to whom these Romances add a third, Montesinos : the two relations, therefore, run counter. But as it is impossible to argue with any degree of probability on subjects where all is Romance, we briefly proceed to illustrate the Ballads by the text of Don Quixote.

In the fifth chapter we find the Knight fallen from Rozinante, and incapable of rising, from the drubbing he received from the Mule-driver : he begins, therefore, to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read, and his madness immediately recalled to his memory that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded in the mountain ; a piece of history which every boy knows, that all young men are acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more believed, by old age itself, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet : nevertheless it occurred to him as an occasion expressly adapted to his present situation. Therefore, with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and with

PARTE PRIMERA.

DE Mantua sale el Marqués
Danes Urgèl el Leal ;
Allà và à buscar la caza
A las orillas del Mar.

a languid voice exclaim, in the words of the wounded Knight of the wood,

* Alas! where are you, lady dear,
That for my woe you do not moan?
Thou little know'st what ails me here,
Or art to me disloyal grown.

In this manner he went on repeating the Romance, until he came to these lines :—

O noble Prince of Mantuan plains,
My carnal kinsman and my lord ;

but, before he could finish the whole couplet, a peasant, who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the same village, chanced to pass in his way from the mill, where he had been with a load of wheat. This honest countryman, seeing a man lie stretched upon the ground, came up, and asked him who he was, and the reason of his lamenting so piteously. Don Quixote, doubtless, believed that it was his uncle the Marquis of Mantua, and made no other reply but the continuation of his Romance, in which he gives an account of his own misfortune, occasioned by the amour between his wife and the Emperor's son, exactly as it is related in the book. The peasant, astonished at such a rhapsody, took off his beaver, which had been broken to pieces by the Mule-driver, and wiping his face, which was covered with dust, immediately knew the unfortunate Knight, whom he sets upon Rozinante, and conveys back to his habitation. Other quotations will be noticed in their proper places.

PART I.

FROM fair Mantua Danès Urgel,
Nam'd the Loyal, bent his way,
And the chase design'd to follow,
Where the distant sea-beach lay.

* These lines are from Ozell's translation ; Smollet, having given them a ludicrous turn, has not rendered them right.

Con èl vàn sus cazadores
Con aves para volar ;
Con èl iban sus monteros
Con perros para cazar.

Con èl vàn sus caballeros,
Para haverle de guardar,
Por la ribera del Pò,
La caza buscando vàn.

El tiempo era caloroso,
Vispera era de San Juan,
Metense en una arboleda,
Para refresco tomar.
Al rededor de una fuente
A todos manda assentar,
Viandas aparejadas
Traían para yantar.
Desque huvieron yantado
Comenzaron de hablar,
Solamente de la caza,
Como se havian de ordenar.

Al pie estaba de una breña
Que junto à la fuente està,
Oyeron un gran ruido
Entre las matas sonar.
Todos estuvieron quedos
Por vèr que cosa serà ;
Por las mas espesas matas
Vieron un ciervo assomar,
De sed viene fatigado,
Al agua se iba à lanzar.

With him did he take his falcons
On the quarry skill'd to fly ;
And his well-train'd dogs ; melodious,
Loud, and pleasant, was their cry.

Many Cavaliers to guard him
To the manly pastime go ;
For the game the huntsmen beating
On the borders of the Po.

From the mid-day's sultry weather
In a grove they seek retreat,
Where the Marquis near a fountain
With the huntsmen takes his seat ;

And, on viands cold regaling,
For new toils their spirits brace,
All the conversation turning
On the pleasures of the chase.

On a sudden midst the thicket,
That beside the fountain stood,
Loud the noise they heard, and rustling
In the branches of the wood.

All were silent, anxious waiting
What this new alarm might be,
And a stag amidst the bushes
Bending to the fountain see.

Los monteros à gran priessa
Los perros vãn à soltar ;
Sueltan lebreles sabuessos,
Para haverlo de tomar.

El ciervo que lo sintiò,
Al monte se tornò à entrar ;
Caballeros, y monteros,
Comienzan de cavalgar.
Siguiendole vãn de rastro,
Con gano de lo alcanzar :
A bulro corrian todos,
Sin el uno al otro espirar.
El que lleva buen caballo,
Corre mas por le atajar ;
Apartanse unos de otros,
Sin el Marquès aguardar
El ciervo era muy ligero,
Gran tierra les fue à ganar ;
Al larido de los perros,
Los mas siguiendo le vãn.

El monte era muy espeso,
Todos perdido se han ;
El Sol se queria poner,
La noche queria cerrar.

Quando el Marquès de Mantua
Solo se fuera à hallar,
En un bosque tan espeso
Que no podia caminar,

Now the dogs the huntsmen cheering,
All the echoing woods resound,
Whilst the stag, the clamour hearing,
Flies before the opening hound.

Swiftly to the hills returning,
Horse and hunters bold pursue ;
By the scent the pastime following,
When the game is lost to view.

He that has the fleetest courser
O'er the country leads the way,
While far distant others, straggling,
Would not for the Marquis stay.

Strong the stag, and, swiftly flying,
Far upon the pack he gains ;
Eager still the game pursuing,
Not a dog at fault remains.

Thick the wood, and steep the mountain,
Where the stag has bent his flight ;
Soon they lose their way, and sunset
Comes, the harbinger of night.

But when Mantua's noble Marquis
Found himself thus left alone,
In a wood so wild and boundless,
Where no human track was known ;

Andando à un cabo, y à otro,
Mucho alexado se ha ;
Tantas bueltas iba dando,
Que no sabe donde està.

La noche era muy obscura,
Comenzò recio à troniar,
El cielo estaba nublado,
No cessa relampaguear.
El Marquès que assi se vido,
Su bocina fue à tocar,
A sus Monteros llamando,
Tres veces la fue à sonar ;
Los Monteros eran lexos,
Por demàs era el tocar.

El caballo era cansado,
De por las peñas saltar :
A cada passo caía,
No se podia menear.

El Marquès muy enojado,
La rienda le fue à soltar,
Por do el caballo queria,
Le dexaba caminar.

El caballo era de casta,
Esfuerzo fuera à tomar ;
Diez millas ha caminado,
Sin un momento parar.

Wand'ring here and there, he knew not
Whither to direct his steed,
Nor, so many circles making,
Where his devious course to lead.

Dark night comes, and dreadful thunder
Rolls amidst the vaulted sky,
Whilst from clouds tempestuous darting
Forth the vivid lightnings fly.

Thrice now has the noble Marquis
His far echoing cornet wound ;
Not a single hunter hears him,
Distant from the well-known sound.

Weary grown, his steed no longer
Bounds along the rocky steep,
But, at ev'ry instant stumbling,
Does a dang'rous footing keep.

Vex'd, and with fatigue o'erpower'd,
Then the Marquis loos'd the reins,
While the steed, at random straying,
Long his master's weight sustains.

But of noble stock, the courser
Seems more active as he goes ;
* Ten long miles he travels forward,
Not a moment's respite knows.

*About forty of our miles.

No và camino derecho,
Mas por do podia andar,
Caminando todavia,
Un camino fue à topar.

Siguiendo por su camino,
Fue à dàr en un pinar,
Por el qual fue una gran pieza,
De èl sin poderse apartar.

Pensò reposar allí,
Sin adelante passar,
Mas por buscar à los suyos,
Adelante quiere andar.

Del pinar saliò muy presto,
Por un valle fue à entrar,
Quando oyò dàr un gran grito,
Temoroso, y de pesar.

Sin saber que hombre fuese,
O de que podia estàr,
El gran dolor que mostraba,
Otro no podia notar.

Desto se turbò el Marquès,
Gran terror le fue à causar,
Mas aunque viejo de dias,
Esfuerzo fuera à tomar.

Not strait forward riding, only
Where the opening woods admit,
Till, thus wand'ring so uncertain,
On a track he chanc'd to hit ;

And the track, some space pursuing,
To a grove of pine-trees led ;
Long the mazy wood detains him,
Wide, around on all sides spread.

Fain he wish'd to rest, yet forward
Still his gen'rous steed inclin'd,
Whilst the Marquis by his huntsmen
Hopes to be ere long rejoin'd.

From the pine-grove now he sallies,
When a gloomy vale appears,
And a dreadful cry assails him,
Rushing wildly on his ears.

Whence it could proceed he knew not ;
But the shriek of woe he knew,
And a world of pain it noted,
And a world of sorrow too.

Chilling fear at first appall'd him,
But his spirits he regain'd ;
For, though old, his manly bosom
Danger's threat'ning look disdain'd.

Por su camino adelante,
Comienza de caminar ;
A pie và, que no à caballo,
El caballo fue à dexar,
Porque estaba muy cansado,
Y no podia caminar ;
En un prado que allí estaba,
Atado le dexò estàr.
Desde allí llegó à un rio,
Y en medio de un arenal,
Un caballo vido muerto,
Comenzòle de mirar.

Armado estaba de guerra,
A guisa de pelear,
Los brazos tenia cortados,
Las piernas otro que tal.
Tantico mas adelante,
Una voz sintiò hablar ;

O Santa Maria Señora,
No me quieras olvidar,
A ti encomiendo mi alma,
Plegate de la guardar,

En este trance de muerte
Esfuerzo me querais dàr,
Pues a les tristes consuelas
Quieras à mí consolar.

Forward still he boldly presses ;
But his weary steed forsakes,
In a meadow leaves him grazing,
And on foot his journey takes.

At a river's brink arriving,
On a sandy spot, he found
A dead steed, and, struck with wonder,
View'd him with attention round.

Arm'd at ev'ry point for battle,
In this guise the charger lay ;
All his fine limbs hew'd to pieces,
Slaughter'd in a barb'rous way.

But at no great distance forward
Thus a voice, with grief oppress'd,
Deeply sighing to the Virgin,
Words of bitter pain address'd :—

“ Holy Mary, deign to hear me,
“ Nor thy suppliant now forsake ;
“ Lo ! my soul to thee commending,
“ Keep it for thy mercy's sake.

“ In the hour of death approaching,
“ To thy throne for strength I fly ;
“ Cheer my heart with heav'nly comfort,
“ Hear my piteous piercing cry !

Y à tu precioso Hijo,
Por mì te plega rogar,
Que perdone mis pecados,
Mi alma quiera salvar.

Quando esto oyò el Marquès,
Mucho espanto fue à tomar,
Rebolviòse el manto al brazo,
La espada fue à sacar.

Aportòse del camino,
Por el monte fue à entrar;
Azia do sintiò la voz
Comienza de caminar.

Las armas iba cortando,
Para la vuelta acertar,
A todas partes miraba,
Por vèr que cosa serà.

El camino por do iba
Cubierto de sangre està;
Vinole grande congoja,
Todo se fue à demudar.

El espiritu le daba
Sobresalto de pesar,
De donde la voz oia,
Muy cerca se fue à llegar.

“ Thy dear Son entreat to pardon
 “ Ev’ry sad offence I gave ;
 “ And my soul from hell and Satan
 “ Forth to stretch his hands to save !”

These sad words the Marquis bearing,
 To the spot in terror flew ;
 Round his arm his cloak fast wrapping,
 From the sheath his sword he drew.

From the river’s side departing,
 Forward then he press’d with speed,
 Up a hill his way pursuing
 Whence he heard the voice proceed:

Round him did he cut the bushes,
 Back his path again to trace,
 And, on ev’ry side regarding,
 Seeks to find the dreaded place.

All besprent the path was cover’d
 With a track of crimson gore ;
 Never so his heart misgave him,
 Never felt such pain before.

His firm spirit chang’d within him,
 Rouz’d to more than mortal fear,
 Whence he heard the voice proceeding,
 To the spot he now drew near ;

Al pie de unos altos robles
Vido un caballero estàr,
Armado de todas armas,
Sin estoque, ni puñal.

Tendido estaba en el suelo,
No cessa de se quejar,
Las lastimas que decia
Al Marquès hacen llorar.

Por entender lo que dice,
Acordò de se apartar,
Atento estaba escuchando,
Sin bullir, ni menear.

Lo que dice el caballero,
Razon es de lo contar,
Donde estàs, señora mia,
Que no te pena mi mal ?

O no la sabes, Señora,
O eres falsa, ò desleal.

De mis pequeñas heridas
Compassion solias mostrar,
Y ahora de las mortales,
No tienes ningun pesar.

And a Cavalier extended
 At a tall oak's foot espy'd,
 Cas'd in armour ; sword nor poniard
 Yet he wore not by his side.

Still he did not cease complaining,
 Ev'ry groan was loud and deep ;
 Pity moves the gen'rous Marquis,
 Fast his eyes with sorrow weep.

But, to hear what words he utter'd,
 He resolv'd apart to rest,
 And, unseen awhile, to listen
 To the accents he express'd.

What the Cavalier was saying
 'Tis but just to say again :
 " Where art thou, my lovely lady?
 " Feel'st thou not my cruel pain ?

" Art thou grown, then, false and faithless ?
 " Woe is me !—beneath the thought,
 " Ev'ry sense that yet is left me
 " Is to wild delirium wrought.

" To my trifling wounds compassion
 " Once thou kindly deign'dst to shew ;
 " Now, alas ! my wounds are mortal,
 " Yet thou dost not heed my woe.

No te doy culpa Señora,
Que descanso en el hablar,
Mi dolor que muy sobrado,
Que hace desatinar.

Tu no sabes de mi muerte,
Ni de mi angustia mortal,
Yo te pedí la licencia
Para mi muerte buscar

Pues que yo la halle Señora,
A nadie debo culpar,
Quanto mas à tí mi bien,
Que no me la querais dár.

Mas quando mas no podiste,
Bien sentí un gran pesar
En la fe de tu querer,
Segun te ví demostrar.

Esposa mia, y Señora,
No cures de me esperar,
Hasta el dia del juycio,
No nos podrèmos juntar.

Si viviendo me quisiste,
Ahora lo has de mostrar,
No en hacer grandes estremos,
Mas por el alma rogar.

" But I blame thee not, sweet lady !

" Sad complaint is only left ;

" Thy unhappy Lord and husband

" Is of all but that bereft.

" Little my hard fate you think of,

" Nor my deep lamented wound ;

" Leave I ask'd to take my pleasure,

" But, alas ! my death I found.

" Whom have I, beloved fair one,

" Whom, except myself, to blame ?

" Least of all, then, should I utter

" Ought against thy gentle name.

" O that ever it should grieve me

" To remember love like thine,

" And the faith so sweetly plighted,

" Faith that was so truly mine !

" O my spouse, my dearest lady,

" Hope not to behold me more ;

" At the day of judgment only

" We shall meet, and not before.

" If thou lov'dst me well when living,

" Do not now that love control ;

" No extremes of grief I ask for,

" But thy prayers for my soul.

O mi primo Montecinos !
O Infante Merian !
Deshecha es la compañía,
En que selíamos andar.

Yà no espereis de verme ;
No os cumple yà me buscar,
Que en valde trabajareis,
Pues no me podeis hallar.

O esforzado Don Reynaldos !
O buen Paladin Roldan !
O valiente Don Urgel !
O Don Ricardo Normàn !

O Marqués Don Oliveros !
O Durandarte, el galan !
O Archeduque Don Estolfo !
O Gran Duque de Milan !

Donde estais todos vosotros,
No veneis à me ayudar ?

O Emperador Carlo Magno,
Mi buen Señor natural,
Si tu supieses mi muerte,
Como le harias vengar.

" O my cousin, Montesinos ;
 " Merian, gentle Prince, adieu !
 " Your companion, once how happy !
 " When like kindred plants we grew.

" Never hope again to see me ;
 " You shall seek, but seek in vain ;
 " Sorrow and distressing trouble,
 " All, alas ! that you will gain.

" O Count Palatine Orlando,
 " O Rinaldo, firmly bold !
 " Valiant Duke Urgel, you neither
 " Shall these eyes again behold.

" Norman gallant, Oliveros,
 " Durandarte, O farewell !
 " And thou noble Duke Estolfo,
 " Who to you my fate shall tell ?

" And thou, gen'rous Duke of Milan,
 " Where, oh ! where now are ye all,
 " That you do not come to soothe me
 " When with grief aloud I call ?

" Charlemagne, my Lord and Emp'ror,
 " Would you not for my lov'd sake,
 " If my death you knew, in justice
 " Vengeance on my murd'rer take ?

Aunque me matò tu hijo,
Justicia querais guardar,
Pues que me matò a traycion
Viniendole à acompañar.

O Principe Don Carloto,
Què ira tan desigual
Te movió sobre tal caso
A quererme assi matar ;
Rogandome que viniesse
Contigo por te guardar ?
O desventurado yo,
Como venia sin cuidar,
Que tan alto caballero
Pudiesse hacer tan maldad.

Pensando venir à caza,
Vine mi muerte à cazar ;
No me pesa de morir
Que es cosa natural.

Mas por morir como muero,
Sin merecer ningun mal,
Y en tal parte donde nunca
De mi muerte se sabrà.

O alto Dios poderoso,
De justicia, y de verdad,
Sobre mi muerte inocente,
Justicia quieres mostrar,
Desta anima pecadqra,
Quieras haver piedad.

" Yes ; although thy son hath slain me,

" Justice thou wouldst not deny :

" He betray'd me to attend him,

" And by him alone I die.

" Prince Carloto, what could move thee

" To this cruel bloody deed,

" When, entreating me to guard thee,

" Thou didst to my death proceed ?

" Hapless I, that ne'er mistrusted

" One so great and nobly born

" Could, to evil basely stooping,

" Thus his soul to guilt suborn !

" Trusting beasts of chase to follow,

" My poor life became his prey :

" Not from death a pang I suffer,

" Nature's sure and common way.

" But in youth to die so guiltless,

" By a traitor's hand alone ;

" Torn from friends, to whom for ever

" My sad end shall rest unknown !

" Pow'rful God of truth and justice,

" O avenge my fatal death !

" For my sins, too, grant me mercy,

" When I ask with parting breath !

O triste Reyna mi madre,
Dios te quiera consolar,
Que yà es quebrado el espejo,
En que te solias mirar.

Siempre de mî recelaste,
Sobresalto de pesar,
Ahora de aqui adelante
No te cumple rezelar.

En las justas, y tornèos,
Consejos me solias dâr,
Ahora triste, à la muerte,
Aun no me puedes hablar.

O noble Marquès de Mantua,
Mi señor tio carnal,
Donde estais que no me ois
Mi doloroso quejar ?

Que nueva tan dolorosa,
Os serà de gran pesar,
Quando de mî no suspieres,
Ni me pudieres hallar.

Hicisteme heredero,
Por vuestra Estado heredar,
Mas vos lo haveis de ser mio,
Aunque sois de mas edad.

" O unhappy Queen, my mother,
" Heav'n console your wretched heart!
" Lo! the glass is dash'd to pieces,
" Where you saw your other part.

" Always did you fear some evil
" Would upon your son descend;
" Terrors that are full accomplish'd:
" He has met a cruel end.

" Oft in jousts, and oft in tourneys,
" Warning would you kindly give:
" What keen sorrows will distract you
" When you learn I cease to live!

" Mantua's fam'd illustrious Marquis,
" Where art thou, my uncle dear,
" That your nephew's sad complaining,
" And deep groans, you do not hear?

" What keen pangs will pierce your bosom,
" What distressing sorrows wound,
" When you hear how long they sought me,
" But, alas! I was not found!

" Heir of all your fair possessions
" Me your gen'rous bounty made;
" But, though far in years my elder,
" You shall be with mine array'd.

O mundo desventurado,
Nadie debe de ti fiar,
Al que mas subido tienes,
Major caida haces dàr.

Estas palabras diciendo,
No cesa de suspirar,
Suspiros muy dolorosos,
Para el corazon quèbrar.

Turbado estaba el Marquès,
No pudo mas escuchar ;
El corazon se le aprieta,
La sangre buelto se ha.

A los pies del caballero,
Junto se fuera à llegar,
Con la voz muy alterada
Comenzòle de hablar.

Què mal teneis caballero,
Queradesmelo contar,
Teneis heridas de muerte,
O teneis otro algun mal ?

Quando lo oyò Baldovinos
La cabeza provò alzar,
Pensando era su escudero,
Tal respuesta le fue à dàr.

"O vain world, and vainer mortals,
"To its empty joys to trust ;
"High aloft it only lifts us
"But to bow us to the dust !"

These dire words convulsive breathing
Thus the Knight in anguish spoke,
Whilst, in painful mis'ry dying,
His sad heart was nearly broke.

Sore amaz'd, the noble Marquis
Could not bear to listen more,
But with horror chill'd, approaching,
Stood the wounded Knight before ;

And in trembling voice address'd him,
What he said you soon shall hear ;
"O what grievous ill afflicts you,
"Tell me, noble Cavalier !

"Some mischance hath, sure, befall'n you ;
"Have you not a mortal wound ?"
When the Knight thus heard him speaking,
Bleeding as he press'd the ground,

Fancying 'twas his Squire address'd him,
He essay'd to raise his head,
And, in broken dying accents,
To the list'ning Marquis said :—

Què dices amigo mio,
Traes con quien confessar ?
Que yà se ñe sale el alma,
La vida quiero acabar.

Del cuerpo no tengo pena,
El alma quiero salvar ;
Luego entendio el Marquès,
Por otro le fue à tomar.

Respondiòle muy turbado,
Que apenas podia hablar ;
Yo no soy vuestro escudero,
Nunca comi vuestro pan.

Antes soy un caballero,
Por aquí acertè à passar,
Vuestras voces dolorosas
Aquí me han hecho llegar.

A saber que mal teneis,
O de que es vuestro pesar,
Pues que caballero sois,
Queradesvos esforzar.

Para eso es este mundo,
Para bien, y mal passar ;
Diciendo, señor quien sois,
Y de que es vuestro mal ?

" What is it, my friend, thou'rt asking ?

" Bring'st thou some one to confess ?

" For the stream of life is driven

" To its last forlorn recess !

" Reckless what befalls my body,

" My poor soul. I wish to save !"

Then the Marquis knew some menial

For a priest he meant to crave.

Scarce his trembling lips could answer,

Scarce his anxious thoughts repeat ;—

" I am not the Squire you fancy,

" Of your bread I never eat ;

" But a Cavalier whom fortune

" Led perchance this lonely way,

" Who, your doleful accents hearing,

" Did his wand'ring footsteps stay ;

" And to learn what ill afflicts you,

" What has plung'd you so in pain :

" As I am a Knight, in duty

" Can you from the tale refrain ?

" In this world both good and evil

" Man's uncertain life befall :

" Tell me, then, who art thou, stranger ;

" Knight, I charge thee tell me all !

Que si remediar se puede
Yo os prometo de ayudar ;
No dudes, buen caballero,
De decirme la verdad.

Tornàra en si Baldovinos,
Tal respuesta le fue à dar,
Muchas mercedes señor,
Por la buena voluntad.

Mi mal es crudo de muerte,
No se puede remediar,
Veinte y dos heridas tengo,
Que cada uno es mortal.

El mayor dolor que siento,
Es morir en tal lugar,
Do no se sabrà mi muerte
Para poderse llorar ;

Porque me han muerto à traycion,
Sin merecer ningun mal.

A lo que haveis preguntado.
Por mi fe os digo verdad,
Que à mi llaman Baldovinos,
Que el franco solian llamar.

" That I will avenge thy injuries,
" If within my pow'r, I swear :
" Doubt not, then, at once to tell me
" Whence the source of all thy care !"

To himself again returning,
Whilst his ears these accents reach,
" Thanks," cries he, " Sir Knight, unnumber'd,
" For this kind consoling speech.

" Deep my ills, all cure surpassing,
" Bleeding fast upon the ground,
" And with wounds entirely cover'd,
" Ev'ry one a mortal wound !

" But, what grieves me far more keenly,
" Is in this lone spot to die ;
" No dear friend my soul to comfort,
" Far from ev'ry pitying eye.

" Groaning in the deepest mis'ry,
" Here I lie unknown to all ;
" Though I have deserv'd no evil,
" Yet by treach'rous hands I fall.

" To your questions then replying,
" You shall understand my name ;
" Baldwin am I call'd, the Generous,
" By the common voice of fame.

Hijo soy del Rey de Dacia,
Hijo soy suyo carnal,
Uno de los doce Pares,
Que à una mesa comen pan.

La Reyna Doña Ermelina
Es mi madre natural,
El noble Marquès de Mantua
Era mi tio carnal.

Hermano era de mi padre,
Sin en nada descrepar;
La linda Infanta Sevilla
Es mi esposa sin dudar.

Hame herido Don Carloto,
El hijo del Emperante,
Porque requirió de amores
A mi esposa con maldad.

Porque no le diò su amor,
En mi se quiso vengar,
Pensando que con mi muerte
Con ella havia de casar.
Hame muerto à traycion,
Viniendole yo à guardar;
Porque èl me rogò en Paris,
Le viniesse acompañar,
A dar fin à una aventura,
En que se queria probar.

" Son of Dacia's pow'rful Metarch,
" His lov'd offspring I repeat ;
" One of the Twelve Peers illustrious,
" That at one round table eat.

" And the Queen, good Ermelina,
" Is my mother, fair and true ;
" Mantua's far-fam'd noble Marquis
" Is my worthy uncle too :

" He is my dear father's brother,
" To my bosom dear as life ;
" And the Princess, sweet Sybilla,
" Is my gentle loving wife.

" By Carloto am I wounded,
" By the Emp'ror's cruel son ;
" Burning with a lawless passion,
" He has this vile mischief done.

" My true spouse disdain'd to listen,
" And he slew me for her sake ;
" Thus, on me her scorn avenging,
" Her he means his wife to make,

" Forth to guard him he entic'd me,
" To this lonely country drew,
" And, by deep disgraceful treason,
" In this gloomy forest slew.

Qualquier que seais caballero,
La nueva os plega llevar,
De mi desastrada muerte
A Paris essa ciudad.

Si à Paris no vais señor,
A Mantua la aveis de dâr,
Que el trabajo que havreis,
Muy bien vos lo pagaràn,

Si no quisieredes paga,
Bien se os agradecerà.

Esto que oyò el Marquès,
La habla perdido ha ;
En el suelo diò consigo,
La espada arrojado ha.

La barbas de la su cara,
Comenzòlas de messar,
Los sus cabellos yà canos,
Comenzòlas de arrancar.

Al cabo de una gran pieza
En pie se fue à levantar ;
Llegòse al caballero,
Comenzòle à desarmar.

" Knight, whoe'er thou art, I charge thee

" This sad news to Paris bear,

" Where my death disastrous telling,

" Let it be thy sacred care.

" But to Paris should'st thou wend not,

" Then to Mantua's Marquis tell

" What you witness, how untimely

" His unhappy nephew fell.

" Well will he reward your kindness;

" But, if you shou'd pay disdain,

" Doubt not but he'll highly thank you,

" Though you bring him news of pain."

When the Marquis heard his story,

Nearly he his senses lost;

On the ground in anguish falling,

From his hand his sword he toss'd.

From his head and beard by handfuls

Fast he pluck'd his snowy hair,

And his face in cruel furrows

With his nails began to tear.

But, from this wild grief recover'ing,

From the ground again he rose,

And to strip the wounded Chieftain

Of his batter'd armour goes.

Desde que le quitò el almote,
Comenzòle de mirar,
Estaba bañado en sangre
Con el color muy mortal.
Estaba desfigurado,
Que no lo podia atinar,
Ni se podia conocer
En el gesto, ni en el hablar :
Dudando estaba mirando,
Si era mentira, ò verdad,
Con un paño que traía,
La cara le fue à limpiar.
Desde que la hubo limpiado,
Luego conocido le ha,
En la boca le besaba,
No cessando de llorar.
Las palabras que decia,
Dolor es de las contar ;
O sobrino Baldovinos,
Mi buen sobrino carnal ;
Quien os trato de tal suerte ?
Quien os traxo à tal lugar ?
Quien es el que à vos matò,
Que à mi vivo fue à dexar ?
Mas valiera la mi muerte,
Que la vuestra en tal edad ;
No me conocéis sobrino,
Por Dios queraisme hablar.

From his head and face his helmet
And his beaver first he drew ;
Then with gore beheld him cover'd,
All of one ensanguin'd hue.

So disfigur'd, too, he finds him,
That he little knows the youth ;
Whilst his speech, entirely alter'd,
Makes him doubtful of the truth.

With his handkerchief he wipes him ;
When his face from blood was clean,
Then, alas ! too true the story,
Then too plain the truth was seen.

His pale lips he kiss'd, and, weeping,
What he said 'tis grief to tell ;—
“ O my dearest nephew, Baldwin,
“ Late in peace I left you well ;

“ But, what sad mischance hath happen'd ?
“ Who seduc'd you to this spot,
“ And by fatal treason slew you ?
“ Hard, indeed, has been your lot !

“ O, far better had this evil
“ Fall'n on hoary age like mine !
“ Nephew, ah ! thou dost not know me ;
“ I'm thy uncle, Baldwin,—thine !

Yo soy el triste Marquès
Que tío soleis llamar.

Yo soy el Marquès de Mantua,
Que debe de reventar,
Llorando la vuestra muerte,
Por con vida no quedar.

O desventurado viejo,
Quien me podrá conortar,
Que en pèrdida tan crecida,
Mas dolor es consolar.

Yo la muerte de mis hijos
Con vos podia olvidar,
Agora mi buen sobrino,
De nuevo havrè de llorar.

A vos tenia por hijo,
Para mi estado heredar,
Agora por mi ventura
Yo os havrè de enterrár.

Sobrino de aqui adelante
Yo no quiero vivir mas,
Vèn muerte quando quisieres,
No te quieres retardar.

" Mantua's Marquis stands before you ;
 " O, for heav'n's sake speak once more !

" If you can, oh, speak ! I charge you,
 " By the tender love you bore.

" I am Mantua's wretched Marquis ;
 " This firm heart will burst with pain
 " Thus to find my nephew dying,
 " In an evil moment slain !

" Old man ! who shall now console thee ?
 " Who will give thy woes relief ?
 " Whither wilt thou fly for comfort
 " From this bitter load of grief ?

" My brave son's sad death lamenting,
 " Fresh it rushes on my mind,
 " When the nephew whom I cherish'd
 " In this dreadful state I find.

" Dear as my own son I lov'd you,
 " Would have made you, too, my heir :
 " 'Twill be now my fate disastrous
 " To the ground your corse to bear.

" Life how little do I value !
 " What should make me wish to live ?
 " Welcome death ! whene'er it please thee,
 " Thy keen stroke in pity give !

Mas el que menos te teme
Le huyes por mas penar.

Quien le llevará nueva
Amarga, y de gran pesar,
A la triste madre vuestra,
Quien la podrá consolar?

Siempre le oí decir,
Y conozco ser verdad,
Que quien larga vida vive,
Mucho mal ha de passar.

Por un placer muy pequeño
Dolores ha de gustar.

Estas palabras, y otras,
No cessaba de hablar,
Llorando de los sus ojos
Sin poderse conortar.

Esforzòse Baldovinos,
Con el angustia mortal,
Desde que conociò su tío
Alivio fuera à tomar.

" Oft, I know, thou fly'st the wretched,
 " Who thy face through dangers seek ;
 " When they rush amidst the battle,
 " When they call, thou wilt not speak.

" Who shall to thy gentle mother
 " With reluctant footstep go,
 " And impart the fatal story
 " That will plunge her heart in woe ?

" Often have I heard it notic'd,
 " And, alas ! I find it true,
 " He whose life to age is lengthen'd
 " Must endure much evil, too ;

" For some transient days of pleasure
 " Years of pain is doom'd to taste.
 " Such is man, not long together
 " In this life with blessings grac'd !"

These sad words in anguish breathing,
 Still he does not cease to weep,
 Whilst the tears, each other chasing,
 Down his cheeks a torrent keep.

Baldwin some small strength recov'ring,
 When his uncle's voice he knew,
 Some few rays of pleasing comfort
 From his welcome presence drew.

Tomòle entre sus brazos,
Muy recio le fue à abrazar,
Dissimulando su pena,
Comenzòle de hablar.

No lloredes señor tío,
Por Dios no querais llorar,
Que me dais doblada pena,
Y mi alma haceis penar.

Mas lo que yo os encomiendo
Es por mi querais rogar,
Y no me desampareis
En tan esquivo lugar ;
Hasta que haya dexado
No me querades dexar.
Encomiendoo à mi madre,
Queraisla vos consolar,
Que bien creo que mi muerte,
Su vida havrà de acabar.

Encomiendoo mi esposa,
Por ella querais mirar ;
El mayor dolor que siento
Es no poderla hablar.

Ellos estando en aquesto,
Su escudero fue à llegar,
Un Hermitaño traia,
Que en el bosque fue à hallar ;

In his arms he gently clasp'd him,
Kiss'd him o'er and o'er again :
And these words to soothe him utter'd,
Striving to conceal his pain:—

“ Weep not so, my dearest uncle !
“ Be not thus for me distress'd ;
“ For God's sake suppress these sorrows,
“ For they doubly wound my breast!

“ But forsake me not, nor leave me
“ In this dreary hated place ;
“ Stay till my last breath deserts me,
“ And receive my last embrace !

“ To you I commend my mother,
“ Be, oh ! be her pitying friend ;
“ For I fear her son's misfortune
“ Will her life in sorrow end.

“ And my spouse, oh ! kindly love her,
“ Bear her, too, my parting sigh :
“ Grief doth near distract my senses,
“ Not to see her when I die!”

In this mournful strain conversing,
Came his Squire with hasty feet,
By the hand a Hermit leading
In the wood he chanc'd to meet.

Hombre de muy santa vida,
De orden Sacerdotal.
Quando el Hermitaño vino,
El alva queria quebrar.

Animòle à Baldovinos,
Comenzòle à amonestar,
Que olvidasse aqueste mundo,
De Dios se queria acordar.

Apartòse el Marquès,
Por darles mejor lugar.
El Escudero à otra parte
Tambien se fue à apartar.

Al Marquès de quebrantado
Gran sueño le fue à tomar.

Confessòse Baldovinos
A toda su voluntad,
Estando en su confession,
Yà que queria acabar,

Las angustias de la muerte
Le comienzan de aquexar,
Con el dolor que sentia,
Un gran suspiro fue à dâr.

Reverend was this aged Hermit,
And a priest in orders too ;
At the hour he first approach'd him,
Morning from its portals flew.

Soon he comforts poor Prince Baldwin,
Bids him be to heav'n resign'd ;
And the world, and all its pleasures,
Cast for ever from his mind.

Then apart the noble Marquis,
And his nephew's weeping Squire,
To allow them room for converse,
To a distance short retire.

Pitying nature views the Marquis,
And a gentle sleep bestows ;
Thus his heart, with anguish bleeding,
For awhile forgets its woes.

But, engag'd in deep confession,
Baldwin did the moments spend,
For he felt life's tott'ring fabric
Verging quickly to its end.

Death's strong hand lay hard upon him,
Life's last grievous pangs were nigh ;
And with pain his frame convulsive
Gave an agonizing sigh.

Llamò à su tio el Marquès,
Comenzòle de hablar ;
A Dios, à Dios, señor tio,
A Dios os querais quedar.

Que yo me voy deste mundo,
Para mi cuenta dàr ;
Lo que os tengo encomendado
No lo querais olvidar.

Dadme vuestra benedicion,
La mano para besar.

Luego perdiera el sentido,
Luego perdiera el habla,
Los dientes se le cerraron,
Los ojos buelte se le han.

Recordò luego el Marquès,
A èl se fue à llegar,
Muchas veces lo bendice
No cessando de llorar.

Absolviòle el Hermitaño,
Por el comienzo à rezar,
A cabo de poco rato
Baldovinos fue à espirar.

Then, the Marquis near him calling,
 In a feeble voice he said,
 " O adieu ! adieu ! my uncle ;
 " Life's last breath is nearly fled !

" From this world I go untimely
 " My account to heav'n to give :
 " This is all that I entreat you,
 " Now that I must cease to live :—

" Give me your indulgent blessing,
 " And your honor'd hand to kiss !
 " God, receive me to thy mercy,
 " To thy holy state of bliss !"

Baldwin then his senses losing,
 Uttrance more his tongue denies,
 And, his teeth together closing,
 Struck with death, he turns his eyes.

O'er and o'er the Marquis kiss'd him,
 And, with anguish sighing deep,
 Holy benedictions gave him,
 Though he never ceas'd to weep ;

Whilst the Hermit's lips absolv'd him
 From his sinful frailties past ;
 O'er him some short moments praying,
 Till the hero breath'd his last.

El Marquès de verlo así
Amortecido se ha,
Retornòle el Hermitaño,
Muchos exemplos le dà.
El Marquès como es discreto,
Acuerdo fuera à tomar,
Pues remediar no se pueda,
Cordura es se conortar.
Lo que hacia el escudero,
Lastima era de mirar,
Rasguñabase la cara,
Sus ropas rasgado ha.
Las barbas, y los cabellos,
Por tierra los và à lanzar.
Al cabo de una gran pieza,
Que ambos cansados estàn,
El Marquès al Hermitaño,
Comienza de preguntar :
Por Dios os ruego yà padre,
Respuesta me querais dàr :
Donde estamos, ò en què tierra,
Què señores, ò lugar ;
Cuya es esta floresta,
Como la suelen llamar ?
El Hermitaño responde,
Tal respuesta le fue à dàr :
Haveis de saber señor,
Que esta tierra es sin poblar ;

When the Marquis saw him breathless,
Fainting on the ground he fell ;
But the Hermit's care restor'd him,
And his sorrows strove to quell.

Soon reflects he that no sorrow
Could this sad misfortune cure ;
Thus he calms his wounded bosom,
Much resolving to endure,

But the Squire, like one distracted,
Casts himself upon the ground,
Beats his breast and tears his garments,
And his hair, in handfuls round,

Till, at length, more tranquil growing,
Silent when he found the Squire,
Thus the Marquis, to the Hermit
Speaking, did these things enquire:—

“ Say, good father, say what country,
“ And what savage spot this same ?
“ Who the lord of this wild forest ?
“ What this spacious forest's name ?”

Thus the ancient Hermit answer'd,
You shall soon hear what he said,—
“ Know, my Lord, from this wild country
“ All the people long have fled.

Otro tiempo fue poblada,
Despoblòse por gran mal,
Por batallas muy crueles,
Que hubo en la Christiandad.
A esta llaman la floresta,
Sin ventura, y de pesar ;
Porque nunca Caballero
En ellà aconteciò entrar,
Que saliese sin gran daño,
O desastre desigual.

Esta tierra es del Marquès
De Mantua, la gran Ciudad ;
Hasta Mantua son cien millas,
Sin poblacion, ni lugar :

Sino solo una Hermita,
Que à seis leguas de aqui està ;
Donde yo estoy retraído,
Por el mundo me apartar,

El mas cercano poblado
A veinte millas està,
Que es una Villa muy buena
Del Ducado de Milan.

Ved lo que quereis señor,
O en què os puedo ayudar,
Que por servicio de Dios
Lo harè de voluntad,
Por vuestro merecimiento,
Y por hacer caridad.

- " Once a region fair and fertile,
" Till a sad mischance befel ;
" Fatal wars throughout prevailing,
" Their disastrous horrors tell.
- " Of distress and lamentation
" Is this gloomy forest call'd ;
" Never Knight its bounds hath enter'd
" But some dire mishap enthrall'd.
- " To fair Mantua's noble Marquis
" Does this country appertain ;
" 'Tis a hundred miles to Mantua,
" Yet between no souls remain.
- " Six leagues hence, amidst the forest,
" Stands a lonely Hermit's cell ;
" In it, from the world secluded,
" There in gentle peace I dwell.
- " From that cell the nearest city
" Is full æv'n far leagues away ;
" To Milan's illustrious Duchy
" Homage does that city pay.
- " Is there ought wherein to serve you,
" I'll the service undertake ;
" Charity shall freely lead me
" To perform it for her sake."

El Marqués que aquestó oyera
Comenzòle de reír,
Que no recibiese pena
De con el cuerpo quedar.

Mientras él, y el escudero
Van el caballo buscar,
Que cerca le havia dexado
En un prado à descansar.
Plugòle al Hermitaño,
Allí averlos de esperar;
El Marqués, y el Escudero,
Por el caballo se van,
Por el camino do iban
Comenzòle à preguntar:

Dígame, buen escudero,
Que Dios te guardé de mal,
A qué venia tu señor
Por estas tierras buscar?
O por qué causa le han muerto,
Y quien lo fue à matar?
Respondiòle el escudero,
Tal respuesta le fue à dár;
Por la fe que debo à Dios,
Y no lo puedo pensar,
Porque no lo sè, señor,
Lo que ví os quiero contar.
Estando dentró en París
En corte del Emperante,
El Principe Don Carloto
A mi señor embió à llamar:

Gently then the Marquis begs him
With the body to remain ;
For his gen'rous goodness thanks him,
Grieving sore to give him pain ;

Whilst the Squire and he, departing,
In the meadow seek the steed,
Where he hopes to find him able
In his journey to proceed.

Freely then remains the Hermit,
Whilst the Squire and Marquis go ;
On their way in concert wending,
Much the Marquis wish'd to know.

" Tell me, Squire, so heav'n preserve you,
" What in these lone wilds you sought ?
" What the cause your hapless master
" To his end untimely brought ?"

Thus the Squire reply'd,—" I know not,
" So heav'n guard me ! why he came ;
" All that happen'd I'll relate it,
" You will then know whom to blame.

" When in Paris' royal city,
" Where the Emp'ror holds his court,
" To my Lord young Prince Carloto
" Sent a message to resort.

Estuvieron en secreto
Todo un dia en hablar,
Quando la noche cerrò,
Ambos se fueron à armar.

Cavalgaron muy apriessa,
Salieron de la Ciudad,
Armados de todas armas,
A guisa de pelear.

Yo salí con Baldovinos
Y con Carloto otro Page;
Ayer hizo quince dias,
Salimos de la Ciudad.

Ayer fue quando llegamos
A este bosque de pesar,
Mi señor, y Don Carlote,
Mandaronnos esperar.

Solos se entraron los dos
Por esse vale de pesar,
Y al Page de Don Carloto
Sueño le fue à tomar.

Yo pensando en Baldovinos
No podia reposar,
Apartème del camino,
En un arbol fui à puyar.

" All the day in secret spending,
" When 'twas night they arm'd in haste,
" And, their steeds together mounting,
" From the city swiftly pac'd.

" Each equipp'd in stubborn armour,
" And in guise to dare the fight:
" This same road they took, and travell'd,
" Still conversing all the night.

" With Prince Baldwin did I sally,
" With Carloto came his Page;
" Days fifteen we left fair Paris
" In this journey to engage.

" Yesternorn we reach'd this forest,
" And this gloomy vale of woe;
" When my Lord and Prince Carloto
" Hence enjoin'd us not to go,

" And, together forward riding,
" Through the valley swiftly pass'd:
" Prince Carloto's Page was weary,
" On the ground soon sleeping fast.

" Thoughtful of my noble master,
" Never cou'd my eyelids rest;
" From the road aside retreating,
" Through the gloomy wood I press'd,

A todas partes miraba
Quando los veria tornar.
Y al cabo de un gran rato
Caballos oí relinchar.

Vi venir tres Caballeros,
Mi señor no ví tornar ;
En sangre venian bañados,
Luego ví mala señal.

El uno era Don Carloto,
Los dos no pude notar :
Con gran miedo que tenia,
No les osé preguntar

Do quedaba Baldovinos,
Do lo fueron à dexar :
Mas luego baxè del arbol,
Y entrè por aquel pinar.

Desque lo ví trasponer,
Yo comienzo de buscar
A mi señor Baldovinos,
Mas no le pude hallar.
El rastro de los caballos
No dexaba de mirar ;
A la entrada de un llano,
Al passar de un arenal,
Ví huella de los caballos,
De que me pareció mal.

- " And, a lofty tree ascending,
" Round I look'd on ev'ry side ;
" First, I heard a horse loud neighing ;
" Then, three horsemen I espy'd ;
- " But my Lord was not among them :
" I beheld them stain'd with blood :
" 'Twas a sign that surely boded,
" So I thought indeed, no good.
- " One I saw was Prince Carloto,
" But the two I did not know :
" Trembling then with fear, I dar'd not
" From the tree descend below ;
- " Dar'd not ask for my dear master,
" So I let them pass along ;
" From the tree at length descending,
" Much I fear'd some fatal wrong.
- " To the pine-grove then retreating,
" When I watch'd them far away,
" I began to seek my master,
" And about on all sides stray.
- " Still the horses' track I follow'd,
" And it led me to a mead ;
" More and more my heart misgave me,
" More foretold the horrid deed.

Vi mucha sangre por tierra,
De que me fui à espantar,
Y à la orilla del rio
El caballo fui à hallar.

Mas adelante, no mucho,
A Baldovinos vide estar,
Boca abaxo estaba en tierra,
Casi queria espirar,

Todo cubierto de sangre,
Que apenas podia hablar.

Yo le levantè de tierra,
Comencele de limpiar,
Por señas me demandò
Confessor fuesse à buscar.

Esto es noble señor
Lo que sè deste gran mal.

En estas cosas hablando
El caballo vãn à topar,
En el subió el Marquès,
En ancas le fue à tomar

" Clots of blood I saw before me
" Thick upon the herbage spread ;
" On a sand-bank, by the river,
" Then I saw the steed lie dead ;

" And, a few more paces wending,
" My dear master's self I found,
" Faint with loss of blood, expiring,
" Prone upon the purpled ground ;

" Cover'd with the deepest crimson,
" Full of wounds, so faint and weak,
" That his tongue, denying utt'rance,
" Not a single word cou'd speak.

" From the ground I lightly rais'd him,
" And from gore began to clean ;
" That he wish'd for a Confessor
" Then by signs was plainly seen.

" Instant then I went to seek him :
" This is all, my Lord, I know ;
" Of this deep and dire misfortune,
" All that I can clearly shew."

In these words at length conversing,
Grazing they beheld the steed,
And, upon his back ascending,
From the meadow side recede ;

A do quedò el Hermitaño,
Presto tornado se han.
Dèsque hablaron un rato,
Acuerdo vãn à tomar,
Que se fuesen à su Hermita
Para el cuerpo allà llevar.
Ponele sobre el caballo,
Nadie quiso cavalgar,
El Hermitaño les guía,
Comienzan de caminar.

Camino vãn de la Hermita,
A priessa, y no de vagar,
Y llegados à la Hermita,
Vãn el cuerpo desarmar.

Quince lanzadas tenía,
Cada una era mortal,
Que de la menor de todas,
Fuera milagro escapar.

Quando assi le viò el Marqués,
Trespasòse de pesar,
A cabo de una gran piessa
Un gran suspiro fue à dar.

Entrò dentro en la capilla,
De rodillas se fue à hincar;

And with speed rejoin the Hermit;
Seeking his advice to take,
To the nearest town agreeing
Their immediate way to make,

On the steed they laid the body,
No one would before it ride;
Then began their toilsome journey,
With the Hermit for their guide,

At his distant cell arriving,
Through a lone deserted way,
First the body of its armour
They assist to disarray.

Fifteen lance-wounds, deep and ghastly,
On the bleeding corse they found;
With the least t' escape a wonder,
Every one a mortal wound.

When the hapless Marquis view'd it,
Grief oppress'd his noble mind;
Long it was ere, sorely sighing,
He in words relief could find.

Through the cell then instant passing,
To the chapel strait he went,
With slow footstep pensive marching,
Where upon his knees he bent;

Puso la mano en el ara,
Que estaba sobre el altar,
A los pies de un crucifijo
Jurando comenzó à hablar.

Juro por Dios poderoso,
Y à Santa Maria su Madre,
Y al Santo Sacramento,
Que aqui suelen celebrar.

De nunca peynar mis canas,
Ni de mis barbas cortar,
De no vestir otras ropas,
Ni renovar el calzar.

De nunca entrar en poblado,
Ni las armas me quitar,
Sino fuera solo una hora
Para mi cuerpo limpiar.

And his hand upon the altar,
On the altar-stone he laid,
Where a crucifix was planted,
And this solemn oath he made:—

“ By my God, I swear, Almighty,
“ And the Virgin Mother too ;
“ By the sacrament most holy,
“ Kept with sacred rites, and true ;

“ *Never to admit a razor
“ On my beard, to comb my hair ;
“ Change my clothes, or ought to alter
“ That my weary feet now wear.

“ Not to enter town or city ;
“ Nor unarm'd be ever seen,
“ Save for one sole hour, and only
“ That to make my body clean.

* Don Quixote, Book II. Chap. 12:—When Sancho's master came to find his helmet quite demolished, after his combat with the Biscayan, he had almost run stark mad : he laid his hand upon his sword, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, pronounced aloud, “ I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four Evangelists, to lead the life which the Marquis of Mantua led when he swore to revenge the death of Baldwin ; not to eat food upon a table, enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, though I do not remember, I here consider as expressed, until I have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury.” In the fifth chapter of the 3d book the reader will find Sancho attributing all the misfortunes that happened to them to the Knight's not having kept his oath.

EL MARQUES DE MANTUA.

De no comer en mantales,
Ni à la mesa me asentar.

Hasta que muera Carlota,
Por justicia, ò pelear,
O morir en la demanda,
Manteniendo la verdad.

Y si justicia me niegan,
Sobre esta gran maldad,
De con mi estado, y persona
Contra Francia guerrear,

Y manteniendo la guerra,
Vencer, ò en ella acabar.
Y por este juramento
Prometo de no enterrar

El cuerpo de Baldovinos,
Hasta su muerte vengar.

Quando esto hubo jurado
Mostrò no tener pesar.
Rogando està al Hermitaño
Que le quisiese ayudar,
Para llevar aquel cuerpo
Al mas cercano lugar.

- " Nor at dinner, nor at supper,
" On a cloth again to eat ;
" Nor at tables spread with dainties
" To accept a friendly seat ;
- " Till I see Carloto punish'd,
" Or by justice, or in fight ;
" Till he dies when I accuse him,
" Pleading in the cause of right.
- " But if they deny me justice
" For this great and grievous harm,
" With my person, with my fortune,
" 'Gainst the realms of France to arm,
- " Or to conquer, or to perish,
" Bravely for this glorious end :
" Till this oath be full accomplish'd,
" All the purpose I intend ;
- " Till for Baldwin I have vengeance,
" Shall his body not be laid
" In the tomb ; nor till atonement
" For his cruel death be made."

When this oath he swore so solemn,
Not so deep appear'd his woe ;
Then the Hermit he entreated
To the town the way to shew,

El Hermitaño piadoso
Su bestia les fue à dexar,
Amortajaron el cuerpo
Para en ella lo llevar.

Las armas de Baldovinos
El Marquès se fue à armar,
Subiò sobre su caballo,
Comienzan de caminar.

La via vàn de la villa
Que arriba oistes nombrar,
Con èl iba el Hermitaño,
Para el camino mostrar.

Antes que à la villa lleguen,
Una Abadià vàn à hallar
De Orden de San Benito,
Que en una aspereza està,
A la baxada de un Puerto,
Que cerca de un valle hay.
Allì se alvergò el Marquès,
Allì acordò de quedar.
Por estàr mas encubierto,
Y el cuerpo en guarda dexar,
Por hacerle un ataud,
Y haverlo de enbalsamar.
Al Hernitaño rogaba
Dineros quiera tomar,
Desque dineros no quiso,
Algunas joyas le dà.

Where he meant to leave his nephew,
 For whose corse a shell was made,
 Which, with many a tear attended,
 On the Hermit's beast was laid.

In the fallen hero's armour
 Now behold the Marquis clad,
 And, his own brave steed remounting,
 Journey on his errand sad.

To the nearest city travelling
 Of fair Milan's fertile soil,
 To direct the way, the Hermit
 Willing takes again the toil;

But before they gain'd the city,
 Built upon a rocky height,
 In a valley, at the outskirts,
 Near the gate they chose to light.

There a Benedictine abbey
 Did the noble Marquis find,
 Where t' embalm his nephew's body
 In his coffin he design'd.

Fain would he have made the Hermit
 For his kindness gold receive;
 But, when he refus'd it, jewels
 Proffer'd in reward to give.

No quiso cosa ninguna,
Su bestia fue à demandar,
Despidiòse del Marquès,
A Dios le fue à encomendar.

Despues de ser despedido
Para su Hermita se và,
Por el camino de buelvo
Gran gente topado ha.

Que al Marquès iban buscando,
Llorando por no lo hallar,
Por las señales que dieron,
Entendiò quien vàs à buscar.

A todos les respondiò,
Yo os digo la verdad,
Que un hombre de tales señas
Sin saber quien es, ni qual,
Dos dias hà le acompañè,
Sin saber adonde và ;
Dexèle en una Abadìa,
Que dicen de Floresvall,
Con un caballero muerto,
Que de ventura fue hallar.

Si allà quereis ir, señores,
Hallereisle sin dudar,
Todos se vàn muy alegres
Para su señor hablar

Nought would he accept, but only
Did his beast again request:
"Heav'n reward you!" cries the Marquis,
And a kind farewell express'd.

Homeward then the Hermit bending,
Chanc'd to meet upon his way
Troops that sought the noble Marquis,
Anxious sought him night and day;

And, inquiring of the Hermit
If he had their master seen,
They describ'd his dress and person,
And his height and noble mien.

Thus he answer'd, "I will tell you;
"Soon you shall the story hear:
"These two days have I attended
"On that noble cavalier.

"In an abbey have I left him,
"Floresvall the abbey's name,
"With a Knight he found expiring,
"In the forest where he came.

"In that abbey will you find him,
"And the Knight's dead body too."
Thither went the troops rejoicing,
When his safe retreat they knew.

ROMANCE

DEL

MARQUES DE MANTUA.

PARTE SEGUNDA.

La Embaxada que embiò Danès Urgel al Emperador.

De Mantua salen apriessa
Sin tardanza, ni vagar,
Esse noble Conde de Irlas,
Visorrey de allende el mar,
Con el Duque de Sanson,
De Picardia natural.
Camino vàn de París,
Aunque ninguno lo sabe ;
El Marquès Danes Urgèl
Los embia con mensage
Al muy alto Emperador,
Que estaba en París la grande.
Llegados son à París,
Sin mucho tiempo tardar ;
Caballeros son de estima,
De gran estado, y linage,
De los Doce que à la mesa
Rendonda comian pan.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
THE MARQUIS OF MANTUA.

PART SECOND.

The Marquis's Embassy to the Emperor.

FROM fair Mantua's lofty turrets
Brave Count Irlos swiftly hies,
With the noble Duke of Sanson,
To where distant Paris lies.

From the Marquis Danes Urgel,
Sent on embassy, they go
To the high and mighty Emp'ror ;
None their secret errand know.

Both were Cavaliers of valour,
Both of noble lineage too ;
Of the Twelve that grace one table ;
Knights of honour, brave, and true.

Los Grandes que lo supieron
Salenlos à acompañar.
Desque entraron en Paris;
Vàn al Palacio Real.

Al Emperador avisan
Que vienen por le hablar ;
Desque lo supo Don Carloto
Luego les mandò entrar.

Desque son delante dèl,
Las rodillas vàn à hincar :
Demandaronle las manea,
Mas nunca las quiso dàr ;
Mandòles alzar de tierra :
Luego les fue à preguntar :
De donde venides, Duque,
De què parte, ò lugar ?
Donde haveis estado Conde,
Venides allende el Mar ?

Respondiòle cada uno,
Presto tal respuesta dòn ;
En Francia havenos estado,
Y en Mantua essa Ciudad ;

Con el Marquès Danes Urgèl,
Por haverle de acompañar ;
La embaxada que os traemos
Plegaos de la escuchar,

And at Paris' gates arriving,
When the Peers these tidings heard,
To attend them to the palace
Soon a gallant train appear'd.

Audience from their Lord the Emp'ror,
Lo! the valiant Knights require ;
When the King receiv'd the message,
Soon he granted their desire.

On their knees they bent before him,
When the Emp'ror bid them rise ;
But, to kiss his hand requesting,
He the gracious boon denies.

" From thy Viceroyship, Count Irlos,
" Com'st thou from beyond the sea ?
" Where, brave Duke, hast thou been travelling ?
" What thy errand here to me ?"

Thus they answer :—" In fair Mantua,
" With the Marquis have we been ;
" Days in journeying thence to Paris,
" Days, my Lord, we count fifteen.

" By the noble Dames Urgel
" On an embassy we're sent ;
" May it please you, Sire, to hear it,
" List'ning to the true intent ?"

Mandad salir todos fuera,
No quede sino Roldan ;
Que despues siendo contento
Bien se podrá publicar.

Todos se salieron juntos
De la Camara Real,
Los quatro quedaron solos,
Las puertas mandan cerrar.

Las rodillas por el suelo
El Conde comenzò à hablar,
O muy alto Emperador,
Sacra Real Magestad ;

Tu vassallo soy, señor,
Y de Francia natural ;
Pues vengo por mensagero,
Licencia me mandes dàr,
Para decir mi embaxada,
Si no recibes pesar.

Respondiò el Emperador,
Sin el semblante mudar :
Decid Conde à vuestra guisa
No haveis de que recelar :

Yà sabeis que el mensagero
Licencia tiene de hablar,
El amigo, y enemigo,
Siempre se debe escuchar ;
Por amistad el amigo,
Y al otro por se avisar.

None but brave Orlando resting,
With the Emp'ror stays alone ;
If they brought him evil tidings,
That the news might rest unknown.

In the royal hall of audience
Persons there remain'd but four ;
When the rest were all departed,
Closely did they bar the door.

On his knees then humbly bending,
Thus the Count preferr'd his speech:—
“ Mighty Emp'ror, deign to listen,
“ Humbly let my lips beseech.

“ I'm your vassal, France my country,
“ Freely grant me leave to speak ;
“ On an embassy of moment,
“ I your presence come to seek.”

“ Speak with freedom,” cry'd the Emp'ror,
“ Let me know what leads you hence ;
“ To your embassy I listen ;
“ Nothing have you room to fear.

“ Sacred he that brings a message,
“ Comes he from a friend or foe ;
“ And himself, in peace arriving,
“ Shall in peace securely go.”

Levantóse luego el Conde,
Una carta fue à mostrar,
La qual era de creencia,
Díola en manos de Roldán.

Comenzò à hacer su habla,
Con discreto razonar ;
Creyendo hacer servicio
A tu sacra Magestad,
Aceptè, señor, el cargo
Deste mensage explicar,
Porque sin passion alguna
La verdad podrè contar,
Segun que vengo informado,
Sin añadir, ni quitar.

La embaxada que yo traygo
Es justicia de mandar
Del Principe Don Carloto,
Tu proprio hijo carnal

Dicen que matò a traycion
A Baldovinos el Infante,
Hijo del buen Rey de Dacia,
Tu vasallo natural.

Dicen que fue como aleve,
Con engaño, y falsedad,
Porque le rogò que fuesse
Con èl à lo acompañar,
Por casarse con su esposa,
Dicen que lo fue à matar.

From his knees then brave Count Irlos
 Rose, and forth his credence drew ;
 Gave the letter to Orlando,
 And his speech did thus pursue :—

“ For the high and sacred honor
 “ Of my royal Lord and King,
 “ Did I undertake this message
 “ From fair Mantua’s Duke to bring,

“ This same letter will inform you
 “ What it grieves me to relate ;
 “ Nothing adding nor extracting
 “ From the truth that I shall state ;

“ And the message that I bring you
 “ Doth concern your proper son,
 “ Prince Carloto, to claim justice
 “ For the evil he hath done.

“ By abhorr’d unworthy treason
 “ Baldwin he ignobly slew,
 “ Son to Dacia’s King, your vassal,
 “ Whom from hence he falsely drew ;

“ Falsely, since to guard him only
 “ He seduc’d the Knight away ;
 “ And, to wed his lovely Princess,
 “ Did her Lord unpitying slay.

Deste delito se queixan
Muchos hombres de linage,
Que son parientes del muerto,
Y sienten este desmán.

El Marquès Danes Urgèl,
Se muestra gran principal,
Por ser tío de Baldovinos,
Hermano del Rey su padre.

Demàs de ser su pariente,
Tiene muy mayor pesar,
Porque èl le hallò herido,
Casi à punto de espirar,

En un bosque muy espeso,
Apartado del lugar.
El mismo le contò el caso,
A èl se fue à encomendar.

En sus brazos espirò,
Razon es no le olvidar :
Y este Maestro de todos
Urgèl de la fuerza grande,

Que es primo del Marquès,
Yo tambien del Infante,
Y esse Duque de Baviera,
Con Reyner el singular,

- " Many a Peer of noblest lineage,
 " Grieving at this barb'rous deed,
 " And his highly injur'd parents,
 " Will against your son proceed.
- " First, the Marquis Danes Urgel
 " Justice does with speed require,
 " Uncle to the slain Prince Baldwin,
 " Brother to the King, his Sire.
- " Not that nephew late he call'd him,
 " But that he his nephew found
 " (Who can tell what anguish pain'd him ?)
 " Dying of a mortal wound ;
- " In a lonely forest dying,
 " Far from ev'ry pitying friend ;
 " And from his own mouth the story
 " Learnt of his untimely end.
- " In his uncle's arms expiring,
 " Baldwin, with his latest breath,
 " Bade him not forget the vengeance
 " Due to his untimely death.
- " With the Marquis his near kinsman
 " Urgel, for his strength so fam'd,
 " And myself, Prince Baldwin's cousin,
 " And Bavaria's Duke, are nam'd.

Abuelo de Baldovinos,
Padre carnal de su Padre,
Y esse Rey de Sansueña,
Tu vassallo natural,
Padre de la Infanta Sevilla,
Que Christiana se fue à tornar,
Por amor de Baldovinos,
Para con èl se casar :
Y otros muchos Caballeros,
Tambien se vàn à quejar,
Los unos por parentesco,
Los otros por amistad ;
Sobre todos essa Reyna,
Doña Ermelina su madre ;
Tus naturales, y estraños,
Te embian à suplicar,
Que si tu hijo los mata,
Quien los ha de escudar ?
Si no mantienes justicia
Dexàran su natural,
Yà se partiràn de Francia
A otros Reynos à morar.
El caso es abominable,
Y terrible de contar,
Tal caso es, señor, agravio,
Bien lo debes castigar.
Acuerdete de Torquato
De la justicia guardar,
Que no dexò sin castigo
Su unico hijo carnal,
Aunque perdonò la patria,
El no quiso perdonar.

" Reyner too, Prince Baldwin's grandaire ;

" And Sansueña's noble King,

" Father to the fair Sybilla,

" Would your son to justice bring :

" She that for the love of Baldwin

" Did the Christian faith embrace,

" His fond spouse, with many another

" Of an high and noble race.

" Chief of all, his wretched mother

" Ermelina doth complain ;

" Loudly doth she call for pity,

" And for vengeance on the slain.

" All your subjects, struck with terror

" When they hear the barb'rous crime,

" If your son escapes, for ever

" Will forsake their native clime.

" Such an act, so vile and impious,

" Is most fearful to relate ;

" It demands condign chastisement,

" And admits of no debate.

" Sire, remember brave Torquatus,

" Who, by sacred justice led,

" E'en his son condemn'd, though triumph

" Play'd around his manly head :

Si niegas, señor, justicia,
Muchos te podrán culpar,
Que tal caso como este
No es para dexar passar ;
Mira bien, señor, en ello,
Respuesta nos manda dàr.
Turvòse el Emperador,
Que apenas podia hablar,
La mano puesta en la barba,
Muy pensativo ademàs.

Al cabo de una gran pieza
Tal respuesta le fue à dar :
Si lo que haveis dicho Conde
Se puede hacer verdad ;

Mas quiero que mi hijo,
Fuera el muerto sin dudar.
El morir es una cosa
Que à todos es natural.

La memoria queda viva,
Del que muere sin fealdad :
Del que vive deshonorado
Se debe tener pesar,
Porque assi viviendo muere,
Olvidado de bondad.
Decide Conde al Marquès,
Y à quantos con èl estàn,
Que el pesar que tengo desto
No lo pudo demostrar.

" Disobedience still he punish'd :
" Will you then, O King ! deny
" Justice that we claim for murder,
" And not yield your son to die ?"

With amazement seiz'd, the Emp'ror
Silent for a space remain'd,
And, upon his hand reclining,
Scarce the weight of grief sustain'd.

But at length an utterance finding,
To Count Irlos thus reply'd,—
" If indeed the truth you tell us,
" Justice shall not be deny'd.

" O, would rather this dire mischief
" On my son had chanc'd to fall !
" That he had been slain, since dying
" Is the common lot of all !

" But to die in foul dishonor
" Will a stain eternal give,
" And, a good name lost, for ever
" Shall a blot in hist'ry live.

" Therefore tell the noble Marquis,
" Each one tell that sent you here,
" That I will indeed demonstrate,
" Though my son I hold so dear,

Mas yo darè tal exemplo,
En esta muerte vengar,
Que la pena del delito
Sobrepuje à la maldad :
Porque todos escarmienten,
Quantos lo oyeren nombrar,
Y vengan à pedir justicia,
Que yo la harè guardar,
Como es costumbre de Francia,
Usada de antigüedad.

Si buena verdad truxere,
En mi corte se verà,
Do mi persona estuviere,
La justicia serà igual.
Assi al pobre, como al rico,
Assi al chico, como al grande,
Y tambien al estrangero,
Como al proprio natural.
Antes quiero dexar memoria
De gran riguridad,
Que dexar sin dár castigo
Al que comete maldad ;
Aunque sea mi proprio hijo,
Que me tiene de heredar.

Quando esto oyò el Conde Irios,
Las manos le fue à besar,
Alabando la respuesta
El Duque comenzò à hablar.

" Yet that for the sake of justice

" And example he shall die :

" Justice that shall fall wherever

" Any may the laws defy.

" All shall hear it, and shall tremble :

" Still in France hath justice reign'd ;

" High nor low, nor friend nor stranger,

" Ever hath in vain complain'd.

" If the news be true you bring me,

" As it shall in Court be seen,

" Though I were to sit in person,

" Ne'er would I the guilty screen.

" Sooner had I leave behind me

" A severe unpard'ning name,

" Than let one escape chastisement

" Whom the laws of justice claim.

" Though my son be the offender,

" To my crown undoubted heir,

" Count, I do an oath most solemn

" Of impartial justice swear."

When the Count receiv'd his answer,

Strait he kiss'd the Emp'ror's hand,

Praises on the King bestowing,

Worthy long to rule the land.

Siempre, señor, confiamos
De tu inelyta bondad,
Que por mantener en justicia,
Tal respuesta havias de dâr.

Mas porque el caso requiere
En sì mismo gravedad,
Y por ser el caso de hijo,
Tu no lo debes juzgar.
El Marquès Danes Urgèl
Te embia à suplicar,
Que porque tiene jurado
De en poblado no entrar,
Hasta que alcance derecho
De Carloto el Infante,

Y èl mismo tiene de ser
El que le ha de acusar,
Que no quiera ser presente
Para haver de sentenciar ;

Mas que nombres caballeros,
Que puedan determinar,
Segun costumbres de Francia
Entre hombres de linage ;

Y que los que señalares
Para este caso mirar,
Sean caballeros de Estado,
De tu Consejo Imperial.

Then the Duke this speech address'd him:—

“ Always did we firmly trust,

“ From your goodness, you wou'd rule us

“ With a sceptre highly just ;

“ But, as now the case is weighty,

“ And a solemn course requires,

“ Where you cannot judge in person,

“ Danes Urgèl this desires :

“ As he hath an oath to heaven

“ Of the deepest nature swore,

“ Till his vengeance be accomplish'd

“ Never town to enter more ;

“ As, too, he must the accuser

“ Of this great delinquent be,

“ Though he never can be present

“ Till from that high oath set free ;

“ That you will name Knights best able

“ To adjudge this solemn case,

“ As in France the ancient custom

“ With its Peers of noble race ;

“ And that such as you may destine

“ This high duty to pursue,

“ May be Cavaliers of honor,

“ Of the royal council too.

Y que lo hagan juramento
De administrar la verdad,
Y tu Magestad provca
De señalar un lugar

En el campo sin poblado,
Donde se haya de juzgar,
Para oír ambas partes,
Hasta execucion final.

Y porque el Marqués trae gente
Para se liaver de guardar,
De quien algo le quisiere,
Y lo huvieren de enojar.

Y sus parientes, y amigos,
Vienen por le acompañar ;
Con ellos viene Reynaldos,
El señor de Montalván ;

El qual està puesto en vandos
Con sus sobrino Roldan ;
Porque no sabe el Marqués
Si recibirá pesar ;

Ni quiere venir con gentes
Sin saber tu voluntad,
Pues viene à pedir justicia,
Y no para guerrear ;

" Let those Cavaliers swear firmly

" To decree the truth alone;

" That moreo'er to either party

" Justice shall alike be shewn.

" Let them mark without the city

" Some wide space a camp to make,

" And an area where Carloto

" May his trial duly take.

" There, too, let the noble Marquis

" Bring his people to defend,

" Lest there shou'd be some here present

" Whose designs to mischief tend.

" Let his trusty friends and kindred

" Come alike with one accord,

" And the high renown'd Rinaldo,

" Fair Montalban's valiant Lord ;

" Who at present with his nephew,

" Brave Orlando, disagrees,

" For he will not venture hither

" Till he's sure it wont displeas.

" Neither will he bring his people

" Till your royal will be known,

" Since he only comes for justice,

" Not to battle with his foes ;

Que tu señor asegures,
Y à quantos con èl vendrà,
Mientras que durare el pleyto,
Seguro le mandes dar,

Para venida, y estada,
Y tanbien para tornar ;
No porque el tema à ninguno,
Ni hay de quien recelar.

Mas por cumplir lo que debo
Con tu Sacra Magestad.

Desta manera, señor,
El vendrà sin retardar,
Que yà es partido de Mantua,
No cessa de caminar.
Don Reynaldos lo aposenta,
Sin hacer daño, ni mal,
En tierra de señorios
Todos recaudo le dà,
Pagando por sus dineros
Lo que acostumbran pagar.
Para passar por sus tierras
Licencia les mandes dà,
Y todos los bastimentos
Que huviere necesidad,
Pagando lo que valieren,
No se les debe negar.

" Till he shall your royal promise
" Of assur'd protection gain,
" While the trial lasts at freedom
" Unmolested to remain.

" Hither both to come securely,
" And securely to depart :
" Not that fear assails his bosom,
" For he hath a valiant heart ;

" But that it would highly grieve him
" If misfortunes should befall ;
" Or if his respectful carriage
" You should think indeed too small.

" On these terms will you behold him
" Hither bend without delay ;
" Mantua's walls he late hath quitted,
" And is far upon his way.

" Brave Rinaldo gives him quarters,
" In his progress harming none ;
" Still for his provisions paying,
" Since his march he first begun.

" Through his lands to pass that Chieftain
" Grants him free and ample leave ;
" As he comes in peace, his journey
" Never can your subjects grieve."

Al Emperador le plugò,
Todo lo fue assi à otorgar,
El Marquès venga seguro,
Y quantos con èl estàn.

Venga si quiere de guerra,
O como le parecera,
Yo le tomo so mi amparo
Y so mi Corona Real.

Porque mas seguro venga
Este mi anillo tomad,
Y en todo lo que os prometo
Siempre hallereis verdad.

La licencia que pedis
Soy contento de os la dàr,
Ordenad à vuestra guisa,
Que assi lo quiero afirmar.

Sacò un anillo de oro,
Con el sello Imperial,
El Duque lo tomò, luego
Las manos le fue à besar.

Del Emperador se despiden,
A sus posadas se vàn.
Don Roldan quedò enojado,
Mas no lo quiso mostrar.

Well it pleas'd the noble Emp'ror
To accord this fair request :

" Let the Marquis come securely,

" Trusting to my high behest.

" None shall harm him ; let him boldly

" Come in war, or peace alone ;

" Under the protection resting

" Of my ancient royal throns.

" As a higher pledge of safety,

" Lo ! I give you, Duke, my ring ;

" What I promise shall be sacred,

" By the honor of a King.

" All that you request is granted :

" Once more, then, my word receive ;

" Tell fair Mantua's Chief, this token,

" As a sacred pledge, I give."

At these words a ring he gave him,

Which th' Imperial seal display'd ;

Then the royal hand he kisses,

And with thanks the boon repaid.

With respectful bows departing,

Forth the valiant Barons go ;

Count Orlando sorely vexing,

Though his wrath he dar'd not shew.

Luego se supo en la corte
Todo lo que fue à passar,
La Embaxada que traian,
Y lo que venian demandar.

Mucho peso à Don Carloto,
Quierolo dissimular,
Fuesse al Emperador,
A verse de disculpar ;

Mas nunca lo quiso oir,
Sino en Consejo real,
La audiencia que le diò
Fue mandarlo aprisionar,

Hasta ser determinado
Por su Corte la verdad.
Desque preso, y à recaudo
En guarda lo fuera à dar.

A Don Arnaldos de Berlanda,
Que Añuelos suelen llamar,
Gran Condestable de Francia,
En Cortes gran Senescal.

Mucho pesaba à los grandes,
Que le tienen amistad,
Sobre todos le pesaba
A este Paladin Roldan.

Through the court, and through the city
Was the story shortly spread ;
All that pass'd, and what the Emp'ror
Had to these brave Chieftains said.

Prince Carloto, full of terror,
Did to see his father speed,
To excuse his crime, disowning
Such a wicked barb'rous deed :

But the Emp'ror vow'd to hear him
In his royal court alone ;
And the audience that he gave him
Was a mandate from his throne,

Fast in prison to confine him,
Till they should award the truth :
To Arnaldo of Berlanda
He encharg'd the guilty youth ;

To Arnaldo call'd Añuelos,
Lord High Constable of France,
Marshal of the Court, to keep him
Till the trial shou'd advance.

Highly did it grieve the courtiers,
And the Prince's other friends ;
But Count Palatine Orlando
Much the vig'rous step offends.

EL MARQUÈS DE MANTUA.

Todos buscaban manera
Para lo haver de soltar,
Mas nunca el Emperador
A nadie quiso escuchar.

Quando mas por èl rogaban,
Mas lo hacian guardar.

Cada dia en consejo
Las leyes hacia mirar,
Quien tal crimen cometia,
Què pena le havian de dàr

Estando en esto las cosas
El Marquès fuera à llegar,
A tres millas de Paris,
En vista de la ciudad.

No quiso passar adelante,
Mandò sentar su Real,
Aposentòle Reynaldos
Ribera de un Rio caudal,
Do`mejor le parecia,
Y mas seguro lugar.
El se passò adelante
Una milla, ò poco mas,
Armaron luego sutienda,
Su vandera mandò alzar.

Ev'ry means they try'd to free him,
Oft assail'd the Emp'ror's ear ;
Deaf he prov'd to all entreaties,
And their prayers refus'd to hear.

Still the more they importun'd him,
Still the stronger guard he set,
Firmly to the state resolving
He shou'd pay his forfeit debt.

Ev'ry day, too, in the council
Were the laws of justice read,
To discover what chastisement
Shou'd descend upon his head.

In these cautious steps proceeding,
Drew the noble Marquis near,
And, within three miles of Paris
Resting, saw its tow'rs appear.

Nearer wou'd he not approach it,
Dreading still some secret foes ;
Whilst a station near the river
For his camp Rinaldo chose :

But, more near himself adventuring,
Pitch'd his tents with courage brave,
Where he bade his streaming banners
High in martial glory wave.

Y la gente de la corte,
Todos iban à mirar,
El gran campo del Marquès,
Su concierto singular,
La diversidad de gentes,
Y el orden que en todos hay.
Muchos Señores, y Grandes,
Al Marquès iban à hablar,
Por probar algun concierto,
Y saber su voluntad.
El estaba en su tienda,
En aquel estado grande,
Armado de todas armas,
Y descubierta la faz.
El ataud alli delante
Por mas dolor demostrar ;
La madre de Baldovinos,
Y su esposa alli à la par,
De aquella forma, y manera,
Que arriba oistes nombrar.
Los que venian à la tienda,
Para el Marquès visitar,
Desque lo veian armado,
Y de aquella forma estar,
Havian dèl compassion,
Y segaban por le hablar ;
Recibialos muy bien,
Cabe èl los hacia sentar ;
El caso como passàra
A todos iba à contar.

From the Court this fine encampment
Numbers came, well pleas'd, to view ;
Much admir'd its curious order,
Much its various nations too.

Many a Lord of birth and grandeur
To the Marquis sought to speak,
Plots against his peace to hinder,
And his will and pleasure seek.

In his tent in high state sat he,
Like a prince upon his throne,
Arm'd at ev'ry point completely,
With his beaver up alone.

And before him stood the coffin,
Where Prince Baldwin lay in state,
And his hapless wife and mother
Mourning his untimely fate.

All that came the tents to visit,
And the noble Marquis see,
When they saw him arm'd, and seated
Thus in solemn majesty,

Mov'd with deep sincere compassion,
Words of gentle comfort spoke ;
Kindly he receiv'd them, silence
Often as they question'd broke :

Quando algo le rogaban
Mostraban mucho pesar,
Rogaba con cortesía
Le quisiessen perdonar,
Por no poder complacellos,
Como era su voluntad,
Porque èl se havia quitado
En esto la libertad.
El juramento que hizo
A todos hacia mostrar,
Porque ellos no tuviessen causa,
Sobre ello importunar.

Los grandes que allí venian
No le quieren fatigar,
Ni querian sobre el caso
Su dolor le renovar.

Bolvianse para Paris,
Pensativos à demàs,
Diciendo, tiene razon,
El Marquès de se vengar,

De un tan gran dolor,
Y hacerle bien castigar.

Told them all the fatal story
Of his lamentable woe ;
Courteously requir'd their pardon,
That he cou'd no favors shew,

Rich regales and costly feastings,
He, alas ! had laid aside,
And by oath of ev'ry pleasure
For a time himself deny'd.

Ev'ry pitying Noble's bosom
Strove to give his tears relief ;
Little do they ask, unwilling
Deep to probe his cureless grief.

But to Paris back returning,
Thoughtful more than when they came,
" Justly," cry they, " does the Marquis
" Vengeance for his injuries claim ;

" Justly does he seek atonement,
" Calling this a common cause ;
" E'en a prince, accus'd of murder,
" Must submit him to the laws.

" With both life and fortune aiding,
" Though our Sov'reign we respect,
" Still, the noble Marquis guarding,
" We with heart and hand protect."

Quando el Emperador supo
Que el Marqués iba à llegar,
Manda llamar al Consejo
En su Palacio Real.

Mando quando fueron juntos
Los Embaxadores llamar,
La Embaxada que truxeron
Tornassen à raconter.

Levantòse el Conde de Irla,
Comenzòle à explicar ;
Desque la hubo acabado
Tomòse luego à sentar.

Todos se maravillaron
De oír tan gran maldad,
Por amor del Emperador
Todos reciben pesar.

Miranse unos à otros
A todos parece mal,
Antes que hablasse ninguno,
El Emperador quiso hablar.

Lo que aqui pide el Marqués,
Por primero, y principal,
Es, que yo nombre Jueces,
Para esto determinar.

When the Emp'ror heard the Marquis
Was arriv'd, he sent to call
Ev'ry member of his council
To his spacious audience hall ;

And, when round about him seated,
To th' Embassadors he sent,
And the tidings first they brought him
Bade them truly represent.

Rising at his word, Count Irlos
Did the grievous case explain,
Turning, when his speech was ended,
Slowly to his seat again.

Ev'ry Knight lamented deeply
Such a doleful tale to hear,
Grieving for the Emp'ror highly,
To each gen'rous heart so dear.

Round they look'd upon each other,
But not one the silence broke,
And, before their tongues found utt'rance,
Thus his thoughts the Emp'ror spoke :—

“ What the Marquis has requested,
“ In the first and nearest place,
“ Is that I shall name the Judges
“ To decide this solemn case.

Por ser caso de Carloto,
Presente no quiero estàr
Para mejor señalarlos,
Y todo mi poder dâr,
Que administren la justicia
En su conciencia, y verdad.
A todos està mirando,
Y comienzales de hablar,
Los Jueces que yo nombro
Por justicia guardar,
El uno es Dardin Dardena,
Que Delfin suelen llamar,
De tres Estados de Francia,
El primero en aconsejar.
Otro el Conde de Flandes,
Don Alberto el singular,
Uno de los tres Estados,
El primero en el mandar.
Otro el Duque de Borgoña,
Primer estado en juzgar,
Riguroso, y justiciero,
En mis Reynos principal.
Otro el Duque Don Carlos,
Mi Sargento General;
Otro el Conde de Foix,
El buen viejo Don Beltran;
Otro sea Don Reyner,
Llamado Duque de Aste:

- " As I cannot sit in person
" On my own offending son,
" And I would have strictest justice
" To the sev'ral parties done;
- " Thus you learn my sov'reign pleasure,"
(Looking round on ev'ry Peer)
" These to name t' award the sentence,
" When they shall the trial hear.
- " First, renown'd Dardin Dardeña,
" Who in France we Dauphin call,
" Of the three Estates the eldest,
" In the Council chief of all.
- " Next in rank, the Count of Flanders,
" Albert, high in arms renown'd;
" Of the three Estates in power,
" And in arms the Gen'ral crown'd.
- " Burgundy's great Duke, for justice
" None so truly fam'd as he;
" And Duke Charles, my Serjeant Gen'ral,
" Shall the two next Judges be.
- " Bourbon's Duke, my cousin Grimwald,
" And Count Bertram, call'd the Old;
" Count of Foix; and valiant Reynier,
" Astè's Duke, are next enroll'd.

Y el Conde Don Galañon,
De Alemania principal.
Otro el Duque de Bibiano,
De Agramonte natural,
Asistente de mi Corte,
Para los pleytos juzgar.
Otro el Duque de Saboya,
Que aventuras fue à buscar,
Y en las mas partes del mundo
Franceses vido passar.
Otro el Duque de Ferrara,
Esa nombrada ciudad ;
Don Arnaldo el Gran Bastardo,
Que assi se hace intitular.
Otro sea Don Guarinos,
Almirante de la mar,
De todas flotas, y armadas,
Sobre todas General.
Y nombro por Presidente,
Para en mi lugar estar,
Don Arnaldo de Berlanda,
De Francia Gran Condestable ;
Por esto le doy mi cetro
Absoluto en mandar.
Todos estos juntos pueden
Absolver, y sentenciar ;
Esto pide el Marquès,
Como se debe juzgar,
Si por prueba de testigos,
O trance de pelear.

" Galalon, the noble German ;

" Valiant Duke Bibiano too,

" In my royal courts assisting,

" Judging ev'ry cause so true.

" And the noble Duke of Savoy,

" Who adventures went to seek,

" And in ev'ry part with Frenchmen

" Still it was his chance to speak.

" Fam'd Ferrara's Duke, and Arnold,

" Who himself Grand Bastard writes ;

" And the hardy Chief Guarinos,

" Who at sea as Admiral fights :

" Chief Commander of our Squadrons—

" And for President advance

" Count Arnaldo of Berlanda,

" Lord High Constable of France :

" To him do I give my sceptre,

" And confer the sov'reign pow'r,

" To award the solemn sentence

" In this most afflicting hour,

" This the Marquis claims, and justice

" Bids me his demand allow ;

" Let them seek the proof by witness,

" Or by arms the truth avow.

Yo les doy mi commission,
Con poder, y facultad,
Que la sentencia que dieren
La pueden executar,

Segun costumbre de Francia,
Por su propia autoridad,
Dandole pena, y castigo,
A quien se haviere de dàr :

Assi por via de justicia,
Como por en campo entrar,
Al qual pueden ser presentes,
Y en mi nombre assegurar.

Y al Marquès Danes Urgèl,
Y quantos con èl vendrán :
Mas que mi persona propia,
Nadie le puede enojar.

Assi como aqui lo dixo
A todo lo fue à mandar,
So pena de ser traydor
Quien lo osase quebrantar.

" My commission have I giv'n them,
" And the sentence they decree
" Shall most surely be accomplish'd,
" When they shall our justice see.

" As in France the ancient custom
" Of our sacred law requires,
" Just chastisement still awarding
" Where th' offended side desires;

" Thus shall justice be their guardian
" When they enter in the field,
" And, all parties there assembled,
" In my name, securely shield.

" Thus the Marquis Danes Urgel,
" And the soldiers of his train,
" Shall, with gen'rous treatment meeting,
" Find no motive to complain.

" Let the Judges, as we bid them,
" Ev'ry wise precaution take ;
" Treason against all proclaiming
" Who the peace presume to break."

ROMANCE

DEL

MARQUES DE MANTUA.

PARTE TERCERA.

Sentencia dada al Principe Don Carloto.

EN el nombre de Jesus,
Que todo el mundo ha formado,
Y de la Virgen su Madre,
Que de niño lo ha criado.

Nosotros Dardin Dardeña,
Delfin en Francia llamado ;
Don Alberto, y Don Reyner,
De tres Estados nombrado ;

El Conde de Flandes viejo,
Consejero delegado,

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF THE
MARQUIS OF MANTUA.

PART THIRD.

Prince Carloto's Sentence and Punishment.

" IN the sacred name of Jesus,
" Who created heav'n and earth,
" In the holy Virgin Mother's,
" Who with gladness hail'd his birth ;

" We, the first Dardin Dardeña,
" Who in France we Dauphin call,
" Of the three Estates the eldest,
" In the council Chief of all ;

" Albert next, the Count of Flanders,
" High in arts and arms renown'd,
" Of the three Estates in power,
" And command the Gen'ral crown'd ;

Con el Duque de Borgoña,
El primer en el juzgado ;
Con el buen Duque Don Carlos,
El Regente Sargentado ;

Con el Duque de Borbon,
Don Arnaldo fiel cuñado
Del muy alto Emperador,
Y con su hermana casado.

El buen viejo Don Beltrán,
Y el Conde Foix esforzado,
Y el Conde Don Galalon,
Con el Duque de Bibiano.

Y el Duque de Saboya,
Que aventuras ha buscado ;

Con el Duque de Ferrara,
Con Arnaut el Gran Bastardo ;
El Almirante Guarinos,
En las mares estimado.

Don Arnaldo de Berlanda,
Condestable diputado
En el lugar, y mandar
Del gran Emperador Carlos.

“ Burgundy’s great Duke, in justice
“ And alike in mercy great,
“ And Duke Charles, our Serjeant Gen’ral,
“ Made fourth solemn judge of state ;

“ Bourbon’s Duke, and noble Grimwald,
“ With Count Bertram, call’d the Old ;
“ Count of Foix ; and valiant Reyner,
“ Astè’s Duke, are next enroll’d.

“ Galalon, the noble German,
“ Valiant Duke Bibiano too,
“ At the royal Courts assisting,
“ Judging ev’ry cause so true ;

“ And the gallant Duke of Savoy,
“ Who adventures went to seek,
“ And in ev’ry part with Frenchmen
“ Still it was his chance to speak ;

“ Fam’d Ferrara’s Duke, and Arnold,
“ Who himself Grand Bastard writes,
“ And the hardy Chief Gnarinos,
“ Who at sea as Admiral fights ;

“ And Arnaldo of Berlanda,
“ In the presidential seat,
“ He that holds the royal sceptre,
“ As in wisdom most discreet ;

Todos juntos en consejo,
Y acuerdo determinado,
Vista la requisicion
Que el Marquès havia dado,
Vista tambien la demanda
Que el Marquès ha proposado,
Vistas todas las respuestas
Que Carloto ha embiado,
El processo por entero
Con gran fe examinado,
Lo que venia de justicia,
Y de derecho mirado.
A la una, y otra parte,
El derecho no quitando,
Teniendo a Dios en la muerte,
Y en los ojos presentado.
Visto que claro parece,
Por lo que es alegado,
Que segun la Ley divina,
Quien à otro muerte ha dado,
Con cuchillo, ò sin, el muera,
Y à tal acto exercitado.
Y visto que à traycion
Don Carloto ha inventado,
En matar à Baldovinos
En un bosque despoblado,
Segun que claro parece,
Por la confession que ha dado
Don Carloto à la demanda,
Que el Marquès ha presentado.

- " We, deputed by the Emp'ror
 " To present his sov'reign pow'r,
" In high council now assembled,
 " Thus adjudge this solemn hour ;
- " At the Marquis's petition,
 " Who complains himself aggriev'd,
" Well consid'ring ev'ry answer
 " From Carloto we receiv'd ;
- " All the process well examin'd,
 " As in strictest justice due,
" Keeping God's high mandate present,
 " And his glory still in view ;
- " Seeing that whoever basely
 " Dares to break the law divine,
" And by wicked act of murder
 " Doth his soul to guilt consign ;
- " Seeing, too, by horrid treason
 " Prince Carloto in a wood,
" Wild and desert, slew Prince Baldwin,
 " And his hands in blood imbru'd ;
- " And that what the noble Marquis
 " Did with solemn truth attest,
" This high crime by him committed
 " Prince Carloto hath confess'd ;

Visto que punto por punto,
El delito ha confessado,
Por la pena del tormento
Con que lo havia negado.
Y visto que nada obsta,
Que èl se haya jugado
A la Audiencia Real,
Pues no le han perdonado
Lo que viene de justicia,
Sin à otro haver mirado.

Por esta nuestra sentencia
Cada qual bien informado
Del hecho de la verdad,
Segun que ha confessado ;

Condenamos à Carloto,
Primero à ser arrastrado
Por el campo en el arena,
Con un rocin mal domado.

Despues de lo qual, queremos
Que sea descabezado
En un alto cadahalso,
Do pueda ser bien mirado
De fuera de la Ciudad,
Por donde será llevado.
Despues de lo qual cumplido,
Y aquesto ser acabado,
Porque mas pagado quede,
Que le corten pies, y manos.

- " Though, till he endur'd the torture,
 " He denied the wicked deed ;
 " Seeing nought doth now prevent us
 " In just judgment to proceed ;

 " And that in his audience chamber
 " What the course of justice claim'd,
 " Ev'ry other object scorning,
 " Thus the King his mandate fram'd,

 " That we should the truth endeavour
 " In fair trial to unfold,
 " And that to resist our sentence
 " None should dare, with malice bold ;

 " We decree that Prince Carloto
 " Shall be first dragg'd through the field
 " By an untam'd colt, and after
 " Shall upon the scaffold yield,

 " (Some high scaffold, where the people
 " May all see, and stand in dread)
 " Yield, for Baldwin's cruel murder,
 " To the laws his forfeit head.

 " And, when this hath been completed,
 " As in sacred justice meet,
 " They shall sever from his body
 " Both his hands and both his feet.

Y mandamos despues desto,
Que sea desquartzado ;
Lo qual cumplido, queremos
Sea un edificio obrado,
De piedra muy labrada,
Y de canto bien picado.

Que sea en lo venidero
Memoria de lo passado,
Del caso de Baldovinos,
Y de como fue vengado.

Don Carloto temeroso,
Aunque era muy esforzado,
Estremeciòse quando oyò,
Lo que se ha publicado.

Esforzòse quanto pudo,
Una pluma ha demandado ;
Dieronle tinta, y papel,
Una carta ha ordenado.

Con un Page que allí estaba,
A Don Roldan la ha embiado,
Nadie sabe lo que embia,
A escribirla se ha apartado.

Don Roldan leyò el papel,
Y todo se ha alterado ;
El de cierto bien quisiera
Dàr remedio en lo rogado.

" Then his body shall be quarter'd,
" And a lofty column built
" Of hewn stone, a lasting fabric
" That shall tell the world his guilt;

" Baldwin's death, so much lamented,
" And the manner how he dy'd,
" With the vengeance on his murd'rer,
" Who the laws of God defy'd."

When Carloto heard this sentence,
Dreadful fears his bosom shook,
All the blood his cheeks forsaking,
Terror reign'd in ev'ry look.

But, his senses soon returning,
Pen and paper he demands,
And a letter writes, though scarcely
He cou'd guide his trembling hands.

This dispatch'd he to Orlando
By a Page who there remain'd ;
No one cou'd divine within it
What the matter it contain'd.

When Orlando read the letter,
He was left in double strait ;
And he wish'd, but dar'd not venture,
To oppose Carloto's fate.

Doloroso, y pensativo,
Un poco rato ha mirado,
Duda si podrá hacer
Lo que le fue suplicado,
O si debe dar desvío
A lo que le han recitado.
Hallase puesto en gran duda,
En gran estrecho, y cuidado,
El amor dice que haga,
El temor teme el mandado
Del muy gran Emperador,
Que el Marquès ha asegurado.
Mas al fin quiere la sangre
Perder por el su Estado,
Delibera esta respuesta,
Que no esté atemorizado.
Que con parientes, y amigos
El saldrà al campo armado,
Con deseo de perder
La vida, ò ser remediado.
Sin que gran rato passasse,
Fue Don Carloto informado
De lo que ordena Roldan,
Por lo qual fue algo gozado;
Quierolo dissimular
Mas no pudo ser zelado,
Allegòse al Condestable,
Y el papel lo ha tomado.
Leído fue el papel,
Por Paris se ha divulgado,
Que Don Roldan hace gente,
Y que gente ha juntado.

Mournful, and in pensive silence,
How to act he did not know ;
Whether, list'ning to Carloto,
He should bold resistance shew.

And the more he mus'd upon it,
Deeper still his doubts appear'd ;
Love and friendship urg'd him forward,
But the Emp'ror's wrath he fear'd :

Fear'd the promise made the Marquis.—
Friendship he at length obey'd,
And this answer to Carloto
By the Page he reconvey'd :—

“ With his faithful friends and kindred
“ That he'd sally to the field,
“ And, his life for his sake risking,
“ Ne'er to this harsh sentence yield.”

When Carloto knew the answer,
Hope he breath'd, and ardent joy,
But a Guard, that moment ent'ring,
Did each empty hope destroy ;

For he seiz'd and read the letter ;
And through Paris then 'twas known
That Orlando troops was raising
For Carloto's sake alone.

El Emperador que lo sabe
Al Marquès ha avisado,
Mandè poner à Carloto
Apercibido, y à recaudo ;
Pregonar por la Ciudad,
Que nadie sea osado,
So perdicion de la vida
Al otro dia ir armado.
A Roldan embiò à decir,
Que èl tampoco sea osado
De mas en Paris estar,
Hasta un año passado,
So pena de ser traydor,
Y por tal ser publicado.
El Marquès que sintiò el caso,
A Reynaldos ha embiado,
Que mañana amaneciendo,
Sea sin falta llegado,
A las puertas de Paris,
Con tres mil hombres de Estado :
Do à caballo lleve mil,
Y que no sea mudado,
Hasta tanto que Carloto
Al campo serà llevado,
Y puesto en el cadahalso,
Do ha de ser sentenciado.
Y qualquier que con vos venga,
Defienda lo encomendado.
Otro dia de mañana
Assi fue todo acabado.

When the Emp'ror heard these tidings,
To the Marquis word he sent,
And, Carloto doubly guarding,
Did his friend's design prevent.

Through the city then 'twas publish'd,
To prevent these fresh alarms,
That no person, pain of treason,
Shou'd next day be seen in arms.

Count Orlando was forbidden
Fore his sov'reign to appear,
And from Paris distant banish'd
For the space of one whole year.

But the Marquis bade Rinaldo,
At the early morning's light,
With three thousand troops be ready
Round about the gates, to fight ;

And a thousand horse appointed,
Near the city in array,
And the scaffold where Carloto
Was his forfeit life to pay ;

Bravely ord'ring them to combat,
If resistance any dar'd :
With the early rays of morning
Thus was ev'ry point prepar'd.

Ya sacaban à Carloto
Con hierros aherrojado,
Los Pregoneros delante,
Su gran maldad publicando.

Quando fueron à la puerta,
Don Reynaldos lo ha tomado,
En medio toda la gente
Lo ha bien aposentado

Quando son al cadahalso
Do ha de ser sentenciado
Delante toda Paris
Fue muy bien executado,
Segun que por la sentencia
Fue proveido, y mandado.
Assi murió Don Carloto
Quedando alovesado ;
Y Baldovinos viviendo,
Aunque muerto, muy honrado.

Prince Carloto from the prison,
Fast in irons bound, they led ;
Royal heralds march'd before him,
Who his crime and sentence read.

At the city gates Rinaldo
Took him from the Marshal's hands,
And, in midst of all the people,
Led him bound with hempen bands.

Justly then all Paris saw him
On the fatal scaffold bleed :
Thus the sentence was accomplish'd,
As the Judges had decreed ;

Thus Carloto dy'd, his mem'ry
Sunk in everlasting shame,
Whilst in death was Baldwin honor'd
With unfading wreaths of fame.

ROMANCE

DEL

MARQUES DE MANTUA.

QUARTA PARTE.

Las Exequias de Baldovinos.

GRAN estruendo de campanas
Por todo París havia,
Su doloroso sonido
Las piedras entristecia,

Por muerte de un caballero
Baldovinos se decia ;
Uno era de los Doce,
Y de reyes descendia.

Yà lo llevan à enterrar
Con gran pompa en demasia ;
Grandes mortajas, y lutos,
Mucha gente le seguia.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF THE
MARQUIS OF MANTUA.

PART FOURTH.

The Obsequies of Prince Baldwin.

HARK ! the bells of Paris tolling,
Yield a melancholy sound,
Melting e'en the stones to pity
For a Knight so high renown'd ;

For the good and gallant Baldwin,
Of the Twelve illustrious Peers,
From a race of kings descended,
Slaughter'd in his prime of years.

Forth with royal pomp they bear him
To the silent mournful tomb ;
Knights and friars, a train attending,
Weeping his untimely doom ;

El gran numero de hachas
Vence la lumbre del dia ;
Cien Pages cabe la tumba,
Que le llevan compañía.

Muchos Duques, muchos Condes,
Muy grande caballería ;
Cantandole van responsos
Infinita clerecía.

El gran Cardenal de Ostia,
Por Presbytero venia :
El Arzobispo de Milán
De Diacono servia.

Por Subdiacono dellos
El Obispo de Aux venia.
Allà en San Juan de Letrán,
El aparato se hacia

De una rica sepultura,
Que à las del mundo excedia.

Toda la piedra jaspe,
Y hermosa mazoneria,
Y unas columnas de marmol
En donde se sostenia.

Torches in such number bearing
As eclipse the light of day ;
Whilst a hundred Pages follow
Where the coffin leads the way.

Dukes, and Counts, and noble Barons,
All in long procession ride ;
Priests behind them slowly walking,
Who responses loudly cry'd.

First, the Cardinal of Ostia
As Chief Priest the corse attends ;
Then th' Archbishop of fair Milan
As his Deacon humbly bends.

With a bishop for Subdeacon,
Aux the title that he bears ;
To St. John of Lateran marching,
Slow the funeral pomp repairs.

Rich the tomb, so rich that never
Tomb of kings did more exceed ;
Deck'd with many a curious sculpture,
Many a fam'd recording deed :

Of the rarest jasper fashion'd
With the highest skill of art ;
Marble pillars, finely polish'd,
Round it shine in ev'ry part.

Hechas, pues, yà las exequias,
Como à èl pertenecia, -
Ciñenle estoque dorado
De gran ptecio, y valia.

Metenle yelmo muy rico
De infinita pedreria.
En habito militar,
Y armado por esta via,

Lo meten en el sepulchro,
Como usarse solia ;
Quedando el cuerpo con fama,
Con gloria el alma subia.

When the obsequies were ended
Due to such a noble Knight,
Round him his rich belt they fasten'd,
And the sword he wore in fight.

On his head a helmet placing,
With bright jewels cover'd o'er ;
Last in soldier's dress array'd him,
As in life the hero wore.

Then within the tomb they lay him,
And the pond'rous marble close ;
Here in fame his body resting,
Whilst his soul to glory goes.

ROMANCE

DE

DON GAYFEROS.



ASSENTADO està Gayferos
En el Palacio Real,
Assentado està al tablero
Para las tablas jugar.

Los dados tiene en la mano,
Que no les quieres enojar,
Quando entrò por la sala
Don Carlos el Emperante.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD

OF

GAYFEROS.

THIS Ballad engages the whole of the 9th chapter of the 2d book and 2d part of Don Quixote; a chapter so exquisitely diverting, that it would be an injury to transcribe any part of it: we therefore refer the reader to the original volume.

IN the royal palace sitting,
Ere he had begun to play,
As before the Prince Gayferos
Wide the * tables open lay,

In his hand the dice retaining,
Just upon the point to throw,
To the Knight the King, approaching,
Did his royal person shew.

* The game here meant is probably Trictrac, or French backgammon.

Desque assi jugar le vido
Comenzòle de mirar,
Hablandole està hablando
Palabras de gran pesar.

Si tan buenos sois Gayferos
Para las armas tomar,
Còmo sois para los dados,
Y para las tablas jugar :

Vuestra esposa tienen Moros,
Iriadesla à buscar ;
Pesame à mi por ella,
Porque es mi hija carnal.

De mucho fue demandada,
Y à nadie quise tomar ;
Pues casastes por amores,
Amores la han de casar.

Si en otro fuera casada
No estuvièra donde està.

Gayferos que aquesto oyera
Movido de gran pesar,
Levantòse del tablero
No quiriendo mas jugar.

With a scornful look he ey'd him,
Utt'ring with a taunt severe,—

“ O Gayferos, how it shames me
“ To behold you idling here!

“ Were you but in arms as dext'rous
“ As at tables and the dice,
“ You would hold your honor surely
“ At a far more worthy price;

“ And your spouse, to Moors a captive,
“ This would lead you to regain.
“ Much I'm griev'd to think my daughter
“ Should a hapless slave remain.

“ Many another Chieftain gladly
“ Would have call'd the maid his own:
“ Since for love she chose to wed you,
“ Love must be her friend alone.

“ But if other Knight possess'd her,
“ There, forsooth, she wou'd not stay;
“ By immortal deeds of valour
“ He would bring his spouse away.”

When renown'd Gayferos heard him,
Deeply griev'd the speech he bore,
And, uprising from the tables,
Vow'd that he would play no more;

A manos toma el tablero
Para haverle de arrojar,
Sino por quien con èl juega,
Que era hombre de linage.

Jugaba con èl Guarinos,
Almirante de la mar ;
Voces dà por el Palacio,
Que al cielo quieren llegar.

Preguntando, preguntando
Por su tio Don Roldan,
Hallaronlo en el patio,
Que queria cavalgar.

Con èl estaba Oliveros,
Y Durandarte el galàn,
Con èl muchos de los Doce,
Que à una mesa comen pan.

Gayferos que aquesto vido
Comenzàra de hablar ;
Por Dios os ruego mi tio,
Por Dios os quiero rogar,

Vuestras armas, y caballo,
Vos me las querais prestar,
Que mi tio el Emperador,
Muy mal me quiso tratar.

And, the tables rudely seizing,
Fain had dash'd 'em to the ground ;
But reflection, soon returning,
Kept his rage in decent bound.

With a Noble was he playing,
With the Admiral of the fleet.
Through the palace instant shouting,
Fain he wou'd his uncle meet.

Soon he heard that Count Orlando
Was upon the point to ride ;
In the court Gayferos found him,
Just as he had leap'd astride.

Oliveros stood beside him,
Durandarte too was there ;
And the Twelve, at one round table
Who the same rich viands share.

When the gallant Prince perceiv'd them,
Thus he cry'd before them all ;—
“ Oh, for heav'n's sake, uncle, hear me !
“ Hold not my entreaties small.

“ Sorely hath the Emp'ror griev'd me ;
“ Stand I beg you, then, my friend,
“ And your noble steed and armour
“ For a season kindly lend !

Dice que soy para poco,
Y no para armas tomar;
Bien lo sabeis vos mi tio,
Bien sabeis vos la verdad.

Si no busqué à mi esposa,
Culpa no me pueden dár,
Tres años anduve triste
Por los montes, y los valles ;

Comiendo la carne cruda,
Bebiendo la roxa sangre,
Trayendo los pies descalzos,
Las uñas corriendo sangre.

Nunca yo hallarla pude,
En quanto yo pude andar,
Ahora sè que està en Sansueña,
En Sansueña essa Ciudad.

Sabeis que estoy sin caballo,
El armas otro que tal,
Que las tiene Montezinos,
Que es ido à festear,

Allà à los Reynos de Ungria,
Para torneos armar,
Pues sin armas, ni caballo,
Mal la podrè yo sacar.

- " With a taunting speech he told me
" That for arms I was not fit ;
" But the truth you know, and surely
" Will your nephew now acquit.
- " If my spouse I seek no longer,
" Can the fault be justly mine ?
" Plains I trod, and vales, and mountains,
" Three whole years with this design.
- " Wand'ring wretched, eating only
" * Herbs ; my drink the crystal flood :
" Till my feet, with rough flints wounded,
" Run a purple stream of blood.
- " 'Twas not my good chance to find her,
" Though I sought with tend'rest care ;
" Now I learn that in Sansueña
" She's a hapless captive there.
- " Horse and armour Montesinos
" Mine in some gay tilt employs :
" Far to Hungary hath he journey'd,
" Eager for those manly joys.
- " Freely to my friend I lent them,
" But it leads me now to you :
" Neither horse nor arms possessing,
" How shall I my course pursue ?

* The Spanish says, " Eating raw flesh, and drinking blood." I have substituted more delicate sentiments.

Por esso ruego, mi tio,
Las vuestras me querais dâr.
Don Roldan que aquesto oyera,
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr.

Callad sobrino Gayferos,
No querais hablarlo tal,
Siete años vuestra esposa
Ha que està en cautividad.

Siempre os he visto con armas,
Y caballo otro que tal,
Y ahora que estais sin ellas,
Las querais ir à buscar.

Juramento tengo hecho,
Allà en San Juan de Letrán,
A nadie prestar mis armas,
No las hagan cobardar.

Mi caballo es bien vezado,
Mal no le quieran vezar.

Gayferos, que aquesto oyera,
La espada fuera à sacar,
Con una voz muy ayrada,
Comenzàra de hablar.

" Humbly, then, do I entreat you
" To attend to my request :
" Your's to lend !"—Orlando, answer'ing,
Thus the gallant Prince address'd :—

" Silence, nephew ! talk not idly,
" Nor a falsehood thus maintain ;
" Sev'n years doth your spouse so lovely
" Captive with the Moors remain.

" Still with horse and arms I've seen you ;
" But when now you neither boast,
" E'en you'd go to seek your lady,
" Courting honor's fairest post.

" Know then at St. John's of Lat'ran
" This firm oath I truly swore,
" Ne'er to lend my horse nor armour
" To another Chieftain more,

" Lest some coward shou'd disgrace him,
" And ill treat my noble steed,
" Who his own and master's honor
" Does with equal knowledge heed."

When Gayferos heard this answer,
In a furious rage he flew,
And his sabre from the scabbard
In an instant fiercely drew.

Don Roldan bien se parece,
Siempre me quisistes mal;
Mas si otro me lo dixera,
Mostràra si soy cobarde.

Mas quien à mi ha injuriado
No lo haveis por mi à vengar
Que si tio no me fuistes,
Con vos querria pelear.

Los Grandes que allì se hallan
Entre los dos puesto se han.
Don Roldan que assi lo vido,
Comenzòle de hablar :

Bien mostrais vos Don Gayferos,
Que sois de muy poca edad,
Bien oisteis un exemplo,
Que conocereis ser verdad.

Que aquel que bien te quiere,
El te suele castigar ;
Si fuerais mal caballero,
No dixera yo lo tal ;

Mas porque sè que sois bueno,
Por esso os fui à castigar,
Que mis armas, y mi caballo,
A vos nó se han de negar.

" Ah !" cries he, " too sure you wish me
" In my troubles ill alone !
" Had another thus disdain'd me,
" Hé had soon my valour known.

" As you scorn, then, to assist me
" For my wrongs revenge to take,
" Were you not my uncle, surely
" In the field our spears we'd break."

Round them all the Nobles pressing,
"Tween the Chieftains interpos'd,
When renown'd Orlando, speaking,
In these words the quarrel clos'd :—

" Well indeed it seems, Gayferos,
" You're of inexperienc'd age,
" Since the pattern you have shewn us
" May our sober thoughts engage.

" Him that loves and most respects you
" Fain you wou'd in fight chastise :
" Never thus a hardy warrior
" The disgraceful coward tries.

" But I knew your daring spirit,
" And that spirit I assay'd :
" Take my horse, and in my armour
" You shall be with speed array'd ;

Y si quereis compañía,
Yo os irè acompañar.
Mercedes, dixo Gayferos,
De la buena voluntad.

Solo me quiero ir, solo,
Para haverla de sacar.
Nunca me dirà ninguno
Que mi viò ser destear.

Luego Don Roldan mandò
Sus armas aparejar.
El mismo arma el caballo,
Por mejor assegurar.

El mismo arma à Gayferos,
Y le ayuda à cavalgar.
Luego cavalgò Gayferos,
Con enojo, y gran pesar.

Pesales mucho à los Doce,
Y tambien à Don Roldan,
Y mas al Emperador,
Desque solo le vè andar.

" And, if company delights you,
" At your beck will I attend."
" Thanks !" reply'd renown'd Gayferos;
" Now indeed you prove my friend.

" But my spouse, fair Melisenda,
" Looks to see her faithful Lord ;
" Should another Chieftain free her,
" He will only be abhorr'd.

" This firm arm alone must loose her
" From the captive's hated chain ;
" And henceforth from taunts disloyal
" Ev'ry tongue will sure refrain,"

From his steed alights Orlando,
And his armour strait was brought :
With his hand Bayarte harness'd,
For his nephew's weal he sought.

Then he arms the Prince, and aids him
On the steed to vault astride :
In deep rage the spur applying,
Forward he begins to ride.

All the Peers, with brave Orlando,
Griev'd to see him thus depart ;
But the Emp'ror, when he heard it,
Felt distress afflict his heart.

Y desque èl yà se sabia
De aquel palacio sin par,
Con una voz amorosa,
Le llamàra Don Roldan.

Esperad sobrino mio,
Pues solo quereis andar.
Dexadesme vuestra espada,
La mia querais tomar.
Que aunque vengan dos mil Moros
Nunca les bolvais la faz.
Al caballo dad la rienda,
Y haga su voluntad ;
Que si èl viere la suya
Muy bien os sabrà ayudar :

Y si se vè demasia,
Della os sabrà sacar,

Yà le dà la su espada,
Toma la de Don Roldan ;
Dà de espuelas al caballo,
Y se sale de la ciudad.
Don Beltran que irlq vido,
Comenzòle de hablar :
Tornad acà hijo Gayferos,
Pues me teneis por padre,
Porque solamente os vea
La Condesa vuestra madre,

From the palace was he speeding,
When his uncle call'd him back ;
" Not so fast, my valiant nephew ;
" One strong weapon still you lack.

" This keen sword about you girding,
" Ne'er shall fear your breast appal ;
" Though two thousand Moors attack you,
" Bravely may you face them all.

" Give your steed the reins, and let him
" As he lists direct the fight :
" Fear not, then, but you will conquer
" By his still victorious might.

" But too far shou'd he engage you
" Midst a host of circling foes,
" Safe to bring you from the combat
" By his matchless speed he knows."

When the sword was round him girded,
From the city swift he bends ;
But, when old Lord Bertram meets him,
Thus his breath he vainly spends :—

" O return, my son Gayferos,
" Since you still have call'd me sire !
" Let your gentle mother see you ;
" 'Tis her earnest, fond desire,

Tomàra con vos consuelo,
Que tan tristos llantos hace,
Daros yà caballeros,
Los que hayais necesidad.

Consoladla vos mi tio,
Vos la querais consolar ;
Acuerdese que pequeño
Me perdí de poca edad ;

Haga cuenta que de entonces
Nunca me ha visto jamás.
Yà sabeis que entre los Doce
Corren males voluntades.

No diràn que buelvo à rogaros,
Ni que buelvo por cobarde,
Que no bolverè en Francia,
Sin Melisenda tornar.

Don Beltran que assi lo oyera
Tan enojado en el hablar,
Buelve riendas al caballo,
Y entrase en la Ciudad.

Gayferos à tierras de Moros
Comienza de carwinar,
Por las tierras de Sansueña,
Gayferos apriessa và.

" Some small comfort for your absence
" Will her tender heart receive ;
" If a few brave Knights attend you,
" For your guard, she less will grieve."

" Be you, uncle, than her comfort,
" Give her gentle heart relief :
" Long she lost me when an infant ;
" Then I never knew her grief.

" Let her think she never found me—
" Oh ! it pains my soul to tell,
" That no more the Twelve, uniting,
" Love each other truly well.

" No vile coward shall they call me :
" Uncle, I must forth alone,
" Nor return till Melisenda
" Is by this firm arm mine own."

When the good old Bertram saw him
In a rage so fierce and high,
To the city back returning,
No more reas'ning would he try.

Prince Gayferos swiftly journeying,
To the Moorish country rides,
Where in fair Sansueña city
His illustrious spouse abides.

Las voces que èl iba dando
Al cielo quieren llegar ;
Mal diciendo iba el vino,
Maldiciendo iba el pan,
El que comian los Moros,
No el de la Christiandad.
Maldiciendo iba la dueña
Que tan solo uno hijo pare,
Si enemigos se lo matan,
No tiene quien lo vengar.

Maldiciendo al caballero
Que cavalgasse sin page,
Si se le cae la espuela
No tiene quien se la alcance.

Maldiciendo iba el arbol
Que solo en el campo nace,
Todos los aves del mundo
En èl se vãn à assentar,

Que de rama, ni de hoja
No puede el triste gozar.
Dando estas voces, y otras,
A Sansueña fue à llegar.

Viernes era aquel dia,
Gran fiesta los Moros hacen,
Almanzor à la Mezquita
Và para hacer la zelà.
Quando llegò el buen Gayferos
A Sansueña, essa Ciudad,

Shouts he gives to heav'n ascending,
Echo does his words repeat ;
All the Moors aloud he curses,
Curs'd their wine, the bread they eat.

And the lady, too, he curses
That has but an only son :
If some stranger's hand should slay him,
To avenge her hath she none.

Then the Cavalier he curses
That alone departs to fight ;
Should his spur fall, to regain it
He must needs himself alight.

And the tree he curses standing
Lonely in the spacious field,
For its leaves and spreading branches
All the birds a harbour yield ;

And they keep so loud a chattering,
That the wanderer cannot rest.
To Sansueña came Gayferos,
As these curses he express'd.

'Twas a Friday, and Almanzor
To the Mosque was gone to pray'r ;
Not a Moor through all the city
Did he find at ent'ring there ;

Mirò si veria alguno,
A quien poder demandar ;
Viò un Cautivo Christiano ;
Que andaba por el adarve.
Desque le vido Gayferos
Comenzòle de hablar ;
Dios te salve el Christiano,
Y te ponga en libertad !
Nuevas que pedirte quiero,
No me las quieras negar ;

Tù que andas con los Moros,
Si lo oïste acà hablar ;
Si hay alguna Christiana,
Que sea de alto linage.

El cautivo que lo oyera,
Comenzàra de llorar ;
Tantos tengo de mis duelos,
De otros no puedo curar.

Que todo el dia los caballos
Del Rey me hacen peynar.
Y de noche en la honda cima
Me hacen aprisionar.

Bien sè que hay muchas cautivas
Christianas de buen mirar.
Especialmente hay una,
Que es de Francia natural.

But, at last, a Christian captive
Walking near the gate espy'd ;
Him Gayferos soon addressing,
Thus in gentle accents cry'd :—

“ Heav’n restore thee, hapless Christian,
“ To thy freedom safe again !
“ Much indeed I wish to ask thee,
“ Let not, then, the questions pain.

“ You that with these Moors remaining,
“ Lead a life of bitter cheer,
“ Sure must know if any lady
“ High of rank be captive here ?”

With a sigh the Christian answer’d,
“ True, indeed, my woes are great ;
“ And so many, that I have not
“ Time to weep for others’ fate.

“ All the day the royal stables
“ My hard office to attend ;
“ And the night in some dark dungeon
“ Must I in affliction spend.

“ Yet I know there’s many a captive,
“ Many a lady fair and young ;
“ One, indeed, the rest surpassing,
“ Is the theme of ev’ry tongue.

Y el Rey Almanzor la trata,
Como à su hija carnal.
Sè que muchos Reyes Moros
Con ella quieren casar.

Por esso id caballero
Por essa plaza adelante,
Verlas heis à las ventanas
Del gran Palacio Real.

Derecho se và Gayferos
Do los Palacios estàn,
Desque estuvo cerca de ellos,
Comenzòlas de mirar ;
Viò gallarda à Melisenda,
En una ventana estàr,
Con otras damas Christianas,
Que estàn en cautividad.
Melisenda que lo vido,
Comenzàra de llorar ;

No porque le conociese
En el gesto, ni en el hablar ;
Mas en verle armas blancas,
En los Doce fue à pensar.

Se acordò de los Palacios
Del Emperador su padre,
De las justas, y tornèos,
Que solian por ella armar.

" From fair France she comes ; Almansor
" Shews her all a daughter's love :
" Vainly for his spouse to win her
" Many a Moorish Prince hath strove.

" Would you now behold that Lady,
" To the square pursue your way ;
" At the royal palace windows
" Doth she her fair form display."

To the palace rides Gayferos,
And begins to view it round :
At a window Melisenda
Soon his eyes, delighted, found.

Many another Christian Lady
By her side a captive stood :
Down her cheeks, when first she saw him,
Swiftly cours'd a briny flood.

By his armour white discov'ring,
And his lofty gallant mien,
He was of the Peers illustrious
In her father's palace seen :

And, the time to mind recalling
When in jousts and tourneys fam'd,
Oft her beauty's matchless lustre
Some bold Knight aloud proclaim'd.

Con voz triste, y dolorosa,
Le Comienza de llamar.

Rogoos por Dios, caballero,
A mi no os querais negar,
Si sois Christiano, ò Moro,
Decidme ahora la verdad.

Daros de unas encomiendas,
Bien pagadas os seràn,
Caballero si a Francia ides,
Por Gayferos preguntad.

Decidle que la su esposa
Se le embia à encomendar.

Que yà la parece tiempo
Que la debria sacar,
Que no lo dexe por miedo,
Con los Moros pelear.

Tener debe otros amores,
Y de mi no hay acordar,
Los ausentes por presentes
Ligeros son de olvidar.

Happy days ! but now for ever,
As she fancy'd, fled away :
With a mournful look she call'd him,
And these words began to say :—

“ Oh ! for heav'n's sake, Knight, I beg you
“ Do not my request deny,
“ If a Moor or Christian warrior
“ In that martial dress I spy ;

“ If to France your way pursuing,
“ Then to Prince Gayferos go ;
“ Well will he reward your service,
“ When this hapless truth you shew,

“ That his lady Melisenda
“ Rests a captive with the Moor,
“ And 'tis time her long-lost freedom,
“ And his honor, to restore.

“ Tell him, if, as fame announces,
“ He's a brave advent'rous Knight,
“ Here forlorn he will not leave her,
“ But the Moors undaunted fight.

“ But, perchance, some other Lady
“ Hath engag'd his am'rous vows :
“ Ill the absent are remember'd ;
“ He, alas ! forgets his spouse.

Aun le direis, caballero,
Por le dár mayor señal,
Que sus justas, y torneos,
Bien lo supimos acá.

Y si estas encomiendas
No recibe con solaz,
Darlás heis à Oliveros,
Darlás heis à Don Roldan.

Darlás heis à mi señor,
El Emperador mi padre,
Direis que estoy en Sansueña,
En Sansueña esta Ciudad.

Que si presto no me sacan,
Mora me quiero tornar,
Casarme han con un Rey Moro,
Que està allende el Mar.

De siete Reyes de Moros,
Reyna me hacen coronar,
Segun los ruegos me hacen,
Mora me haràn tornar.

Mas amores de Gayferos
Yo no puedo olvidar,
Gayferos, que aquesto oyera,
Tal respuesta le fue à dár.

- " And, still more to shame the warrior,
" When these taunting words appear,
" Tell him that in jousts and tourneys
" We have heard his triumphs here.
- " If to this he scorn to listen,
" Then to Oliveros tell,
" And Orlando, what I suffer,
" For those Nobles love me well.
- " To the Emp'ror too, my father,
" Tell him what must give him pain,
" That a captive in Sansueña
" With Almanzor I remain.
- " Tell them, if no friendly rescue
" In a timely hour they bring,
" I shall be compell'd to marry
" Some detested Moorish King.
- " Queen of sev'n proud Kings to make me,
" With a crown my brows to grace,
" They entreat my ears to listen,
" And the Moorish faith embrace.
- " But affection for Gayferos
" Keeps me true to him alone."
Thus spoke she Gayferos, answ'ring,
Made the truth then gladly known.

No lloreis la mi señora,
No querais assi llorar,
Porque estas encomiendas
Vos mismo las podeis dàr.

Que à mi dentro de Francia
Gayferos suelen llamar ;

Yo soy el Infante Gayferos,
Señor de Paris la grande ;
Primo hermano de Oliveros
Sobrino de Don Roldan.

Amores de Melisenda
Son los que acà me traen ;

Melisenda que esto oyera
Conociòle en el hablar ;
Quitòse de la ventana,
La escalera fue à tomar ;
Saliose para la Plaza,
Adonde lo vido estàr.
Y Gayferos que la vido
Presto la fue à tomar ;
Abrazòla con sus brazos,
Para haverla de besar.

" Weep not, weep not, gentle Lady ;
" It distracts my heart with pain,
" For the words you now commend me
" Ne'er need I repeat again.

" Your dear self in France shall tell them ;
" Shortly shall they see you there :
" In me you behold Gayferos :
" Hence I come my spouse to bear.

" I'm the Lord of royal Paris,
" Of that city so renown'd ;
" Oliveros is my cousin,
" Whose high deeds are blason'd round :

" And Orlando is my uncle,
" Love of her I hold so dear,
" (And I trust that love will prosper,)
" Leads me to her rescue here."

Melisenda knows her hero
By his speech, and joyful hies
From the window, and like lightning
Down the steps transported flies.

To the square in haste descending,
Where her Lord with fond alarms,
And a tender kiss, receiv'd her,
As he clasp'd her in his arms,

Alí estaba un perro Moro,
Por las Christianas guardar,
Las voces daba tan altas,
Que al cielo quieren llegar.

Al alarido del Moro
Mandan cerrar la Ciudad ;
Siete veces la rodean,
No hallando por donde andar.

Sale el Rey Almanzor
De la Mezquita do està,
Vereis tocar las trompetas,
Apriessa, y no de vagar.

Armar vereis caballeros,
Y en caballos cavalgar,
Tantos se arman de los Moros,
Que gran cosa es de mirar.

Melisenda que lo vido,
En una priessa tan grande,
Con una voz delicada
Le comienza de hablar :

Esforzaos Don Gayferos,
No querades desmayar,
Que los buenos caballeros
Son para necesidad.

But a Moor that watch'd the Ladies
Chanc'd to see the fond embrace,
And the dog with shouts tremendous
Rouzes all th' affrighted place.

Fast they close the gates : Gayferos
Sev'n times circles round the wall ;
But, no way t' escape discov'ring,
Sees with pain this chance befall.

For his lovely Melisenda,
Not himself, his bosom fears.
From the Mosque Almanzor sallies
When this dreadful din he hears ;

And, the brazen trumpets sounding,
Quick to arms the Moors repair,
Forth in countless numbers sallying,
And assembling in the square,

When the gentle Melisenda
Saw her Lord in such a strait,
What her voice so bravely utter'd
'Tis a pleasure to relate :—

“ Now, my Lord, display your valour,

“ All your breast to glory warm :

“ Still the hero's dauntless spirit

“ Rises with the rising storm,

**Si desta escapais Gayferos,
Tendreis harto que contar ;**

**Si quisiessse Dios del Cielo,
Y Santa Maria su Madre,
Fuesse tal vuestro caballo,
Como èl de Don Roldan.**

**Muchas veces lo oí decir
En casa del Emperante
Que mil veces de entre Moros
Lo sacò sin pelegar.**

**La cincha aprieta al caballo,
Afloxarale el petral,
Hincabale las espuelas,
Sin ninguna piedad.**

**El caballo es muy ligero,
Fue à la otra parte à saltar ;
Gayferos que aquesto vido,
Presto se fuera à apear.
Tornò à apretarle la cincha,
Y afloxarle el petral,
Sin poner pie en el estrivo,
Encima fue à cavalgar ;
Y Melisenda, à las ancas,
Presto se fue à assentar.**

" If from this you scape, Gayferos,
" You will have enough to boast :
" See where, madly rushing forward,
" Comes the num'rous Moorish host.

" Would to heav'n you now had with you,
" In this time of urgent need,
" Your brave uncle, great Orlando's
" Matchless arms and fiery steed !

" In my royal father's palace,
" Often have I heard it told,
" Through whole armies hath he brought him,
" When they did the Chief enfold."

Tighter now the saddle girting,
But the breast-plate loos'ning more,
Prince Gayferos spurs the charger
Till his sides were all of gore.

Light the steed, and active bounds he ;
From his back again he lights,
And still more the breast-plate slackens,
And still more the saddle tights.

Nimbly then again he mounts him,
Riding swifter than the wind,
Whilst his lovely Melianda
Firmly keeps her seat behind.

El cuerpo le dà por cinta,
Porque le pueda abrazar,
Al caballo dà de espuelas,
Sin ninguna piedad.
Corriendo vienen los Moros,
Apriessa, y no de vagar,
Las grandes voces que daban,
Al caballo hace saltar.
Quando es cerca de los Moros,
La rienda le fue à soltar,
El caballo es ligero,
Gran tierra les fue à passar,
Siete batallas de Moros,
Todas siguiendo le vàn,
Bolviendo se iba Gayferos
Por vèr què cosa serà.
Desde que vido que los Moros
Se le iban à cercar,
Se bolviera à Melisenda,
Y comenzòle de hablar.
No os enojeis mi señora,
Fuerza os serà el apear,
Y en esta gran espesura
Podais señora aguardar;
Que los Moros son tan cerca,
Que es fuerza nos alcanzar.
Vos señora no teneis armas
Para haver de pelear,
Pues que yo las traygo buenas,
Quierolas bien emplear.

Round the waist she clasps her hero,
Who with manly courage glows,
When advancing fast towards him
He espies the Moorish foes.

Loud they shout, the brave steed hearing,
Though the hostile bands were near,
Leaves them far behind, and nimbly
Bounds along in swift career.

But sev'n Moorish squadrons follow,
Who with eager haste pursue ;
Gallantly he turns his charger,
And they meet his dauntless view.

But when close the Prince beholds them,
And approaching closer still,
Thus to lovely Melisenda
Gently he unfolds his will :—

“ Dearest Lady, let me beg you
“ From the steed awhile to light,
“ And amidst the hasty tumult
“ You perchance may scape their sight.

“ Sword you do not wear to combat ;
“ I shall draw undaunted mine,
“ And I mean to use it nobly,
“ And in this rude contest shine.”

Apeòse Melisenda,
No cessando de llorar,
Las rodillas por el suelo,
Con fatiga, y gran pesar ;

Los ojos puestos al Cielo,
Comenzàra de llorar,
Sin que Gayferos bolbiesse
El caballo fue à guiar.

Quando huia de los Moros,
Muestra que no puede andar,
Quando iba para ellos,
Và con furor desigual,

Que del furor que lleva
La tierra hace temblar ;
Do vida la mas Morisma
Entre ella se fue à entrar.

Si bien pelea Gayferos,
El caballo mucho mas,
Tantos mata de los Moros,
Que no hay cuento, ni par.

La sangre que dellos sale,
Todo ensangrantado le ha
Almanzor que aquesto vido
Comenzàra de hablar.

Melisenda then, alighting,

Never ceas'd to weep and mourn,
And, upon the ground low kneeling,
Was with deep affliction torn.

Up to heav'n her eyes she lifted ;
To her husband then she cry'd,
" Heav'n preserve you !" while Gayferos
Forward did his charger guide.

When the gen'rous steed retreated,
You might well have thought him lame ;
But when he advanc'd, his nostrils
Breath'd a living fiery flame.

While the ground beneath him trembles,
Swift as lightning he advanc'd,
Thund'ring on the Moorish squadrons
In the thickest ranks he lanc'd.

Nobly fought the daring warrior,
And his dauntless steed still more ;
Down on ev'ry side he beat them,
Down the hostile squadrons bore.

With their life's blood wholly cover'd,
As their ranks he bravely broke,
When Almanzor saw him fighting,
Thus in strange surprise he spoke :—

O valgásmeme tû Alà ;
Y esto que podía estàr ?
Caballero con tal fuerza
Pienso no se puede hallar.

Debe ser el encantado
Esse Paladin Roldan ;
Debe ser el esforzado
Reynaldos de Montalván.

O será Urgel de la Marcha,
Esforzado en pelear.
No hay ninguno de los Doce,
Que bastasse à hacer lo tal.

Gayferos que aquesto oyera
Tal respuesta le fue à dar ;
Calledees vos el Rey Moro,
Calledees no digais tal.

Otros muchos hay en Francia,
Que tanto como ellos valen,
Y no soy ninguno dellos,
Mas yo me quiero nombrar:

Yo soy el Infante Gayferos,
Señor de Paris la grande;
Primo hermano de Oliveros,
Sobrino de Don Roldan.

" Gracious Alla ! who can this be ?

" What a noble Cavalier !

" Has Rinaldo of Montalban,

" Or Orlando, ventur'd here ?

" Never yet in furious battle

" Hero did such might display !

" 'Tis perhaps Urgel the valiant,

" Who has bent his arms this way.

" Of the Twelve, not one can combat

" Like this youth, so desp'rate brave !"

But when Prince Gayferos heard him,

This reply he fiercely gave :—

" I am neither of the Chieftains

" Whom your erring voice has nam'd,

" But Gayferos, Lord of Paris,

" Of that town so highly fam'd.

" Oliveros is my cousin,

" For his valiant deeds renown'd ;

" And Orlando is my uncle,

" With immortal glory crown'd :

" And I trust you'll find me worthy

" Of their high redoubted race :

" This firm heart, that pants for glory,

" Ne'er shall coward flight disgrace."

El Almanzor que lo oyera
Con esfuerzo assi hablar,
Con los mas Moros que pudo
Encerròse en la Ciudad.

Solo quedaba Gayferos,
No halla con quien pelear,
Bolviò riendas al caballo,
Por Melisenda buscar.

Ella que venir lo vido
Luego à recibirlo sale ;
Desque viò las armas blancas
Tintas en color de sangre,

Con la voz triste, y llorosa,
Comienzale à interrogar :
Por Dios, os ruego Gayferos,
Por Dios os quiero rogar,

Si traeis alguna herida
Queraismela vos mostrar,
Que los Moros eran tantos,
Que quizá os han hecho mal.

Con mangas de mi camisa
Apretaros he la sangre,
Con la toca que es mayor,
Yo la entiendo de sanar.

Seiz'd with terror, King Almanzor,
When he heard this dauntless speech,
With his Moors in haste retreating,
Soon was far beyond his reach.

All alone remain'd Gayferos,
Of his foes not one appear'd :
Melisenda then her hero
In an instant sweetly cheer'd.

Such delight inspir'd his presence,
To her Lord she swiftly flew ;
But his armour white discover'ing,
All of one ensanguin'd hue.

With a voice quite faint and trembling,
Mov'd with bitter fears she cry'd :—
" Oh ! for heav'n's sake, Prince Gayferos,
" Lay each false restraint aside :

" And if wounded, plainly tell me ?
" All your armour's sprent with gore :
" Num'rous were the Moorish squadrons,
" And on you they fiercely bore.

" Quickly will I tear my ruffles,
" With soft lint to staunch the wound.
" Oh ! it grieves my heart to see you !"
And she heav'd a sigh profound.

Callades, dixo Gayferos,
Infanta no digais tal,
Por mas que fueran los Moros
No me podian hacer mal ;

Que estas armas, y caballo,
Son de mi tio Don Roldan ;
Caballero que las lleva,
No le pueden hacer mal.

Subid apriessa Señora,
Que no es tiempo de parar,
Antes que vengan los Moros,
Los Puertos se han de pasar.

Yà subia Melisenda
En el caballo alazan,
Razonando vãn de amores
Todo el camino que vãn.

Ni de los Moros han miedo,
Ni dellos sientan pesar,
Con el placèr que sentian
No sienten el caminar.

De noche por los caminos,
De dia por los valles vãn,
Comiendo las yetvas verdes,
Y la bebida muy mal.

" Silence ! lovely Princess, silence !
" Let thy bosom know no fear :
" Had they been ten times as num'rous,
" They had fall'n beneath my spear.

" This same armour is my uncle's,
" And 'tis his unrivall'd steed ;
" Cavalier that has them never
" Need the foe in battle heed.

" But make haste to mount, dear lady,
" This no moment for delay ;
" Ere the Moors again attack us,
" We must through the gates away."

Lo ! where now fair Melisenda,
Seated on her steed again,
Forward journies, ne'er rememb'ring
Scenes of late afflicting pain.

Of sweet love she talks, and thinks not
Of the routed Moorish foe ;
Whilst along the road the charger
Seems with lightsome step to go.

In the night the roads they travel,
But in days the lonely fields,
Where their course wild herbs and water
Only for a season yields :

Hasta entrar tierra de Francia,
Y pueblos de Christiandad ;
Si hasta allí alegres fueron,
Adelante mucho mas.

Mas à la entrada de un monte,
Y à la salida de un valle,
Caballero de armas blancas
De lexo vido asomar.

Gayferos desde que lo vido
Rebuelto se ha de la sangre,
Y dice luego à su señora,
Esto es de mayor pesar ;

Que el Caballero que asoma,
Grande esfuerzo es el que trae,
Que sea Christiano, ò Moro,
Forzado me es pelear.

Apead la mi señora,
Y venirme à la par,
De la mano la trata,
No cessando de llorar.

Desde que el uno es cerca al otro
Comienzan à aparejar,
Las lanzas, y los escudos
En son de buen pelear.

Till fair France again they enter,
And the Christian lands explore,
Then their hearts, all care resigning,
Soon a cheerful aspect wore.

But thus trav'ling, as they journey'd
Through a valley, they descri'd
On the mountain, at a distance,
Some fierce Knight to meet them ride.

When Gayferos sees his armour,
Though no fears his heart appal,
Still he cries to Melisenda,
" This mischance is worse than all.

" Yon same Cavalier approaching
" Is a bold advent'rous Knight :
" Moor or Christian, which I know not,
" But I must prepare to fight,

" Therefore now alight, my fair one,
" And by me for safety stand."
Much she wept, while Prince Gayferos
Held his lady by the hand.

As the Knights draw near each other,
Shields and lances they prepare ;
Couching low, and forward bounding,
Thus the fiery combat dare,

Los caballos yà de cerca
Comienzan de relinchar ;
Conociò el suyo Gayferos,
Y comenzò de hablar.
Perded cuidado, señora,
Y vamos presto al lugar,
El caballo que allí viene
Mio es en la verdad.
Yo le di mucha cevada,
Mucha mas le entiendo dàr ;
Las armas segun que veo
Mjäs son otro que tal,
Porque aquel es Montesinos,
Que à mi me viene à buscar,
Que quando yo me partì,
El no estaba en la Ciudad.
Plugò mucho à Melisenda,
Que aquello fuesse verdad.
Yà que se vãn acercando
Casi juntos à la par,
Con voz alta, y muy crecida
Comienzanse à interrogar.
Conocense los dos primos
Entonces en el hablar.
Apearonse à gran priessa,
Muy grandes fiestas se hacen ;
Desque huvieron razonado,
Tornaron à su lugar,
Razonando vãn de amores,
De otro no quieren tratar.

Loud the steeds neigh, when Gayferos
Overjoy'd beholds his own.

" Courage ! lovely lady, let not
" Terror in your looks be shewn.

" 'Tis my steed that bounds to meet us,
" Here have we no foe to dread :
" Oft on barley well delighted
" Yon good charger have I fed.

" In my armour Montesinos
" Is the Knight advancing near ;
" He was absent when from Paris
" I began my course to steer."

Melisenda gladly hears it,
Praying heav'n to find it true ;
While the Cavaliers, undaunted,
Nearer ev'ry moment drew.

Loud they call, and loud they question ;
When the gallant Knights, o'erjoy'd,
Hail each other, either bosom
Was no more with care annoy'd.

Swift they light, while gen'rous transport
Fires each hero's manly breast ;
Love and friendship unaffected
At the meeting they express'd.

Andando por sus jornadas
Entran en la Christianidad,
Quantos caballeros hallan,
Los ihan acompañar,
Y dueñas a Melisenda,
Doncellas otro que tal.
Andando por sus jornadas
A París llegado han,
El Emperador que lo supo
A recibir se los sale ;
Con él sale Oliveros,
Con él sale Don Roldan ;
Con el Infante Belmudes,
Y el buen viejo Don Retran ;
Con él muchos de los Doce,
Que à una mesa comen pan.
Y tambien iba Doñalda,
Esposa de Don Roldan,
Con él iba Julianesa,
Hija del Rey Don Julian ;
Dueñas, damas, y doncellas,
Quantos en corte están.
Carlos abraza à su hija,
No dexando de llorar,
Las palabras que le dice,
Dolor era de escuchar.
Los Doce à Don Gayferos
Grande acatamiento le hacen,
Teniendolo por esforzado,
Mucho mas de allí adelante.

As they journey, Knights and Chieftains
Daily these brave warriors join ;
Many a lady, too, and damsel
In their train delighted shine.

And when they approach nigh Paris,
Forth the gallant Emp'ror bends ;
Oliveros and Orlando,
And a num'rous train of friends.

Prince Belmudez and Count Bertram
Fly the faithful pair to meet ;
And the Twelve that round one table
Of the same rich viands eat.

Count Orlando's spouse Doñalda,
Julianesa young and fair,
Brave King Julian's lovely daughter,
Shone with other damsels there.

As the King salutes his daughter,
What sweet thoughts his mind employ !
Ev'ry word he speaks is mingled
With delicious tears of joy.

All the Twelve Gayferos honor,
In the fight a lion found ;
Henceforth with esteem unequall'd
And immortal glory crown'd,

Pues sacò su esposa amada
De tan gran cautividad ;
Las fiestas, que se hicieron,
No tienen cuento, ni par.

Since he freed his lovely lady
From the captive's hated chain.
Sweetly sounds the joyous music,
Sweetly plays a lively strain.

ROMANCE

DEL

CONDE CLAROS DE MONTALVAN.

MEDIA noche era por filo,
Los gallos querian cantar,
Conde Claros con amores
No podia reposar.

Muy grandes suspiros dando,
Que el amor les hace penar,
Que amores de Clara, niña,
No le dexan sossegar.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD

or

COUNT CLAROS OF MONTALBAN.

THIS Ballad relates an anecdote of one of Charlemagne's daughters, who were all of them, as history informs us, of very gallant dispositions. It may perhaps originate in the well-known story of his Secretary Eginhart. The ballad is not mentioned in *Bon Quixote*. It differs from Turpin's history, in speaking of Orlando and Oliveros as living after the death of Rinaldo ; whereas we are there told they all perished together at Roncesvalles.

MIDNIGHT reigns, and all is silent,
Save the cock that early crows ;
But Count Claros love has wounded,
And fond love denies repose.

Restless all the night he tosses,
Frequent turning in his bed ;
Sighing for the lovely Clara,
Balmy sleep his eyelids fled.

Quando vino la mañana,
Que queria alborear,
Salto diera de la cama,
Y empezàra de llamar.

Levantaos mi Camarero,
Dadme vestir, y calzar.
Presto estaba el Camarero
Para haverselo de dâr.

Dierale calza de grana,
Borcegui de Cordoban ;
Dierale un jubon de seda,
Aforrado en gorgoran.

Dierale un manto muy rico,
Que no se podia apreciar,
Trecientas piedras preciosas
Al rededor del collar.

Traele un rico caballo,
Que en la corte no hay su par,
Que la silla con el freno
Bien valia un Ciudad.
Con trecientos cascaveles
Al rededor del pretal ;
Los cientos eran de oro,
Y los cientos de metal ;
Los otros eran de plata,
Por los sonos concordar.

But the morning rays appearing,
 When they first refulgent broke,
 From his couch impatient leaping,
 Lo! he call'd, and thus he spoke:—

“ Rise, my Chamberlain, to dress me.”
 When his master's voice he hears,
 On his arms the garments bearing,
 In a moment he appears.

* Rob'd in scarlet, now, Count Claros
 Wears a vesture rich and gay,
 That, with curious art embroider'd,
 Does his matchless taste display.

And so rich a cloak is giv'n him,
 That it might a city buy;
 Round the collar gems three hundred
 Dazzle the beholder's eye.

Then his gallant steed they bring him,
 Ne'er a courtier boasts so rare;
 Saddle, housings, bit, and bridle,
 All of worth above compare.

Morris bells three hundred jingling,
 On the horse's breast appear;
 Gold, and tinkling brass, and silver,
 With a pleasant sound they cheer.

* Literally scarlet stockings, cordovan buskins, and a silk lined with program.

Ibase para el Palacio;
 Para el Palacio Real.
 A la Infanta Clara, niña,
 Allà la fuera à hallar,
 Trecientas damas con ella,
 Que le vàn à acompañar.
 Tan linda vè Clara, niña,
 Que à todos hace penar ;
 Conde Claros que la vido
 Luego fue à descavalgar.
 Las rodillas por el suelo
 Le comienza de hablar :
 Mantenga Dios à tu Altera,
 Conde Claros, bien vengais.

Las palabras que prosigue
 Eran para enamorar ;
 Conde Claros, Conde Claros,
 El señor de Montalvan,

Como haveis hermoso cuerpo
 Para con Moros lidiar ;
 Respondiera el Conde Claros,
 Tal respuesta la fue à dâr.

Mejor lo tengo, señora,
 Para con damas holgar.
 Si yo os tuviese señora
 Esta noche à mi mandar,

Strait rode he towards the palace,
And the Princess Clara found ;
Lovely damsels full three hundred
Waiting in attendance round.

O ! she seem'd so wondrous lovely,
Well the youth's fond heart might bleed ;
When the gallant Count perceiv'd her,
He alighted from his steed.

On his knees respectful bending,
Thus in accents soft he cry'd :—
“ Heav'n preserve thee, gentle lady !”
“ Welcome, Count !” the maid reply'd.

Then, in am'rous converse talking,
In their hearts the tender flame,
Love's soft passion long had kindled,
Burnt with mutual warmth the same.

“ O Count Claros of Montalban,
“ In the tourneys how you shine !
“ With the valiant Moors to combat,
“ What a handsome form is thine !”

“ O ! 'tis far more handsome, lady,
“ To engage with beauty's charms !
“ Could I but a night pass sweetly
“ Sleeping in your happy arms !

Y otro día de mañana
Con cien Moros pelear,
Si à todos no los venciese,
Mandassedesme matar.

Calledes, Conde, calledes,
Y no os querais alabar,
Que el que quiere servir damas
Assi lo debe hablar.

Y al entrar en las batallas
Bien se suele escusar ;
Sino lo creis señora,
Por las obras se verá.

Siete años son passados,
Que os comence de amar,
Que de noche yo no duermo,
Ni de día puedo holgar.

Siempre lo tuvistes Conde
De las damas os burlar ;
Mas dexadme ir el Conde
A los baños à bañar ;
Quando yo sea bañada
Estarè a vuestro mandar.
Respondiera luego el Conde,
Tal respuesta le fue à dàr ;
Bien sabeis vos mi señora,
Que soy cazador Real ;

" In the morning Moors a thousand
" I should dare to meet them all ;
" Let them slay me, if they did not
" Soon beneath my prowess fall !"

" Silence ! good Count Claros, silence !
" Wrong indeed yourself to praise !
" Knight that would enchant the ladies
" Must by deeds his valour blaze :

" But when boasters march to battle,
" Then a sure excuse they find."—
" Why to disbelieve me, fairest,
" Is thy gentle heart inclin'd ?

" Sev'n years have I truly serv'd you
" Since I first begun to love :
" In the night no rest enjoy I,
" In the day no solace prove."

" Count, it always was your pleasure
" Thus to trifle with the fair ;
" To the baths I go, and sweetly
" Then the joys of love we'll share."

Thus reply'd the Count, " Sweet Princess,
" You are of a noble race ;
" And you know I am a sportsman,
" Royal game I love to chase.

244 CONDE CLAROS DE MONTALVÁN.

Casa que viene à mià manos
Nunca la puedo dexar:
Y tomòla por la mano,
Para un vergel se van.

A la sombra de un limon,
Baxo de un verde rosal,
Con grande contentamiento
Muy daices besos se dan,

Con el amor que se tienen,
Que era cosa de admirar.

Mas fortuna que es adversa,
Que à placeres dà pesar,
Allì passò un cazador,
Que no debia passar.
En busca và de un azor,
Que rabia debia matar,
Vido estar el Conde Claros
Con la Infanta à mas holgar.
El Conde quando lo vido
Comenzòle de hablar.
Ven acà tu cazador,
Y Dios te guarde de mal,
De todo lo que has visto
Tu nos tengais puriedad,
Darète mil marcos de oro,
Y si mas quieres, mas.

" And, when once the game is started,

" Ne'er I leave it till it's mine."

At these words the lovely Princess

Did her willing hand resign ;

And a pleasant grove they enter'd,

Where, beneath a rose's shade,

Sweetest kisses fondly giving,

Long in amorous sport they play'd.

This was love's auspicious moment,

Nothing cou'd her lips deny ;

When the Count so softly press'd her,

Smiling did the maid comply.

But, alas ! how soon does Fortune

Shift her wheel inconstant round,

For, by chance, a hunter passing

Saw them sporting on the ground !

In an evil hour he saw them

As a ravening hawk he ey'd :

When the Count perceiv'd him gazing,

Thus, appall'd with fear, he cry'd :—

" Harken ! hearken ! noble hunter,

" And your tongue discreetly hold :

" Favours high will I bestow you ;

" Twice five hundred marks in gold.

Casarte he con una dama,
Que era mi prima carnal.

Darète en arras, y dote
La Villa de Montalván;
De otra parte la Infanta
Mucho mas te puede dàr.

El cazador sin ventura
No los quiso escuchar,
Vase para los Palacios
Adonde el buen Rey està.

Mantengate Dios el Rey,
Y à tu corona Real,
Una nueva yo te traygo
Dolorosa, y de pesar.

Que no os cumple traer corona,
Ni en caballo pasear,
La corona de la cabeza
Bien os la podeis quitar.

Si tal deshonra como esta
La haveis de comportar,
Que he hallado à la Infanta
Con Claros de Montalván,

" And, if more you crave, I'll grant it :

" Your's a lady fair shall be,

" My sweet cousin ; few so lovely,

" Few so gentle, too, as she !

" For her portion will I give you

" Fair Montalban's spacious town."

Much more did the Princess promise,

But he gave a sullen frown,

And, to listen more disdaining,

To the royal palace goes :

From his lips the fatal story

In these accents quickly flows :—

" King, O King, may heav'n preserve you !

" Long in peace your crown maintain !

" News I bring you, news of moment,

" Though it will but give you pain.

" Little boots it that in grandeur

" High your hands the sceptre bear,

" If that sceptre be supplanted,

" Falling to another's share ;

" If, to foul dishonor stooping,

" To this deed you set no bound !

" Know, Count Claros of Montalban

" With the Princess late I found.

Abrazandola, y besandola,
En vuestro huerto Real,
De lo qual dolor yo tuve
Y no quisiera ver tal.

El Rey, con el gran enojo,
Mandò al cazador matar,
Porque havia sido osado
De tales nuevas llevar.

Manda llamar Alguaciles
Apriessa, y no de vagar ;
Manda armar trecientos hombres,
Que las hayan de acompañar,

Para que prendan al Conde,
O le hayan de matar ;
Mandò cerrassen las puertas,
Las puertas de la Ciudad,

A las puertas del Palacio,
Allà lo fueron à hallar ;
Preso lo llevan al Conde,
Con mucha riguridad.

Unos grillos à los pies,
Que bien pesan un quintal,
Con esposas en las manos,
Que era dolor de mirar.

" In your park did he embrace her,
 " And in wanton dalliance lay:
 " 'Twas a shame to see them sporting
 " In the face of open day."

 " Slay that huntsman ! instant slay him !"
 Furious cry'd the angry King,
 " Since a tale of foul dishonor
 " He so boldly dares to bring !"

Round him then his guards commanding,
 Forth he sent with urgent speed,
 Soldiers full three hundred hast'ning
 To avenge the guilty deed.

All the city gates were fasten'd ;
 Such the Count's unhappy lot,
 If he dar'd resist the mandate,
 They shou'd slay him on the spot.

In the palace court they found him,
 Where his person soon was seiz'd ;
 All his joy to sorrow changing,
 When the King was so displeas'd.

Both his feet with painful tortures
 Now the pond'rous fetters goad ;
 Both his hands, ignobly shackled,
 Wear alike the heavy load.

Una cadena à su cuello,
Que de hierro era el collar,
Ponelo encima una mula,
Por mas deshonra le dâr.

Metieronle en una torre
De muy gran escuridad,
Las llaves de la prision,
El Rey las quiso llevar,
Porque sin licencia suya
Nadie le pueda hablar.
Por èl rogaban los Grandes
Quantos en la Corte estàn;
Por èl rogaba Oliveros,
Por èl ruego Don Roldan
Por èl rogaban los Doce
De Francia la natural.

Y las Monjas de Santa Ana,
Con las de la Trinidad,
Llevaban un crucifixo,
Para el buen Rey rogar,

Con ellas và un Arzobispo,
Y un Prelado Cardenal,
Mas el Rey con gran enojo
A nadie quiere escuchar;

Antes de muy enojado
Sus Grandes mandò llamar.

Round his neck an iron collar
Huge of size is fasten'd tight ;
On a mule dishonor'd highly,
Rides he in the people's sight.

To a lonely tow'r they lead him,
To a dark and dismal place ;
And the King, the keys receiving,
Suffers none to see his face.

Not a person might approach him :
All the Nobles humbly plead ;
Oliveros and Orlando,
And the Twelve Peers, intercede.

E'en the nuns of two fam'd convents
Gracious intercession make,
With a crucifix before them,
Their procession solemn take.

At their head th' Archbishop marching,
And a Cardinal by his side ;
But the Emp'ror would not listen,
And with wrathful fury cry'd :—

“ Let my faithful Peers be summon'd ;
“ They shall know my royal will,
“ And the sacred course of justice
“ It becomes me to fulfil.

Quando yà los tuvo juntos,
 Comenzòles de hablar :
 Hijos, y amigos mios,
 A loque os hice llamar ;
 Yà sabeis que el Conde Claros,
 El señor de Montalván ;
 De como lo he criado
 Hasta ponerlo en edad :
 Y le he guardado su tierra,
 Que su padre fue à dexar,
 El que morir no debiera,
 Reynaldos de Montalván.
 Y por hacerle mas grande,
 De lo mio le quise dàr
 Hicele Gobernador
 De mi Reyno General.
 El por darme el galardón
 Mirad do fue à tocar,
 Que quiso forzar la Infanta,
 Hija mia natural.

Hombre que lo tal comete,
 Que sentencia le han de dàr ?
 Todos dicen à una voz
 Que lo hayan de degollar.

Y assi la sentencia dada,
 El buen Rey la fue à firmar.

" Friends," he adds, " and noble Chieftains,"
When he saw them gather'd round,
" Know, Count Claros of Montalban
" Was in acts dishonest found ;

" That Count Claros, whom I cherish'd
" From his tender earliest age,
" Guarding his estates securely,
" Till he came to manhood's stage :

" All his noble father left him,
" Brave Rinaldo highly fam'd,
" Whom, to do still greater honor,
" Regent of the state I nam'd.

" But observe how ill he paid me,
" How my tender hopes beguil'd,
" By dishonoring my daughter,
" Her fond parents' darling child.

" For this injury, friends, what sentence
" Shall upon th' offender fall ?"
" Let him lose his head !" replying,
Loud the courtiers answer all.

When they pass'd the fatal sentence,
Universal silence reign'd ;
And the Emp'ror seal'd it, grieving
Thus to see his honor stain'd.

El Arzobispo que esto oyera,
 Al buen Rey le fue à hablar,
 Pidiendole con merced
 Licencia le quiera dâr,

Para ir à vèr al Conde,
 Y muerte le denunciar.
 Placeme, dixo el buen Rey,
 Placeme de voluntad ;

Mas con esta condicion,
 Que vos solo haveis de entrar,
 Con aqueste pagecito,
 De quien puedo bien fiar.

Yà parte el Arzobispo,
 Y à las carceles se vâ ;
 Las guardas desque lo vieron
 Luego le dexan entrar.

Con èl iba el pagecito,
 Que lo vâ à acompañar ;
 Quando vido estàr al Conde
 En su prision, y pesar,

Las palabras que le dixo
 Dolor era de escuchar.
 Pesame de vos el Conde
 Quanto me puede pesar,
 Que yerros por amores
 Dignos son de perdonar.

But the good Archbishop, rising,
To the King made this request,
"That he might acquaint Count Claros
"Of his high and dread behest ;

"That to death he's doom'd to answer
"For his deeds so basely done."—
"Licence shall you have to see him ;
"Licence else I grant to none.

"With this trusty Page go enter
"Where the Count's confin'd alone ;
"Tell him, on the scaffold justly
"Shall his life his guilt atone."

Mournful to the prison marching,
Strait the kind Archbishop goes,
And the licence giv'n to see him
To the guards attending shews.

With the Page behind him ent'ring—
Fain he would have giv'n relief
To the Count's afflicted bosom
In this place of pain and grief.

"Ah !" cry'd he, "what anguish wounds me
"This distressful sight to see !
"Love's soft errors might be pardon'd,
"Not chastis'd to this degree !

La desastrada calda
 De vuestra suerte, y ventura,
 Y la nueva à mi venida,
 Sabed que hace mi vida
 Mas triste que la tristura.

De forma que no sè donde
 Pueda yà placer tomar,
 Pues que por vos no se esconde,
 Pesame de vos el Conde
 Quanto me puede pesar.

Los como vos esforzados,
 Para las adversidades,
 Han de estàr aparejados
 Tanto à sufrir cuidados,
 Como las prosperidades.

Y pues el primero fuistes
 Vencido por bien amar,
 No temais angustias tristes,
 Que los yerros que hicistes
 Dignos son de perdonar.

Por vos he rogado al Rey,
 Nunca me quiso escuchar,
 Antes ha dado sentencia
 Que se hayan de degollar.

Yà os lo dixo sobrino,
 Que os dexasedes de amar ;
 Que el que las mugeres ama
 El tal galardón le dà ;

" Count, the news I bring is solemn,
" Grief and horror to disclose ;
" To your friends afflicting sorrow,
" Pleasure only to your foes.

" Would these tidings had but fallen
" To another to relate !
" Arm'd with fortitude, prepare you,
" Listen to your piteous fate.

" Fortune still the brave disdaining,
" Nothing can their minds annoy,
" With an equal temper bearing
" Throbbing pain and thrilling joy.

" Your's the giddy hour of pleasure,
" Now a sad reverse you see :
" Love's soft errors might be pardon'd,
" Not chas'tis'd to this degree !

" Long did I entreat the Emp'ror,
" But, alas ! sweet mercy's fled,
" And the sentence is awarded
" That condemns your forfeit head.

" Therefore, nephew, dream no longer
" Of the hours of love and joy :
" Such the evils men must suffer,
" Who so ill their youth employ.

Que haya de morir por ellas,
Y en las carceles penar,
A esto respondiera el Conde
Con esfuerzo singular.

Callades por Dios, mi tio,
No me querais enojar ;
Quien no ama à las mugeres
No se puede hombre llamar.

Mas la vida que yo tengo
Por ellas quiero gastar.
Respondiòle el pagecito,
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr.

Conde, bien aventurado
Siempre os pueden llamar.
Porque muerte tan honrada
Por vos tiene de passar.

Embidia he de vos Conde,
Sin mancilla, ni pesar ;
Mas queria ser vos, Conde,
Que el Rey que os mandò matar.

Porque muerte tan honrada
Por mì huviesse de passar ;
Llama yerro à la fortuna,
Quien no lo sabe juzgar.

" Prison, unavailing sorrow,
" And a death dishonor'd too,
" Fall on those who, led by passion,
" Women with wild lust pursue."

" Say not so, my gen'rous uncle,
" Say not so," the Count reply'd ;
" He that loves not lovely woman
" For a man may be deny'd.

" For sweet woman's sake I'll suffer
" Ev'ry pain the King can give,
" Death preferring to the misery
" Void of love's soft smiles to live."

" Nobly," cry'd the Page, " you answer ;
" Happy will they call your death,
" Since for such a lovely object
" Bravely you resign your breath.

" Envy fires my youthful bosom ;
" Rather the brave Count I'd be
" Than the Prince who thus condemns him,
" Wretched in the sentence he !

" Let them not a death so honor'd
" Falsely as a stigma blame :
" We may call it fortune's error,
" It deserves this gentle name.

La priessa del cadahalso,
 Vos Conde la debeis dàr ;
 Si no es dada la sentencia,
 Vos la debeis afirmar.

El Conde que aquesto oyera,
 Tal respuesta le fue à dàr:
 Por Dios os ruego el Page,
 En amor de caridad ;

Que vayais à la Princesa,
 Y de mi parte rogar,
 Que suplico à su Alteza
 Que ella me salga à mirar.

Que à la hora de mi muerte
 Yo la pueda contemplar,
 Que si mis ojos la vèn,
 Mi muerte no penarà.

Yà se parte el pagecño,
 Yà se parte, yà se và,
 Llorando de los ojos,
 Que queria rebentar.

Topàra con la Princesa,
 Bien oïreis lo que dirà ;
 Ahora es tiempo señora,
 Que hayais de remediar,

" Tell them that you brave the scaffold,
" And with glory go to die ;
" That with this unworthy treatment
" You without regret comply."

To the Page Count Claros listen'd,
Glad to find a faithful friend.
" To the Princess, Page, I'm conscious
" You will scarce refuse to bend ?

" Oh ! entreat her when they lead me
" To the scaffold, there to bleed,
" That at least she'll deign to see me
" Suffer for love's erring deed.

" Then, her lovely sight enjoying,
" I shall ev'ry pang despise,
" Whilst I gaze with ardent rapture
" On her dear enchanting eyes."

To the beauteous Princess speeding,
Swift the Page pursues his way,
Whilst his eyes, with tears o'erflowing,
Like a spring, his grief betray.

Humbly bowing when he found her,
What he said you soon shall hear ;—
" Lady, tidings sad I bring you
" Of the youth you prize so dear.

Que vuestro querido el Conde
Lo llevan à degollar.

La Infanta, que aquesto oyera,
En tierra muerta fue à dár,
Damas, dueñas, y doncellas
No la pueden retornar,

Hasta que llegó su haya,
La que fuera à criar.
Que es aquesto, la Infanta,
Aquesto que puede estàr ?

Hay triste de mi mesquina !
Que no sè que puede estàr,
Que si al buen Conde matan,
Yo me irè à desesperar.

Saliesedes vos mi hija,
Saliesedeslo à quitar.

Yà se parte la Infanta,
Yà se parte, yà se vè ;
Fuerase para el mercado,
A donde lo han de sacar,
Vido estàr el cadahalso,
En que lo han de degollar.

" On the scaffold must he suffer,
" Suffer for your much-lov'd sake :
" If you can, for brave Count Claros
" Gracious intercession make."

In a swoon the Princess falling,
Instant sunk upon the ground,
And the gentle dames and damsels
Hasten'd to restore her round.

But, her nurse alone succeeding,
Calls her back to life again ;
" Whence," cries she, " my lovely mistress,
" Whence this sudden source of pain ?"

" O for life, for life I care not,
" Since the hapless Count must die !
" Of all ladies, none so wretched,
" None so sore distress'd, as I !"

" Oh ! away, away, my daughter !
" Brave the fiercest, worst alarms ;
" To the scaffold fly, and tear him
" From the rude barbarians' arms !"

Like the wind the Princess flying,
Through the streets pursues her way,
Where she sees the fatal scaffold,
And prepar'd the sharp axe lay.

Damas, dueñas, y doncellas,
Que lo salen à mirar.
Vido venir gente de armas,
Que lo traen à degollar ;

Los pregoneros delante,
Por sa yerro publicar,
Con el poder de la gente,
Ella no podia passar.

Apartaos gente de armas,
Todos me haced lugar,
Sino por vida del Rey,
Que à todos mande matar.

La gente que la conoce,
Luego le hacen lugar,
Hasta que llegó al Conde,
Y le comenzò de hablar.

Esforzad, esforzad el Conde,
Y no quieras desmayar,
Que aunque yo pierda la vida,
La vuestra se ha de salvar.

El Alcalde que esto oyera,
Comenzò de caminar,
Vase para los Palacios,
Adonde el buen Rey està.

Gentle dames and lovely damsels
Forth to see Count Claros go,
And, in sad procession marching,
Form a train o'ercome with woe.

Heralds first, his crime proclaiming,
March'd th' unhappy Count before,
Follow'd by a troop so num'rous,
Scarce she cou'd her path explore.

" Guards, give way ! give way this instant !
" By my father's life I swear,
" He shall die that to obstruct me
" Does with bold presumption dare !"

When the soldiers heard the Princess,
Whilst aloud she boldly cry'd,
Room to pass they freely left her,
Drawing all amaz'd aside.

" Courage ! courage ! brave Count Claros,
" Let not fear your heart dismay ;
" From the scaffold will I save you,
" Though my life the forfeit pay !"

With this speech the Marshal hast'ning,
Tells it to the wond'ring King,
Who with deep attention hears him
News of such strange import bring.

Venga muy presto su Alteza,
Apriessa, y no de vagar,
Que ha salido la Infanta
Para el Conde nos quitar.

Los unos manda que maten,
Y los otros ahorcar ;
Si vuestra Alteza no acude,
No lo puedo remediar.

El Rey que aquesto oyera,
Comenzò de caminar,
Y fuesse para el mercado,
Donde el Conde ha de hallar.

Què es aquesto, la Infanta,
Aquesto que puede estàr ?
La sentencia que yo he dado
Vos la quereis revocar ?

Yo os juro por mi Corona,
Y por mi cetro Real,
Que si heredero tuviesse,
Que me huviesse de heredar.
Que à vos, y al Conde Claros,
Vivos os haria quemar.
Que vos me mateis señor,
Muy bien me podeis matar ;
Mas suplico à vuestra Alteza,
Que si quiera acordar,
De los servicios passados.
Reynaldos de Montalvàn,

" Sire, delay not to the scaffold
" Rais'd amidst the spacious square,
" By the Count the Princess standing,
" Shouts to ev'ry soldier there,

" ' Guards, give way ! who dares to touch him,
" ' By my father's life I swear,
" ' Instant vengeance shall pursue him !
" ' Wisely let him, then, forbear !'

" Urgent is the case, so urgent,
" That no doubt she'll tear him thence."
At these words the Emp'ror, rising,
Did his hasty march commence.

When he came, he cry'd, " O daughter,
" What does all this tumult mean ?
" Dare you thus oppose my mandate
" By this strange outrageous scene ?

" By my royal crown and sceptre,
" Had I but another heir,
" Both the Count and you should suffer,
" Neither shou'd my vengeance spare !"

" Slay me, father ! freely slay me !
" Take the life you gave away !
" But Rinaldo's faithful service
" Do not so unkindly pay.

Que murió en las batallas
Por tu Corono ensalzar ;
Por lo que el padre sirvió
Al hijo galardonar.

Por mal querer de traydores,
Vos no lo debeis matar,
Que su muerte será causa
Que me hayais de difamar.

Mas suplico à vuestra Alteza,
Que si quiera aconsejar,
Que los Reyes con furor
No deben de sentenciar.

Porque el Conde es de linage
Del Reyno mas principal ;
Porque èl era de los Doce,
Que à una mesa comen pan,

Sus amigos, y parientes
Todos te querian mal,
Y rebolverante guerras,
Tus Reynos se perderàn.

El buen Rey que aquesto oyera,
Comenzàra de hablar ;
Consejo os pido los mios,
Que me querais aconsejar.

" For your sake, in glorious battle

" Recollect he bravely dy'd :

" Shall his son be thus rewarded ?

" O not so ! not so !" she cry'd.

" Let not false deceitful traitors

" Bring him to this cruel strait ;

" Infamy your daughter cov'ring,

" Will be her eternal fate.

" Sire, in mercy deign to listen,

" And his forfeit life restore !

" Kings should never act with passion

" Which they oft too late deplore.

" Noble is the Count in lineage ;

" Where shall we a worthier meet,

" Of the Twelve that round one table

" Of the same rich viands eat ?

" All his friends, and all his kindred,

" Ill the deep disgrace will bear,

" And, by war the kingdom ruin'd,

" Be no longer worth your care."

When the King heard this, revolving

All the matter in his mind,

" Friends," cries he, " I need your counsel,

" And to hearken am inclin'd."

Luego todos se apartaron,
Por su consejo tomar ;
El consejo que acordaron,
Que lo hayan de perdonar.

Por quitar males, y guerras,
Por la Princesa afamar ;
Todos firman el perdon,
Y el buen Rey le fue à firmar.

Y tambien le aconsejaron,
Consejo fueron à dâr,
Pues la Infanta quiere al Conde,
Con ella haya de casar.

El Rey que aquesto oyera,
Mandaralo desherrar.

Baxa luego de la mula
El Arzobispo à desposar.
Y tomòle de las manos,
Assi los hizo juntar ;

Los enojos, y pesares
En placer vãn à tornar.

From the spot aside retreating,
 For a space the Nobles drew,
 And at length, a pardon voting,
 Soon the King their counsel knew,

Not to wound his daughter's honor,
 And disastrous war to cause :
 Pardon then the Emp'ror granting,
 Stays the sentence of the laws.

And, moreo'er, the Peers entreat him,
 As the Princess loves the Knight,
 To permit the Count to wed her,
 And Rinaldo's deeds requite.

" Off then take," cries he, " those irons,
 " With the cords that bind him round,
 " And in softer fetters let him
 " Be with my fair daughter bound !"

Then, the good Archbishop calling,
 He their hands delighted joins,
 While each look, to pleasure waking,
 Like the sun so radiant shines.

When the nuptial rites were ended,
 Joy prevail'd instead of woe ;
 Ev'ry past distress forgetting,
 With fond love their bosoms glow.

Su tio al Conde.

No son sino como viento
 Sus malas ciertas esperanzas,
 Que no està solo un momento
 Entero su pensamiento
 Sin hazer dos mil mudanzas :

Su querer son mil querellas
 Por peor galardonar,
 Enojos dãn por placeres,
 Que firmeza de mugeres
 No puede mucho durar.

Responde el Conde.

Dexemos señor las armas,
 Dentro del tronco vengamos,
 Nuestras honras, nuestras famas,
 Es cierto que por las damas,
 Los tenemos, y cobramos.

Por donde sin mas decir,
 Ni las armas apartar,
 Aqui quiero concluir,
 Que yo quiero mas morir,
 Que no dexarlas de amar.



The Count's Uncle to his Nephew.

Like the wind, your hopes, inconstant,
 Ne'er for one sole moment rest,
 For a thousand changes follow
 Still to chase them from your breast.

E'en fond love, that seem'd so gentle,
 Wears no more a smiling face ;
 Taunts and bitter looks, succeeding,
 Drive him from his wonted place.

Such is woman's love, so fickle
 That it never rests the same.

The Count's Reply.

What are arms compar'd with woman ?
 What is honor, what is fame ?

For her sake we often keep them,
 Oft recover when they're lost.
 Why, then, shou'd my wand'ring bosom
 Be with endless fancies tost ?

Cease, oh ! cease now to persuade me,
 Nought my steady soul shall move :
 Arms and fame till death I'll cherish,
 Woman never cease to love.



ROMANCE

DE

MONTESINOS.

—
PARTE PRIMERA.
—

Por la parte donde vido
Mas sangrienta la batalla,
Se metia Montesinos
Llana de angustia, y saña.

ANCIENT BALLADS
OF
MONTESINOS,
&c.

THESE Ballads of Montesinos, Durandarte, and Belerma, are mentioned in the 6th chapter of the 2d book and 2d part of Don Quixote, in the famous visit the Knight pays to the Cave of Montesinos in La Mancha; to which we refer the reader. But at the same time must not omit to mention, that the Ballad of Durandarte, which Mr. Lewis translated, is to be found in a small volume of Romances in the possession of R. Heber, Esq., being the only one relative to the Twelve Peers of France in that book.

PART FIRST.
BALLAD OF MONTESINOS.

MID the thickest of the battle,
Where he sees the tumult rage,
Flies the gallant Montesinos,
Still impatient to engage.

Quantos con la lanza encuentra,
A tierra los derrivaba,
La yegua tambien ayuda,
Que à muchos atropellaba,

Lugar le hacen, como à toro
Por do quiera que passaba ;
Echò el enojo Montesinos,
Por todo el campo miraba.

Viò un Moro esforzado,
Que mucho se aventajaba ;
Un alfange trae el Moro,
Teñido en sangre de Francia.

Este es aquel Albenzayde,
Que entre todos tiene fama ;
Caballero en una yegua
Hermosa, rucia, y manchada.

Como le viò Montesinos,
Encendido en ira, y saña,
Diò de espuelas à la yegua,
Y en los pechos le encontràra.

Y fue tan recio el encuentro,
Que à tierra lo derrivaba,
Del golpe que diò en el suelo
Hizo pedazos la lanza ;

All that his strong arm encounters
 In a moment he o'erthrows;
 Well his noble steed assists him,
 Beating down the numerous foes.

As to some fierce bull grown furious,
 Room where'er he turns they yield,
 Not less fierce does Montesinos
 Dart like lightning round the field;

And a huge Moor sees before him,
 Who in daring feats excell'd,
 Steep'd in blood of France his sabre,
 And with pride his bosom swell'd.

'Twas the mighty Albenzayde,
 Who a fame illustrious bore;
 Mounted on a beauteous charger,
 Dapple-grey, advanc'd the Moor.

Soon as Montesinos ey'd him,
 With still deeper rage he burn'd;
 Spurr'd his fiery steed to meet him,
 And his pointed jav'lin turn'd.

Dreadful was the dire encounter;
 As he flung him to the ground,
 His strong lance, to pieces shiver'd,
 Gave a sure and mortal wound.

No le quedò à Montesinos
Sino un pedazo de asta ;
Como se viò de tal suerte,
Por todo el campo miraba.

Viò la batalla rompida,
Sus gentes desbarratadas,
Y la Flor de Lises de oro,
Los Moros las arrastraban.

No vè golpe de Oliveros,
Ni oye al Señor de Braña,
Cubierto de sangre, y polvo,
Se saliò de la batalla,

En busca de Durandarte,
Que de leños divisaba,
Que con heridas de muerte
De la batalla escapaba.

In the hand of Montesinos,
See, the stump alone remains !
When he found the weapon useless,
Round he view'd the hostile plains.

There he saw his army ruin'd,
And his soldiers overthrown,
All the fleurs de lys lie scatter'd,
In the pow'r of Moors alone.

He no more brave Oliveros,
Nor the Lord of Braña, spies ;
When, with blood and dust all cover'd,
From the fatal field he hies ;

Gallant Durandarte seeking,
Who had long retir'd afar,
With a mortal wound retreating
From the dreadful scene of war.

ROMANCE

DE

MONTESINOS y DURANDARTE.

—
PARTE SEGUNDA.
—

POR el rastro de la sangre
Que Durandarte dexaba,
Caminaba Montesinos
Por un aspera montaña.

A la hora que camina
Aun no era bien de mañana,
Las campanas de París
Tocan la señal del Alva.

Como viene de la guerra,
Trae las armas destrozadas,
Solo en la mano derecha
Trae un pedazo de lanza.

BALLAD
or
MONTESINOS and DURANDARTE.

PART SECOND.

By the blood of Durandarte,
By the track he left behind,
O'er a mountain Montesinos,
Rough and steep, his path inclin'd.

Forward as he pensive journey'd,
Scarce had beam'd the morning ray,
When the bells of Paris sounding
Told the early dawn of day.

Hewn to pieces was his armour,
Soil'd with blood, no longer bright ;
But his left hand held the bridle,
And his spear's poor half his right :

De àzia la parte del cuento,
Que el hierro allà lo dexaba
En el cuerpo de Albenzayde,
Un Moro de gran fama.

Trae aquesta asta el Frances,
Porque le sirva de vara,
Para hacer andar la yegua,
Que la llevaba cansada.

Mirando iba la yerva,
Como estaba ensangrentada ;
Saltos le dà el corazon,
Y sospechas le dà el alma ;

Pensando si sería alguno
De los amigos de Francia,
Confuso en esta sospecha
Azia una haya caminaba :

Viò un Caballero tendido,
Que parece que le llama,
Dale voces que se llegue,
Que el alma se le arrancaba.

No le conoce el Francès,
Por mucho que le miraba,
Porque le turban la vista
Las cintas de la zelada.

For its fellow-half lay bury'd
 In the bosom of a Moor ;
 In the mighty Albenzayde's,
 Welt'ring whom he left in gore.

Useless was the broken remnant,
 Save to make his charger go ;
 Who, fatigu'd, advances forward,
 Still with painful step and slow.

All along the greensward trav'ling,
 When he saw it stain'd with blood,
 Wildly throb'd his manly bosom,
 Fear his gen'rous soul subdu'd.

Dreading sore to find some Chieftain,
 E'en the dearest of his friends—
 Thus in deep suspense remaining,
 Tow'rds a lofty hedge he bends.

Stretch'd beneath he found a warrior
 Who he thought his name express'd ;
 Hark ! again he faintly calls him,
 As the life's blood leaves his breast.

Montesinos little knows him,
 Though he views the Knight so near,
 For his beaver, closely fasten'd,
 Will not let his face appear.

Apedse de la yegua
Y desarmòle la cara,
Conociò al primo, que quiso
En la vida mas que el alma.

Fuele à hacer compañía
En las ultimas palabras ;
El herido habla al sano,
Y el sano al herido abraza.

Y por no hablarle llorando,
Detiene un poco la habla ;
Viendole junto de sì,
Desta manera le habla.

O mi primo Montesinos,
Mal nos fue en esta batalla,
Pues murió en ella Roldan,
El marido de Doñalda.

Cautivaron à Guarinos,
Capitan de nuestra esquadra ;
Heridas tengo de muerte,
Que el corazon me traspasan.

Lo que os encomiendo primo,
Lo postrero que rogaba,
Que quando yo sea muerto,
Y mi cuerpo estè sin alma ;

From his steed at length alighting,
Anguish seiz'd him, when he found
'Twas his cousin Durandarte
Dying of a mortal wound.

When the warriors knew each other,
Deeply sigh'd each noble breast,
When his cousin Montesinos
Durandarte thus address'd :—

(Though, at first, sad sobs prevented
Ev'ry word he wish'd to say,
Till his voice, an utterance finding,
Sore bewail'd the fatal day.)

● Long may France lament this battle,
“ Her best soldiers strew the plain ;
“ Brave Count Palatine Orlando
“ Lies at Roncesvalles slain.

“ Bleeding, too, in pain and misery,
“ On the dusty ground I lie :
“ Well I know my wound is mortal ;
“ Cousin, I must shortly die !

“ But one favor I entreat you,
“ When my soul to heav'n is fled,
“ And when fast with sorrow streaming,
“ Your sad eyes behold me dead,

Me saqueis el corazon
Con esta pequeña daga,
Y lo lleveis à Belerma,
La mi linda enamorada.

Y la direis de mi parte,
Muero en esta batalla ;
Que quien muerto se lo embia
Vivo no se lo negàra
Dareisla todas mis tierras
Quantos yo señoreaba,
Que los vienes del Cautivo,
El señor los heredaba.
Estas palabras diciendo,
El alma se le arrancaba.

" Take my heart out from my body,

" And to dear Belerma bear ;

" Tell her, cousin, I consign it

" To her kind and tender care :

" Tell her that, in battle dying,

" 'Twas the last request I made,

• That the heart, which dearly lov'd her,

" To her arms shou'd be convey'd.

" All my fair estates I leave her,

" Say, my friend, they're all her own :"—

Utt'ring this, the fainting hero

Gave a loud explring groan.

ROMANCE

DE

MONTESINOS y DURANDARTE.

—
PARTE TERCERA.
—

MUERTO yace Durandarte
Debaxa una verde haya,
Con èl està Montesinos
Que à la su muerte se halla.

Haciendole està la fosa
Con una pequeña daga,
Quitandole està el almete,
Desciñendole la espada.

Por el costado siniestro
El corazon le sacàra ;
Assi hablàra con èl,
Como quando vivo estaba.

MONTESINOS and DURANDARTE.

PART THIRD.

CLOS'D in death lies Durandarte,
Montesinos sees him die,
And, awhile in sorrow musing,
Heaves a deep distressing sigh.

When he saw him mute and lifeless,
And the warmth his corse forsook,
From his friend his sword and helmet,
And his armour off he took.

Then, with bitter anguish weeping,
He fulfils his last request ;
And, the hero's left side opening,
Takes the heart out from his breast.

Corazon del mas valiente
Que en Francia ceñia Espada,
Ahora sereis llevado,
Adonde Belerma estaba.
Embolviòle en un cendal,
Y consigo lo llevaba :
Entierra primero al primo,
Con gran llanto lamentaba
La su tan temprana muerte,
Y suerte desdichada.
Torna à subir en la yegua,
Su cara en agua bañada,
Ponese luego el almete,
Y muy recio le enlazaba,
No quiera ser conocido
Hasta hacer su embaxada,
Y presentarle à Belerma,
Segun que se lo encargàra,
El sangriento corazon,
Que à Durandarte sacàra.
Camina triste, y penoso,
Ninguna cosa le agrada,
Por do quiere andar la yegua,
Por allì dèxa que vaya,
Hasta que entrò por Parìs,
No sabe en què parte estaba,
Derecho vè a los Palacios
Adonde Belerma estaba.

When he saw it lie before him,
 Loud he rais'd the voice of woe :—
 " Cousin, like a fountain streaming
 " O'er thy heart my tears shall flow.

" Never France a warrior boasted
 " More undaunted in the fight :
 " Mild in peace, in war a lion ;
 " Never liv'd a better Knight.

" To the grave thy corse consigning,
 " Long thy virtues still shall live ;
 " But thy heart to fair Belerma
 " Will I, as thou bad'st me, give."

Deep he digs the grave, the body
 Leaving to its native clay ;
 Takes a parting look, and, weeping,
 Bears the hero's heart away ;

From all eyes his face concealing
 Till he had Belerma seen ;
 Round his head his helmet fast'ning,
 On he rides with pensive mien ;

And, the gates of Paris ent'ring,
 To Belerma's palace goes,
 To distract her gentle bosom,
 And afflict her soul with woes.

ROMANCE

DE

MONTESINOS Y BELERMA.

—
QUARTA PARTE.
—

EN Francia estaba Belerma,
Alegre y regocijada,
Hablando con sus doncellas,
Como otras veces usaba.

Dice, y afirma jurando,
Entre todas levantada,
Que se juzga ciertamente
La mas bienaventurada
De las damas de su tiempo,
Y qualquier edad pasada,
Pues la sirve Durandarte,
Galan muy digno de fama,
Mas gallardo, y gentil hombre,
De quantos ciñen espada.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
MONTEÑINOS AND BELERMA.

PART FOURTH.

LAUGHING with her damsels round her,
With a gay and sprightly mien,
As in France the fair Belerma
Was in bloom of beauty seen ;

With a playful air she rises,
And with smiles her thoughts express'd,
" Liv'd there ever yet a lady
" Like Belerma truly bless'd ?

" Gallant Durandarte loves me ;
" Never did a Knight so true
" Lead his gallant troops to battle,
" And the stubborn foe subdue."

Nadie entienda que esto digo
Por estàr enamorada,
Que cierto que no le vièndo,
En viendole lo juzgàra.

Nunca aviso y gentileza
Tuvieron una posada,
Como aquesta que la tiene
En lo mejor de mi alma.

Y diciendo estas razones
Cayò en tierra desmayada,
Mas bolviendo en sì Belerma
De esta manera hablaba :
Què es aquesta amigas mías,
Algun mal se me acercaba,
Que nunca mi corazon
Aquestas muestras me daba,
Sin que luego ciertamente
Me acuda alguna desgracia.

Bolviò sus ojos Belerma,
Que mil perlas destilaba,
Viò venir à Montesinos
De la infeliz batalla,

Partial lest that some might deem her,
 She in calmer voice exclaim'd,
 " Not as one enamour'd speaking
 " Have I Durandarte nam'd.

" Ev'ry eye that sees the hero
 " Must his gen'rous worth confess ;
 " Matchless in the field of battle,
 " Nor in noble lineage less.

" Courteous, gentle, and engaging ;
 " Cou'd a maid her love control,
 " While his image reign'd triumphant
 " In the inmost of her soul ?"

As she spoke, Belerma fainted,
 Falling back upon the floor ;
 But, recov'ring, thus she utter'd,—
 " Evil sure is nigh the door !

" Never so my heart misgave me,
 " Never felt such throbbing pain ;
 " It forebodes some strange disaster
 " I am fated to sustain."

Pearly tears her eyes distilling,
 Round she turn'd, and from the fight,
 Slowly and fatigu'd approaching,
 Montesinos met her sight.

Con el rostro mustio, y triste,
La color desemejada ;
Trae escrito en su semblante
La nueva que reportaba.

Llegò do està Belerma,
De rodillas se postraba ;
Quiere hablar, y no acierta,
Y quando acierta no osaba.

Mas al fin con poco aliento,
Dice con la voz turbada ;
Nuevas te traygo señora,
Que son de grande desgracia.

Primero que me las digas,
La dama le replicaba,
Què es de tu querido primo ?
Donde està ? Còmo quedaba ?

Muerto queda mi señora
Debaxo una verde haya ;
Veis aqui su corazon,
Yo mismo se lo sacàra ;

Porque al punto de la muerte
La palabra me tomàra,
Porque viesses tu señora,
Quanto dèl eres amada.

Pale and sad the hero's visage,
 All its ancient lustre fled ;
 On it wrote the dire misfortune
 That Belerma seem'd to dread.

On his knees he bent before her,
 Pitying much the weeping fair ;
 Fain had spoke, but could not utter,
 When he cou'd, he did not dare.

With a sigh his voice recov'ring,
 " Hark !" he cries, in accents low ;
 " News I bring you, lovely lady,
 " News of deep afflicting woe !"

" O ! say first," cry'd fair Belerma,
 Full of sad foreboding fear,
 " Where's your cousin Durandarte ?
 " Where he stays ? and why not here ?"—

" Cold beneath a green hedge lying,
 " Cold I left the hapless youth :
 " Lo ! his heart, he bade me bring it
 " To confirm his plighted truth.

" Deeply wounded, just expiring,
 " 'Twas his dying last request,
 " Lest the rav'nous birds should tear it,
 " That I'd take it from his breast :

Y porque aves ningunas,
Indignas de tal vianda,
No comiessen corazon,
Donde estabas tu fixada ;

Al qual podràs hacer honra,
Que èl en vida deseaba.

" Lest those worthless guests should banquet

" Where your lovely image lay,

" I fulfill'd this painful service,

" And have brought the heart away.

" Ev'ry honor, ev'ry tribute,

" That you might in life design,

" Now, fair lady, you may pay it,

" For this heart did your's enshrine."

ROMANCE

DE

B E L E R M A.

—
PARTE QUINTA.
—

SOBRE el corazon difunto
Belerma estaba llorando,
Lagrimas de roxa sangre,
Que las de agua hicieron cabo.

El cabello de oro fino,
De messar enherizado ;
Las manos hechas un nudo,
El cuerpo todo temblando.

Quando viò aquel corazon,
Estando en èl contemplando,
De nuevas gotas de sangre
Estaba todo bañado.

BALLAD
OF
BELERMA.

PART FIFTH.

O'ER the heart Belerma weeping,
Did her fatal loss deplore ;
Tears of blood her eyes fast streaming,
Watery tears would flow no more.

Her fine flaxen hair dishevell'd,
All its beauteous tresses torn ;
Clasping both her hands together,
Long she does in silence mourn,

As she view'd the heart before her,
As she fondly view'd it round,
With fresh drops of blood 'twas cover'd,
Slowly falling on the ground.

Corazon de mi señor
Durandarte muypreciado,
En los amores dichoso,
Y en batallas desdichado.

Quien os traxo ante mis ojos,
Tanta crueldad usando,
No debia de saberlo.
Corazon que estas pegado

Con aqueste triste mio,
Pues yo os pagarè llorando:
Assi ha quedado Belerma
Vencida de un gran desmayo.

" Precious heart of Durandarte,

 " Heart of him I lov'd so well !

" Blest in love, but cross'd in battle,

 " Where the bleeding hero fell :

" He, alas ! that hither brought thee,

 " Was, though passing cruel, kind :

" All thy fond and faithful service

 " Rushes fresh upon my mind.

" Well will I repay thy service,

 " Though from me all comfort's fled !"

Utt'ring this, the weeping maiden

 Like a willow bow'd her head.



ROMANCE

DEL

V I E J O.



Por la matanza và el viejo,
Por la matanza adelante,
Los brazos lleva cansados
De los muertos rodear.

Vido à todos los Franceses,
Y no vido à Don Beltràn ;
Siete veces echan suerte,
Quien lo bolvera à buscar.

Echan las tres con malicia,
Las quatro con gran maldad :
Todos siete le cupieron
A su buen padre carnal.

Buelve riendas al cavallo,
Y èl se lo buelve à buscar,
De noche por el camino,
De dia por el jaral.

BALLAD
OF
BERTRAM'S FATHER.

THIS Ballad belongs likewise to the Battle of Roncevalles, but is not particularly mentioned in Don Quixote. Perhaps this Bertram is the son of the gentleman so frequently mentioned, "Count Bertram, call'd the Old."

SLOWLY through the field of battle,
Through the field where heroes bled,
Goes th' old Man, his arms are weary,
Turning of the numerous dead.

O'er and o'er he view'd the Frenchmen,
Bertram still he cou'd not spy :
Sev'n times cast they lots to seek him,
Who shou'd with the task comply.

Fortune shews in three her malice,
And on four she set a spell ;
All the seven on his father,
On his luckless father, fell.

Now he gives his horse the bridle,
And pursues his lonely way ;
On the road by night he travels,
Seeks him on the heath by day.

Vido està en esto un Moro,
Que velaba en un adarve,
Hablòle en Algaravia,
Como aquel que bien lo sabe,

Caballero de armas blancas,
Si lo viesse acà passar,
Si lo tienes preso, Moro,
De oro te lo pesaràn :

Y si tu le tienes muerto,
Desmelo para enterrar,
Porque el cuerpo sin el alma
Muy poco debe costar.

Esse caballero, amigo,
Dime tu, què señas ha ?
Armas blancas son las tuyas,
Y el caballo es Alazàn :

Y en el carillo derecho
El tenia un señal,
Que siendo niño pequeño,
Se la hizo un gaviàn.
Esse caballero amigo,
Muerto esta en aquel pradal,
Dentro en el agua los pies,
Y el cuerpo en un arsenal ;
Siete lanzadas tenia,
Cada una era mortal.

On a lofty turret watching,
He at length a Moor espy'd,
And in Arabic address'd him;
Thus the aged warrior cry'd:—

“ Saw you, Moor, a noble Captain,
“ One that's clad in armour bright?
“ Gold I'll give you for his ransom,
“ If a pris'ner seiz'd in fight.

“ But if slain, his body give me,
“ In the hallow'd ground to rest.
“ What without the soul the body?
“ Poor the favor I request!”

“ Friend, describe the Knight you're seeking,
“ Him you fear some ill betides?”—
“ White the colour of his armour,
“ On a sorrel steed he rides.

“ In the cheek he once was wounded,
“ Where the mark is still display'd;
“ When a little boy, through anger
“ By a rav'ning goss-hawk made.”—

“ In yon meadow, cold and lifeless,
“ Lies the Knight you wish to greet:
“ In a sand-pit lies his body,
“ In the water lie his feet.”

ROMANCE

DE LA

BATALLA DE RONCESVALLES.

MALA la visteis Franceses,
La cara de Roncesvalles,
Don Carlos perdiò la honra,
Murieron los Doce Pares.

Cautivaron à Guarinos,
Almirante de la Mar,
Los siete Reyes de Moros
Fueron en su cautivar.

Siete veces echan suerte
Por vèr quien lo ha de llevar,
Todos siete le cupieron
A Marlotes el Infante.

Mas lo preciaba Marlotes,
Que Arabia con su ciudad ;
Dicele desta manera,
Empezòle de hablar.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD,
OF THE
BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES.

THIS is the Ballad mentioned in Don Quixote, together with the Ballad of Calainos. Had it related wholly to the battle of Roncesvalles, it would have been introduced before the last six; but it alludes to an event that happened seven years after, for which reason it is placed last in the list.

ILL you far'd at Roncesvalles,
Frenchmen, fate your glory cross'd;
There your Peers in battle perish'd,
There your King his honor lost.

And your Admiral Guarinos
Fell a captive to the Moor;
Sev'n the Moorish Kings that seiz'd him,
And their prize in triumph bore.

Sev'n times cast they lots to win him,
Prince Marlotes won them all:
Sev'n times to the brave Infanté
Fortune bids the pris'ner fall.

More he priz'd the noble warrior
Than Arabia highly blest,
With its rich and royal city,
When Guarinos he address'd:—

Por Alà ruego Guarinos,
Moro te quieres tornar,
De los bienes deste mundo
Yo te quiero dàr assaz ;

Y dos hijas que yo tengo
Tambien te las quiero dàr,
La una para vestir,
Para el vestir, y el calzar :
La otra para muger,
Tu muger la natural.

Darète en arras, y dote
Arabia con su Ciudad,
Si mas quisieres Guarinos,
Mucho mas te quiero dàr.

Alli hablàra Guarinos,
Bien oïreis lo que dirà ;
No lo mande Dios del Cielo,
Ni à tal cosa dè lugar,

Que dexe la Fè de Christo
Por la de Mahoma tomar,
Yue yà tengo esposa en Francia,
Con ella pienso casar.
Marlotes con grande enojo
En carcel lo mando echar,
Con esposas en las manos,
Porque pierde el pelear ;
El agua hasta la cinta
Por hacerle mas pelear.

- " For the love of Alla, listen,
 " And the Moorish faith embrace ;
 " Loaded then with wealth and honor,
 " Thou shalt far excel thy race.

 " Then my daughters will I give thee,
 " Daughters twain, their father's pride ;
 " One to robe thee, and the other
 " For thy fair and faithful bride :

 " All Arabia, for her portion,
 " And its pleasant city too ;
 " More if you shall ask, Guarinos,
 " More I promise yet to do."

Thus the gallant Chieftain answer'd,
 You shall soon hear what he said :—
 " God himself, great King, forbids it,
 " And his high behests I dread.

- " Christ's pure faith forbids to leave it,
 " And on Mahomet rely ;
 " Neither can I wed your daughter,
 " For in France a spouse have I."

At this speech, enrag'd, Marlotes
 In a furious passion flew,
 And, his hands ignobly shackling,
 In the pris'n Guarinos threw ;

Siete quintales de hierro,
Desde el hombre al carcañal ;
Tres fiestas que hay en el año,
Le mandaban justiciar.

La una en Pasqua Granade,
La otra en Navidad,
La otra en Pasqua de Flores,
Esa fiesta general.

Passan dias, vienen dias,
Venido era San Juan,
Quandos Christianos, y Moros
Hacen gran solemnidad,

Los Christianos echan juncia,
Y los Moros arrayan,
Y los Judios encas,
Por las fiestas mas honrar.

Marlotes con alegría
Un tablado mandò armar,
El altura que tenia
Al cielo quiere llegar.

And with pond'rous iron loads him
 From the shoulders to the feet ;
 Thrice too in the year condemns him
 Stripes of open shame to meet :

At the Beiram, then at Christmas,
 And at Easter-tide again :
 Still, as they revolve, Guarinos
 Groans beneath afflicting pain.

Days were come, and days were over,
 'Twas St. John's illustrious day,
 When the Moors, the Jews, and Christians,
 Fêtes and solemn rites display :

Moors wear sumptuous robes of gala,
 Reeds the gallant Christians throw,
 And, the festive day to honour,
 Jews the streets with rushes strew.

Then Marlotes, for his pastime,
 Rais'd a * trophy fair and high ;
 Tow'ring with stupendous grandeur,
 Lo ! it reaches to the sky.

* It does not appear exactly what this game was. The word, I have rendered trophy, signifies apparently a scaffolding, against which they either pushed or threw their lances, that required great strength and ability to throw down.

Los Moros con regocijo
Comienzanle de tirar,
Tira el uno, tira el otro,
No llegan à la mitad.

Marlotes muy enojado,
Un pregon mandàra echar,
Que los chicos no mamassen,
Ni los grandes comen pan,

Hasta que aquel tablado
En tierra lo vea estàr.

Oyò el estruendo Guarinos
De las carceles dò està :
O valgame Dios del Cielo,
Aquesto què puede estàr ?

O casan hija del Rey,
O la quieren desposar,
O era venido el dia
Que me han de ajusticiar.

Oido el carcelero,
Que cerca le fue à hallar ;
No casan hija del Rey
Ni la quieren desposar ;

Now the Moors, their lances poizing,
At the lofty trophy aim'd ;
Not half way they flung : Marlotes
In a passion then proclaim'd :—

“ To her child the tender mother
“ Shall not dare the breast to give :
“ None shall taste of food ; by Alla,
“ If he does, he shall not live !

“ Till that lofty trophy yonder
“ To the ground is bravely thrown,
“ And some Moor, his skill exerting,
“ Hath his gallant prowess shewn.”

When Guarinos from his prison
Heard so great a shouting made,
“ Help me, heav'n !—what means this tumult ?”
In a trembling voice he said,

“ Or the Princess must be marry'd,
“ Or a widow left forlorn ;
“ Or, to grievous stripes that dooms me,
“ This is some unhappy morn.”

When the Jailer heard Guarinos,
As perchance he stood beside,
“ Neither is the Princess marry'd,
“ For she long has been a bride :

Ni es venida la Pasqua,
Que te suelen azotar,
Mas era venido un dia,
El qual llaman de San Juan.

Marlotes con gran placer
Un tablado mandò armar,
El altura què tenia,
Al cielo queria llegar.

Hanle tirado los Moros,
No le pueden derribar,
Marlotes, muy enojado,
Un pregon mandaba echar,

Que ninguno no comiesse,
Hasta verlo derribar

Entonces el buen Guarinos
Tales palabras fue à hablar ;
Si vos me dais mi caballo,
En que solia passear ;

“ Not a widow’s garments wears she,
 “ Neither is it Easter-day,
 “ When such grievous stripes you suffer ;
 “ But St. John’s, when all is gay.

“ And Marlotes for his pastime
 “ Hath a trophy rais’d on high ;
 “ Tow’ring with stupendous grandeur,
 “ Lo ! it reaches to the sky.

“ Moors have try’d to prove their valour,
 “ And their lances vainly aim’d :
 “ When Marlotes saw they miss’d it,
 “ In a passion he proclaim’d,

“ ‘ To her child the tender mother
 “ ‘ Shall not dare the breast to give :
 “ ‘ None shall taste of food ; by Alla,
 “ ‘ If he does, he shall not live :

“ ‘ Till that lofty trophy yonder
 “ ‘ To the ground is bravely thrown ;
 “ ‘ And some Moor, his skill exerting,
 “ ‘ Hath his gallant prowess shewn.’ ”

When the valiant Admiral heard it,
 Thus aloud he bravely spoke,—
 “ Let them but the steed restore me
 “ That once glory’d in my yoke ;

Y me diessedes mi lanza,
Las que solia armar,
Y me diessedes mi lanza,
La que solia llevar ;

Aquellos tablados altos
Entiendolos derribar,
Y que si no los derribo,
Mandarme luego matar.

Sonriyòse el carcelero,
Oír lo que le dirà ;
Siete años havia, siete,
Que estàs en este lugar,

Y dices que tienes fuerza
Del tablado derribar ?
Mas esperate Guarinos
Que yo se lo irè à contar
Luego à mi señor Marlotes,
Veamos que me diria.
Yà se parte el carcelero,
Yà se parte, yà se và,
Como fue junto al tablado,
A Marlotes fue à hablar.

Señor una nueva os traygo,
Queraismela escuchar ;
Sabed que aquel prisionero,
Aquesto dicho me ha,

" And return the goodly armour
" That in fight I us'd to wear ;
" And the lance that, lightly poizing,
" I was wont in France to bear ;

" And the trophy I will fling it
" In a moment bravely down :
" Let them slay me, if I do not
" Thus confirm my past renown."

Though the Jailer laugh'd to hear him,
To Guarinos still he cry'd,—
" Sev'n long years a wretched captive
" Here in prison you abide ;

" Yet pretend with strength unrivall'd
" This fair trophy down to throw ?
" You shall try, for to Marlotes
" Will I this bold daring shew."

In the square he found his master,
And aloud exclaim'd " O King,
" Deign you but awhile to listen ;
" News of strange import I bring.

" That same captive whom you trusted
" In the prison to my care,
" When he heard you rais'd this trophy,
" Tow'ring high aloft in air,

Que si le dån su caballo
En quien solia andar,

Y si le diessen sus armas,
Con que solia armar,

Aquestos tablados altos
Entiendieles derribar.

Marlotes que aquesto oyera,
De allì lo mandò sacar,
Solo por ver si en caballo
El podria pasear.

Mandò que se lo buscasen,
Y allà lo fueron à hallar,
Que siete años havia,
Que andaba tirando cal.

Armaronle de sus armas,
Que bien mohosas estàn.
Marlotes desque lo vido,
Casi à modo de burlar,

“ Though sev’n years in chains remaining,
 “ Yet hath thus undaunted spoke,
 “ ‘ Let them but the steed restore me
 “ ‘ That once glory’d in my yoke ;

“ ‘ And return the goodly armour
 “ ‘ That in fight I us’d to wear ;
 “ ‘ And the lance that, lightly poizing,
 “ ‘ I was wont in France to bear ;

“ ‘ And the trophy I will fling it
 “ ‘ In a moment bravely down :
 “ ‘ Let them slay me, if I do not
 “ ‘ Thus confirm my past renown.’ ”

When Marlotes heard the Jailer,
 Forth the hardy Chief was brought,
 And the steed, his master’s glory,
 Was through all the city sought.

Sev’n long years had they condemn’d him,—
 O the weary painful time !—
 In a cart to toil ignobly,
 Drawing weighty loads of lime :

And his armour, too, they gave him,
 Cover’d o’er so thick with rust,
 That Marlotes laugh’d to see him
 Thus preparing for the joust.

Dice que vaya al tablado,
Y lo quiera derribar.

Guarinos con grande furia
Un eneuentro le fue à dâr,
Que mas de la mitad dèl
En el suelo fuera à echar.

Los Moros quando le vieron
Quisieronle allì matar ;
Guarinos como esforzado
Comenzò de pelear :

Mas los Moros eran tantos,
Que el Sol querian quitar,
Peleàra de tal suerte,
Que al fin huvo de escapar :

Y assi se passò à su tierra,
A Francia la natural :
Quien dirà el placer que huvieron
Quando le vieron llegar.

" And is this the famous warrior,
" This the gallant Cavalier,
" That pretends in strength to rival
" All my valiant Nobles here ?"

In a furious rage Guarinos
Dealt so rude a vig'rous blow,
That above one half the trophy
To the ground came thund'ring low.

Fierce as angry lions tow'rds him
Tribes of Moors transported flew,
But Guarinos in a moment
Many a hardy Chlefstain slew.

Still the Moors pour'd on so num'rous,
'Twas in vain to dare the fight :
Spurring then his gen'rous charger,
Soon he fled beyond their sight.

When in France they saw the warrior
To his native soil restor'd,
Ev'ry heart rejoic'd, and feasting
Crown'd the Emperor's royal board.

ROMANCE
DEL
REY MORO,

Que perdió à Valencia.

HELO, helo por do vienẽ
El Moro por la calzada,
Caballero à la gineta,
Encima de una yegua vaya :

Borceguies morroquies,
Espuela de oro calzada,
Una adarga ante sus pechos,
Y en su mano una azagaya.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
THE CID AND MOORISH KING,
Who lost Valencia.

THERE are few heroes so famous both in history and romance as the Cid of whom we are now speaking, whose true name was Rodrigo de Bivar. He recovered Valencia from the Moors, but it was again lost after his death, for a short space only ; for it was recaptured, and never again submitted to their yoke. Among the numerous romances concerning the Cid, this was the only one found in company with the Twelve Peers ; and possibly, for this reason, it may be that mentioned in Don Quixote, though his name and actions are frequently alluded to.

LOOK, look, on the causey yonder
Rides the Moorish King this way ;
Like a trim light horseman mounted
On his mare, a glossy bay.

Round his legs Morocco buskins,
On his heels gold spurs he wears ;
On his breast a shining target ;
In his hand a lance he bears.

Mirando estaba Valencia,
Como estaba bien cercada;
O Valencia, O Valencia,
De mal fuego seas quemada!

Primero fuistes de Moros
Que de Christianos ganada,
Si la lanza no me miente
A Moros seràs tornada.

Aquel perro de aquel Cid
Prenderlohe por la barba,
Su muger Doña Ximena
Serà de mi cautivada.

Su hija Urraca Hernandez
Serà mi enamorada,
Despues de yo harto della
Entregarlahe à mi compañã.

El buen Cid no està tan lexos,
Que todo bien lo escuchaba:
Venid vos acà mi hija,
La mi hija Doña Urraca:

Dexad las ropas continuas,
Y vestid ropas de Pasqua,
Aquel Moro que aqui viene,
Dètenedmele en palabras,

At Valencia is he looking,
 How 'tis strongly circled round.
 " O Valencia, O Valencia,
 " Fire consume thee to the ground !

" Once to valiant Moors belong'st thou,
 " Now the Christians o'er thee reign :
 " If my lance doth not deceive me,
 " Moors shall be thy Lords again.

" That vile dog the Cid I'll take him
 " By the beard, though ne'er so brave ;
 " And his wife Ximena quickly
 " Shall she bow my humble slave.

" But his daughter, fair Urraca,
 " For my mistress I intend ;
 " When I have enough enjoy'd her,
 " Then I'll give her to my friend."

All this heard the Cid, who, list'ning,
 Stood behind the city wall.

" Hither, hither, my Urraca ;
 " Daughter, 'tis your father's call.

" Off your daily robes, and quickly
 " Put your Sunday garments on ;
 " Keep this haughty Moor in converse,
 " Whilst I arm myself anon.

Mientras yo ensillo Babieca,
Y me ciño la mi espada.
La doncella muy hermosa
Se parò à la ventana.

El Moro desque la vido
Desta guerte le hablara ;
Alà te guarde, señora,
Mi señora, Doña Urraca.

Assi haga à vos señor,
Buena sea vuestra llegada ;
Siete años ha Rey, siete,
Que soy vuestra enamorada.

Otros tantos ha, señora,
Que os tengo dentro mi alma.
Ellos estando en aquesto
El buen Cid que assomaba,

A Dios, à Dios, mi señor,
La mi linda enamorada,
Que del Caballo Babieca,
Yo bien oygo la parada.

Do la yegua pone el pie,
Babieca pone la pata.
Alli hablàra el Caballero,
Bien oïreis lo que hablàra :

" I must saddle my Babieca,
 " And my sword about me gird."
 To the window came Urraca,
 When her father's voice she heard.

When the gallant Moor perceiv'd her,
 You shall soon hear what he said :—
 " Alla guard thee, fair Urraca !
 " Alla guard thee, lovely maid !"

" Welcome ! welcome !" cry'd the lady ;
 " Glad am I to see you here :
 " Sev'n long years have I esteem'd you,
 " Sev'n long years have held you dear."

" Just so many, lovely lady,
 " In my loyal breast you reign."
 Whilst the Moorish King was parleying,
 Came the noble Cid again.

" Farewel, my true love," she answer'd ;
 " I must go : adieu ! adieu !
 " Hark ! it is Babieca's master,
 " Loud doth he inquire for you."

Where the mare her foot sets nimbly,
 There Babieca sets his own ;
 Thus the Cid, with sorrow grieving,
 Made his deep vexation known :—

Reventar debia la Madre
Que à su hijc no esperaba !
Siete veces la rodea
Al rededor de una gata.

Mas la yegua era ligera,
Muy adelante passaba,
Hasta llegar càbe el rio
Adonde una barca estaba.
El Moro desque la vido
Con ella se bien holgaba ;
Grandes gritos dà al barquero,
Que le allegasse la barca.
El barquero es diligente
Tienesela aparejada,
Embarcò muy presto en ella,
Que no se detuvo nada.
Estando el Moro embarcado,
El buen Cid llegò al agua,
Y viendo al Moro en salvo
De corage reventaba ;
Mas con la furia que tenia
Una lanza le arrojaba,
Diciendole, recoged yerno,
Recoged aquessa lanza,
Que quizà tiempo vendrà
Que os serà bien demandada.

Fin.

" May the mother burst that will not
" Wait her loving son's embrace !"
Sev'n times doth he nearly catch him,
Swiftly as he holds the chase.

But the mare was young and active ;
To the river side she came,
Where a boat was moor'd ; rejoicing,
Thus the King did loud exclaim :—

" Boatman ! boatman ! hither, hither !
" Time admits of no delay :"
Leaps the King in haste within it,
And the boatman rows away.

When the Cid came nigh the river,
And perceiv'd the Moor was safe,
Fury, in his bosom rising,
Did his noble spirit chafe ;

But he whirl'd his sharp lance at him,
And exclaim'd, with high disdain,—
" Son-in-law, expect me shortly
" To demand the lance again."

The End.

SPANISH BOOKS,

Sold by T. BOOSEY, 4, Old Broad Street; and T. RODD, 2, Great Newport Street, Long Acre.

CONNELLY's GRAMATICA DE LA LENGUA INGLESA, que contiene reglas Faciles para su Pronunciacion y aprenderia Metodicamente con Muchas Observaciones, y Notas criticas de les mas celebres Autores Ingleses. 8vo, boards, 7s.

DICCIONARIO DE LA LENGUA CASTELLANA DE LA ACADEMIA, abridged. Folio, bound,

DON QUIXOTE, new Edition, by Fernandez. 4 vol. 12mo, sewed, 11s.

FLORESTA ESPANOLA; or Select Passages in Prose, extracted from the best Spanish Authors, ancient and modern: new Edition, carefully corrected. 12mo, boards, 5s 6d.

FERAUD's SPANISH GRAMMAR, in Five Parts, on a new Plan; to which are also added, the Treasure of the Spanish and English Languages, Idioms used in Trade, Commercial Letters, &c. &c. 8vo, bound, 9s.

FERAUD's EXERCISES to the same. 3s 6d.

JOSSE's GRAMMAIRE ESPAGNOLE RAISONNEE, contenant un Traite de Pronunciation fonde sur les regles Etablies, par l'Academie de Madrid; et augmentee des Synonymes de la Langue Espanole: nouvelle Edition. 8vo, sewed, 10s 6d.

JOSSE's COURS DE THEMES ESPAGNOLS. 12mo, sewed, 3s 6d.

GIL BLAS, corrected by Fernandez. 4 vol. 12mo, sewed, 16s.

MORDENTE's SPANISH GRAMMAR, with a copious Vocabulary, Dialogues, &c.; to which are added a Commercial Correspondence, Fables, Prose and Poetical Extracts: new Edition, 12mo, bound, 6s.

MORDENTE's EXERCISES, adapted to his Grammar. 12mo, 5s.

PORTUGUESE BOOKS.

CHRESTOMATHIA PORTUGUEZA; or, Collection of Elegant Extracts from the most modern Portuguese Authors (just imported). 8vo, sewed, 9s.

GIL BRAS DE SANTILHANA, traducida em Portuguez, pelo Fernandez. 4 vol. 12mo, sewed, 14s.

HISTORIA DE PORTUGAL, composta em Ingles per uma Sociedade de Literatos; traduzada em vulgar, por H. J. Da Costa. 3 vol. 12mo, sewed, 15s.

VYERA's PORTUGUESE AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY, abridged, pocket size. Boards, 10s 6d.

In the Press, and shortly will be published,

EL DIABULO COJUELO,

In one volume, 12mo, printed on fine paper, with a beautiful Engraving.

T. BOOSEY is also printing

A Small Catalogue of Spanish Books,

Including some recent Importations from MADRID and CADIZ.

James Compton, Printer, Middle Street,
Cloth Fair, London.



